

JULY  
1926

# The SHRINE

MAGAZINE

25  
CENTS



W.T. Benda

## WHAT'S NEXT IN FLORIDA?

by FORREST  
CRISSEY

Also W.A.P. John • Edith Barnard Delano • Walter De Leon  
Margaret Culkin Banning ~ Samuel Hopkins Adams • Etc





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There are two prime secrets of summer comfort. One is to have the right underwear; the other is to have enough of it!

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the garment

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JULY, 1926

## Scatter-brained!

No wonder he never accomplishes  
anything worthwhile!

HIS mind is a hodge-podge of half-baked ideas.

He thinks of a thousand "schemes" to make money quickly—but DOES nothing about ANY of them.

Thoughts flash into and out of his brain with the speed of lightning. New ideas rush in pell-mell, crowding out old ones before they have taken form or shape.

He is SCATTER-BRAINED.

His mind is like a powerful automobile running wild—destroying his hopes, his dreams, his POSSIBILITIES!

He wonders why he does not get ahead. He cannot understand why others, with less ability, pass him in the prosperity parade.

He pities himself, excuses himself, sympathizes with himself.

And the great tragedy is that he has every quality that leads to success—intelligence, originality, imagination, ambition.

His trouble is that he does not know how to USE his brain.

His mental make-up needs an overhauling.

There are millions like him—failures, half-successes—slaves to those with BALANCED, ORDERED MINDS.

It is a known fact that most of us use only one-tenth of our brain power. The other nine-tenths is dissipated into thousands of fragmentary thoughts, in day dreaming, in wishing.

We are paid for ONE-TENTH of what we possess because that is all we USE. We are hundred horse-power motors delivering only TEN horse power.

What can be done about it?

The reason most people fall miserably below what they dream of attaining in life is that certain mental faculties in them BECOME ABSOLUTELY ATROPHIED THROUGH DISUSE, just as a muscle often does.

If, for instance, you lay for a year in bed, you would sink to the ground when you arose; your leg muscles, UNUSED FOR SO LONG, could not support you.

It is no different with those rare mental faculties which you envy others for possessing. You actually DO possess them, but they are ALMOST ATROPHIED, like unused muscles, simply because they are faculties you seldom, if ever, USE.

Be honest with yourself. You know in your heart that you have failed, failed miserably, to attain what you once dreamed of.

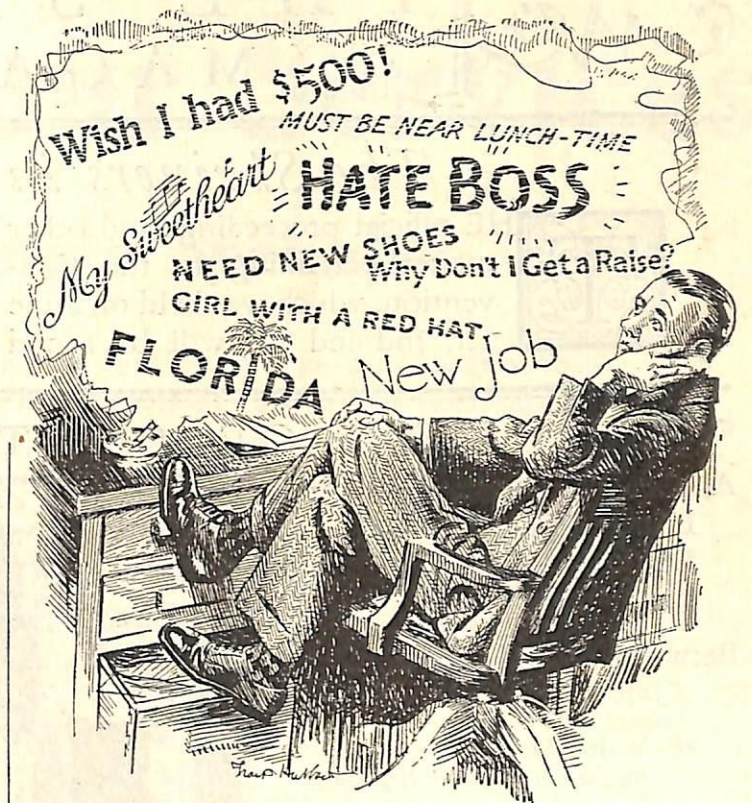
Was that fine ambition unattainable? OR WAS THERE JUST SOMETHING WRONG WITH YOU? Analyze yourself, and you will see that at bottom THERE WAS A WEAKNESS SOMEWHERE IN YOU.

What WAS the matter with you?

Find out by means of Pelmanism; then develop the particular mental faculty that you lack. You CAN develop it easily; Pelmanism will show you just how; 550,000 Pelmanists, MANY OF WHOM WERE HELD BACK BY YOUR VERY PROBLEM, will tell you that this is true.

Among those who advocate Pelmanism are:

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| T. P. O'Connor, "Father of the House of Commons."                   | Frank P. Walsh, Former Chairman of National War Labor Board.                         |
| The late Sir H. Rider Haggard, Famous Novelist.                     | Jerome K. Jerome, Novelist   |
| General Sir Robert Baden-Powell, Founder of the Boy Scout Movement. | Gen. Sir Frederick Maurice, Director of Military Operations, Imperial General Staff. |
| Judge Ben B. Lindsey, Founder of the Juvenile Court, Denver.        | Admiral Lord Beresford, G.C.B., G.C.V.O.   |



Sir Harry Lauder, Comedian.  
W. L. George, Author.

Baroness Orczy, Author.  
Prince Charles of Sweden.

—and others, of equal prominence, too numerous to mention here.

Pelmanism is the science of applied psychology, which has swept the world with the force of a religion. It has awakened powers in individuals, all over the world, they did not DREAM they possessed.

A remarkable book called "Scientific Mind Training" has been written about Pelmanism. IT CAN BE OBTAINED FREE. Yet thousands of people who read this announcement and who NEED this book will not send for it. "It's no use," they will say. "It will do me no good," they will tell themselves. "It's all tommyrot," others will say.

But if they use their HEADS they will realize that people cannot be HELPED by tommyrot and that there MUST be something in Pelmanism, when it has such a record behind it, and when it is endorsed by the kind of people listed here.

If you are made of the stuff that isn't content to remain a slave—if you have taken your last whipping from life,—if you have a spark of INDEPENDENCE left in your soul, write for this free book. It tells you what Pelmanism is, WHAT IT HAS DONE FOR OTHERS, and what it can do for you.

The first principle of YOUR success is to do something definite in your life. You cannot afford to remain undecided, vacillating, day-dreaming, for you will soon again sink into the mire of discouragement. Let Pelmanism help you FIND YOURSELF. Mail the coupon below now—while your resolve to DO SOMETHING ABOUT YOURSELF is strong.

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## The Shriners in PHILADELPHIA



HE official proceedings and other matter pertaining to the Convention, which was held on June 1st, 2nd and 3rd, will be found on pages 48 to 53. Representatives of the Shrine Magazine at Philadelphia were Roe Fulkerson, J. Harry Lewis, correspondents, and Rea Irvin, cartoonist.

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JULY, 1926

# Wanted—Your Services

## As a Real Estate Specialist

Make big Money—I made \$100,000 in less than 5 years. Learn how I did it. Use my successful system. Begin at home—in your spare time. Make money my way. Start now. Free book tells how.

Are you in the same hole I was in?  
Are you stuck in the rut of hard work and poor pay?

Are you dissatisfied with your job, your income or your prospects?

Are you having a struggle to make both ends meet?

Are you putting up with the crumbs of life while others are getting all the cake?

Then you are the man I want to talk to. Listen!

When I made up my mind to get started in the real estate business, in my spare time, I was receiving a salary of \$100 a month.

I was doing work I was not fitted for and which I thoroughly disliked.

I was living in a gloomy boarding house, wearing cheap clothes, striving to keep out of debt, and getting mighty few of the good things of life.

In less than two years after I started to specialize in real estate, I was making nearly one thousand dollars a month. And in less than five years, I cleaned up a net profit of over one hundred thousand dollars.

To get the whole story of my success in real estate, and how you, too, can succeed, write at once for my free book "How To Become a Real Estate Specialist." It contains my history and your opportunity.

### Follow in My Footsteps

If you want to learn the secret of my success—if you want to use my money-making methods—if you want to follow in my footsteps—this is your chance. And now is the time to get started.

I have studied real estate conditions in this country very carefully, and my investigations convince me that the next ten years are going to be banner years for real estate.

Furthermore, my experience satisfies me that there is no better business to get into. It is more healthful than most indoor jobs—you can start in spare time—you can begin with little or no capital—it does not require years of study like medicine, pharmacy, dentistry, law, engineering, electricity, architecture, etc.—the beginner is paid the same rate of commission as old-timers—the business is practically unlimited—it is estimated that there are thirty million properties in the country and that ten million of them are always on the market—it is a permanent business, not affected by fads or fashions—it is constantly growing as population increases—it puts you in touch with the best people—it is a dignified, pleasant and worthy occupation with great possibilities for big profits.

If you want to make big money as a Real Estate Specialist—if you want to use my amazingly efficient system—let me hear from you at once. I will send you—without cost or obligation—my free book, which fully explains how you can get started—in your spare time—just as I did—in a new kind of real estate business that

still be making \$35 a week instead of around \$200 as a starter."—E. K. McLendon, Ore.  
"I have sold many thousands dollars' worth of Real Estate and have deals pending that will go beyond \$300,000 mark. Owe all my success to your comprehensive System."—Carrie Marshall, Miss.

There isn't room here for any more such letters, but send for my free book, "How to Become a Real Estate Specialist." It is filled with stories of success. And it makes plain how you—too—can use my money-making methods to build a profitable independent business of your own—just as others are doing.

### Act Promptly

Investigate this splendid business opportunity at once. Learn how easy it is to follow my methods and get big money for your services as a Real Estate Specialist.

The business needs you. It offers rich rewards for trained men. A recent article in the *Saturday Evening Post* says: "Realty needs a Moses; it shrieks aloud for a teacher; someone to make the masses realize that it has been following a blind leadership; that the dicta of the narrow and the prejudice of the few should no longer hold sway. . . . Realty is a comparatively new field of endeavor. . . . Apply the same acid test to it you would to any other business. Reason out for yourself the whys and wherefores and then act. The age of inquisitorial realty criticism is past; the renaissance is at hand; great progress, with resultant profits for the thinker, is in the making."

So, mail the coupon now—before you lay this magazine aside—and receive, without cost or obligation, a copy of my new book, "How To Become a Real Estate Specialist." From it you will learn how you can use my successful system to make money my way—how you can get started right at home—in your spare time—without capital or experience—and establish yourself as a Real Estate Specialist, in a high grade, money-making business of your own.  
Be prompt! Your opportunity is here and now. "Wise men act while sluggards sleep." Write your name and address on the coupon and mail it at once to American Business Builders, Inc., Dept. 52-G, 18 East 18 Street, New York. You will then have the satisfaction of knowing that you have opened the way to a profitable business career for yourself as a Real Estate Specialist.

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Put your name before the world

is as far ahead of the old, moss-covered methods of the average real estate agent as the automobile is ahead of the ox cart of our forefathers.

### What Others Are Doing

As positive proof of the success of my modern methods, read the following brief extracts from some of the letters that come to me from those who are using my scientific system—following in my footsteps—making money my way:

"It may astound some to know that I have made between \$8,000 and \$10,000 over a three-month period, which may be directly attributed to your splendid Real Estate System."—A. W. Fosgreen, New York.

"I have been helped a great deal by your system. I have now a new car, two new typewriters, a stenographer and a dandy office, and money in the bank, all through my own efforts and without any capital to start with."—Alice Moore, Conn.

"I was a Ford salesman earning \$300 a month. Your Real Estate System increased my earning power 200%. I now own a Chrysler Sedan, up-to-date office equipment and have increased my bank account."—Alfred J. Bennett, Mich.

"Your System is wonderful. Without giving up my job as stationary engineer I made \$900 in three months in my spare time."—Matthew J. Stokes, Penna.

"Without your Real Estate System I would



# A GREETING from Our New IMPERIAL POTENTATE

MY DEAR NOBLES:

At the beginning of my term of service as Imperial Potentate, I am grateful for this opportunity to express my thanks to the Nobility of North America. I appreciate the honor shown me in placing me at the head of this organization of representative citizens. It is a privilege to be able to address the Nobility through this official organ of the Imperial Council.

First of all I beg your indulgence and assistance. Without it, my efforts must be futile.

Each of you six hundred thousand Nobles is entitled to the best that the Imperial Potentate can give in vision and service. I wish to assure you that your Imperial Potentate has no drastic changes, revolutionary methods, reactionary or ultra-modern tendencies to propose as his policy. Former Imperial Potentates who have guided you, have followed a straight path. The present incumbent has no desire to turn from it. Changes must and will come gradually with the years.

Without question, the Nobles hold that their great work is the Children's Hospitals. To the Board of Trustees, who have managed well and wisely, I have only commendation and praise to offer. Those closely associated with them understand the tremendous burden they are carrying. From a small beginning, this work has grown into a gigantic humanitarian organization.

The responsibilities and problems have multiplied. Millions of dollars are now invested; hundreds of persons employed; endless personal and financial details must be decided.

My particular message to you may be stated very briefly. Let no Shriner forget that he is a Mason. In the same way that it is both sweet

and pleasant to visit your old home and your parents, so it is most pleasing and profitable to frequently renew our acquaintance with those first and basic principles of Masonry. Comfort and inspiration will follow frequent visits to and a bowing of the head before the altar of your old Mother Blue Lodge.

I wish to beg a favor from you. Those of you who rule your Temples as Potentates, are, to your Temples, the supreme heads. Let me urge you to perform the duties for which you were elected; not to shirk them by passing them along to another. Were you not endowed with ability, brains and the esteem of your fellows, you would not have been chosen. Let me ask you to read and study the laws of the Imperial Council and the by-laws of your Temple and then to apply those laws according to their plain intent and meaning.

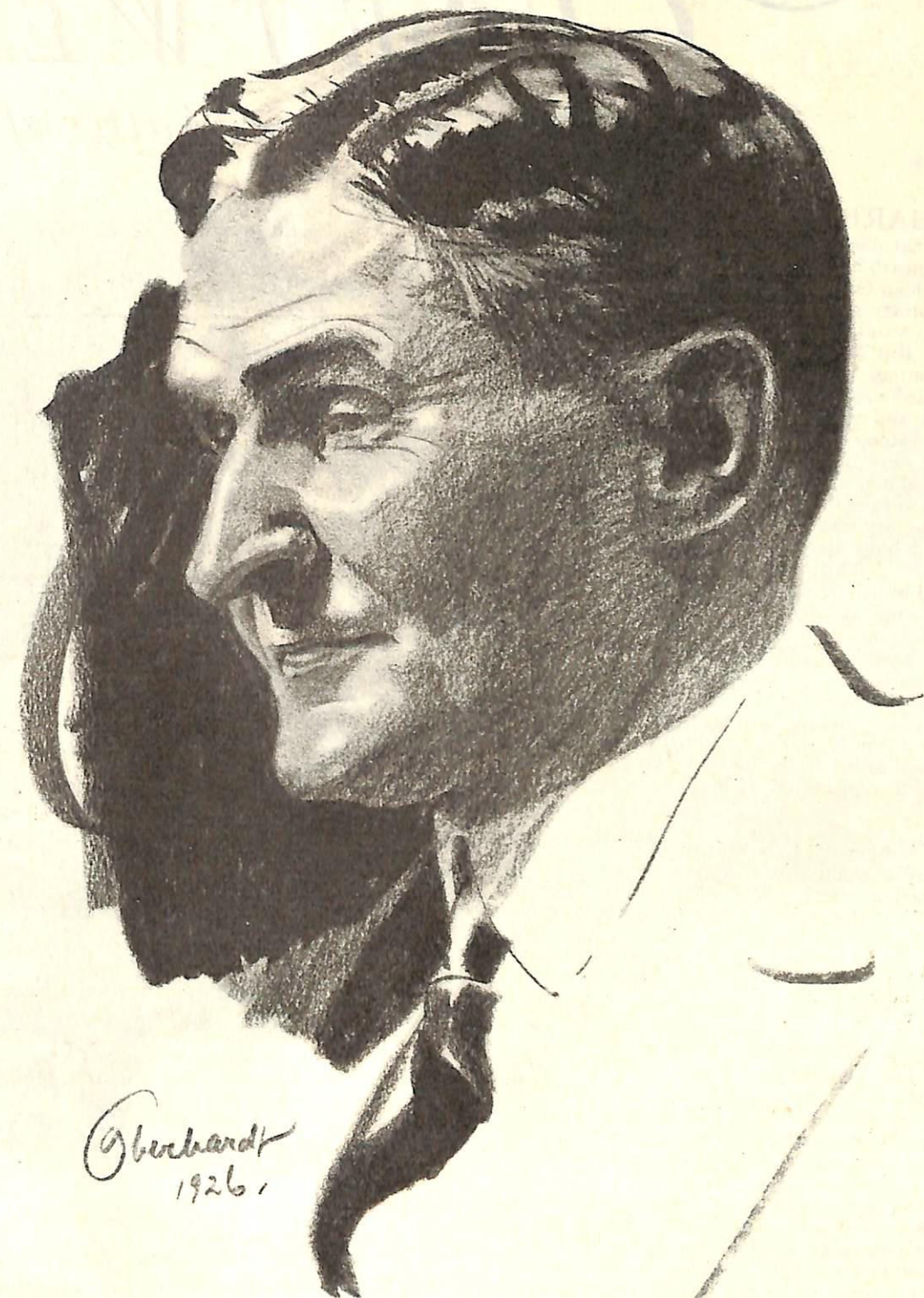
In the Imperial Council, only a few new questions arise each year. It is seldom necessary to ask for rulings, for the question is usually answered in the statutes or by-laws. Your Imperial Potentate owes it to the Imperial Council to use his strength and time for the general good of the Order, not to scatter it in making rulings upon the plain letter of the law.

So I beg that you will stand upon your own feet. Do not lean upon the Imperial Potentate, for he is fully aware of his limitations and his weakness. He wishes rather to lean upon you, for he knows you can support, strengthen and aid him by wise counsel.

Nobles, the year and the field we must cultivate are before us. The hand of your Imperial Potentate is put to the plow. With your aid, indulgence and support he will run a straight furrow to the end.

Yours in the Faith,

*David W. Crosland*  
IMPERIAL POTENTATE



DAVID W. CROSLAND  
IMPERIAL POTENTATE



# BETWEEN

*(Just a Matter of a Little*

**M**AX HARDBLATT, Beau Brummel of vaudeville agents, sat silently communing with himself in his private office. Beneath his window Longacre Square buzzed. Basking in the golden October morning sunlight Broadway was bright with pretty girls in pretty colors. In the outer office a half dozen vaudeville artists impatiently waited to confer with him. But Max was oblivious to all except the problem he was intent upon.

He had succeeded in negotiating an agreement between the Booking Office and a certain personage of national fame who was not above stooping to pick up some of the so-called easy money of the show business. For Max it meant a killing, financially speaking, which was the sort of speech Max's ears seldom failed to tune in on. But he felt that the situation, while satisfactory, was incomplete. His pride and prosperity had been built upon his gift for playing both ends against the middle. Silently he waited for the still small voice of an inward hunch to whisper how he might kill two birds with the one stone at hand.

Presently his dark, clever eyes gleamed contentedly. He reached for the extension telephone on his desk. "Get Miss Layton and her partner, Mr. Fern. Tell them I want to see them; this morning."

At the moment young Jimmy Fern was seated in a cubby-hole of a bedroom in the National Vaudeville Artists Club. Coatless, his sleeves rolled back, he was playing solitaire, losing steadily, his face plastered with gloom.

**N**ATURE had fashioned it to be quite a jolly face. Under reddish hair Jimmy's sensitive brown eyes slanted slightly upward with engaging effect. His wide mouth likewise turned up cheerfully at the corners. Not to be outdone, his short firm nose lifted its tip amusingly. Not at all a bad looking face for the street, it was a great face for a comedian.

Jimmy himself had no unquenchable distaste for any of its features although he was secretly disappointed in his chin. Fervently he wished it had not stopped growing so soon; that it had developed into a broader, more jutting affair—like Mussolini's or Jack Dempsey's. Encouraged by a more pugnacious chin Jimmy felt he might better have grappled with the chain of circumstances which had resulted in bringing Kitty Layton and himself all the way from San Francisco to leave them out of a job, and with no prospects of booking, in New York.

Kitty would have gone with Jimmy from Halifax to Jerusalem if he had asked her. But Jimmy did not know that. When Max's message reached her Kitty had just finished washing out a pair of light stockings in her room at the Club. Hanging them over the radiator with the silk vest and knickers already drying there, she uncased her dainty little self from a crêpe kimono, disclosing a well-nigh perfect thirty-two in another set of silk hose, knickers and vest. Straightening the seam of a stocking she slipped into an inexpensive frock, the sort Sixth avenue offers after looking into Fifth avenue windows. Going to the bureau mirror, a few strokes of a comb put in order her short wavy black hair; a touch of mascara melted in the long lashes of her blue eyes; a powder puff performed its functions on nose and prettily rounded chin; a finger tip outlined in carmine an already perfect Cupid's bow. Snuggling a hat down over her head, pulling a lock of hair forward she addressed herself in the mirror:

"Listen, sister; if this call doesn't happen to mean work, don't you dare get discouraged, like Jimmy is."

Max had the deck cleared when Kitty and Jimmy reached his office.

"Sit down, folks. You look wonderful, Miss Layton. Well, at



last I've got something to talk over with you; a great opening—if you'll take it."

"Why wouldn't we?" Jimmy grinned.

"No real reason. It's a question of common sense versus pride."

"After showing our act here in New York with such success that we've laid off ever since, what have we got to be so terribly proud about?" Jimmy inquired.

"Your act is all right; funny and entertaining. You two work wonderfully together. The trouble is you're new in the East."

"They told us out West," Kitty said, "that the Office and managers were always looking for new faces."

"Listen," Max smiled. "Who gets the receptions from audiences, the new faces or the old familiar ones? Whose names do managers put up in lights to draw shekels into the box office, new names or names the public knows? Besides, for no good reason, there's a prejudice against Western acts."

"Why didn't someone tell us that?" Jimmy complained.

# FRIENDS

*Plaster of Paris*

By WALTER  
DE LEON

Illustrated  
by Frank  
Hoffman



*(Jimmy had heard every scathing word the Kid had said about him, and Kitty knew he had heard. "Now she knows I'm a coward," he groaned, with his face buried in his hands.*

"What good would Max returned. "When handle your act"—it her sweet insistence plished that—"I fig-

it have done?" I agreed to was Kitty and that had accom-ured it was a nice little turn I could book into the smaller houses and keep working for a season or two while you picked up experience and learned to put your material across with more of a punch. I couldn't get us any money to speak of, but dubbing around that way your names would become established in the Office. The only chance for us to get any important money right away was for Miss Layton to go down to Wall street some noon and shoot a vile broker or two. After she got out of jail I could use the publicity to book you anywhere in New York and for almost any money."

Kitty shook her head. "I'd rather have my jewels stolen—if I had any." Max laughed, preparing to lead his ace. "I've dug up a better brand of publicity for you." He turned to Jimmy.

"Do you happen to know anything about the fighting game?" "Yes."

"Ever do any boxing?" "A little."

"Where?"

"I started in high school. Everybody had to take some part in athletics. I chose boxing."

"Any good at it?"

"I—I happened to win a Club championship at my weight." Max regarded Jimmy curiously. "Good enough to be a champ—and you go into vaudeville?"

Jimmy flushed. "Amateur stuff," he mumbled.

Max glanced at Kitty. "Have you any objection to prize fighters, as such?"

Kitty shook her head. "No. Why?"

"Yesterday I signed up for vaudeville, Kid Croster, the lightweight champion of the world. Twelve weeks in New York, with twenty more out of town if the act gets over. That's where



you folks come in." He paused dramatically here.

"How?"

Max explained that he and the Office had insisted that the champion do something more to earn his salary than show himself in a Tuxedo and recite *The Shooting of Dan McGrew*, or *The Kid's Last Fight* in his husky Tenth avenue accents. Instead, an act had been built, carrying a thread of a story.

"There's a girl," Max outlined the action, "supposed to be in love with the champion. She's visiting him at his training camp, helping him pass his moments of leisure by teaching him the Charleston. A comedy pest, a hick character, keeps horn-ing in, getting in the way, asking fool questions and making himself obnoxious to everybody. To get rid of him, they kid this pest into putting on the gloves for a couple of rounds with the Kid. Naturally that gives him all the chance in the world for funny gags, falls and a lot of dizzy clowning.

"Now wait," Max cautioned, seeing the frown on Jimmy's face. "If you were a well-established act you'd be perfectly right in refusing to submerge your identity by working with Croster. But putting false pride aside, look what it will do for you; twelve weeks where every manager and booker in town will see you; twelve weeks in the headline spot on every bill; twelve weeks making friends with New York audiences. Is that publicity or not?"

KITTY'S eyes sparkled with happy excitement. "Jimmy, isn't it wonderful! Twelve weeks of big time!"

Slumped in his chair, eyes on his feet, Jimmy was exhibiting a total absence of joyous exhilaration.

"Twelve weeks," he grouched, "of taking it on the chin twice a day."

"What!" Max exclaimed. "Why, you poor fish, it'll be all in fun."

"For the audience."

"For everybody. The ring work will be all clowning; open hand stuff with big gloves—"

"Until he gets peeved some night, closes his fist and shoots a fast one through."

"Why would he get peeved?" Max laughed shortly. "You talk as though you were afraid of the Kid."

"Oh, no," Jimmy denied, but so unconvincingly that Kitty's glance narrowed, as though for the second or third time she had caught a glimpse of something in Jimmy she did not want to believe was true.

It occurred to Jimmy that even if he did not go into Croster's act Kitty might jump at the chance alone. He could not prevent her from dissolving their non-working partnership. Kitty had to work. She helped support her mother.

"Listen," he said, straightening in his chair, "promise not to tell the Kid that I know anything about boxing and I'll go into the act. That is, if Kitty wants to sign up with it."

Max's face cleared. He turned to the girl.

"Show me the dotted line," she ordered.

Kitty was agreeably surprised when she met Mr. Kid Croster.

Perhaps two inches shorter than Jimmy, stockier, wearing his clothes and his eminence with conscious pride, the smiling champion at first glance looked like a young gent any girl might enjoy meeting. His eyes were so black and startlingly clear that you didn't realize immediately how closely set they were to each other. His ears were as yet uncauliflowered; sharp-pointed ears that lay close against his round skull. His nose may have been a trifle flattened under the thud of pounding fists but its classic hook was as yet unbroken. Until, weeks later, Kitty saw the Kid's fighting face, she did not dream how viciously his thin lips could curl back in a snarl, or how his close-set eyes could glitter like a rattlesnake's.

For his part, the champion took one comprehensive look at Kitty and told himself his luck was holding strong. The Kid didn't know vaudeville, its ways or its women, but during his brief reign he had learned that the way of a maid with a mere man is no guide to what will be the way of a maid with a King. Titleholders, he had learned, were privileged. With this cute, classy little dame on his payroll, he looked forward to a very pleasant twelve weeks, or more.

The Kid nixed Jimmy the first time they donned gloves to rehearse the knock-out they had routined.

"Yeh, he's funny," Croster told his brother Ted, a larger and later edition of the champ, and his manager, "but he's yellow."

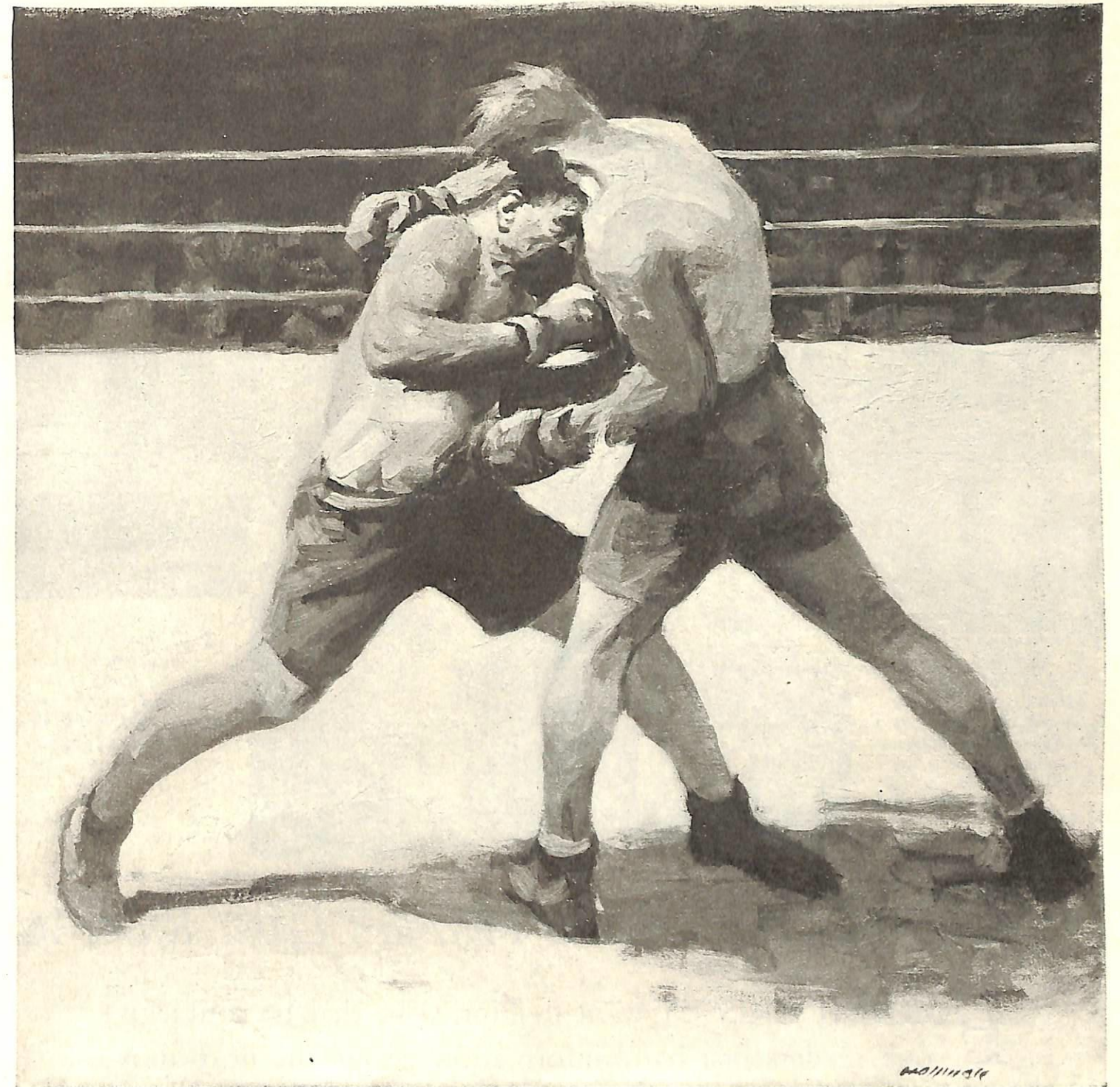
"Maybe," Ted suggested, "he was only nervous, rememberin' you're the champ, and gettin' a picture of what'd happen if you was to let loose a hot one."



"No. It ain't nervousness. I don't know how I know, but I could stop that bird's heart beating any time just by throwin' him a dirty look."

The champion's dislike of Jimmy swelled enormously when the act came into New York and scored a rousing hit. For the first day or so the Kid was too nervous, too unused to the show business, to realize that Jimmy was stealing the honors of the act. But when his friends, after commenting variously upon his own efforts, began telling him what a funny clown Jimmy was, when he read in *Variety's* review of the act, "Croster's turn gets over on its merits, due to Miss Layton's demure cleverness and winning personality and James Fern's irresistible comedy. This pair, newcomers to the East, will bear watching. The Fern lad in his dumb Ike characterization is a wow!"—when the Kid read that and realized that though audiences came to see him they went away to talk about Jimmy Fern, his vanity was cut to the quick.

Jimmy's success in finding and interpolating new laughs kept the wound raw. Every one of the champion's performances was exactly like another, the pattern that had been drilled into him during rehearsals. But there was no guessing what Jimmy would do or say when he came on the stage.



*"Pandemonium raged in the theater as Jimmy's lightning swift left broke through the champion's guard—a champion taking the count from an unknown—a bowing, grimacing clown with a red smile painted on his face!"*

The Kid's jealousy finally boiled over when the act went into the Eighty-first Street Theater for a week. The second night there Jimmy pulled a new laugh. Taking a knock-down, while on the floor he removed a football helmet and rubber nose guard from beneath his sweater and donned them. Then he stood up, bravely full of fight. But in swift sequence, while the non-plused Kid stood idly gaping, Jimmy's awkwardly waving arms contrived to jam the helmet down over his eyes where it stuck, dislodging the nose guard, and with a terrified swing blindly aimed at the champ Jimmy knocked himself out. The audience rocked in their seats at his deftness in putting over the old hokum bit. But not the Kid.

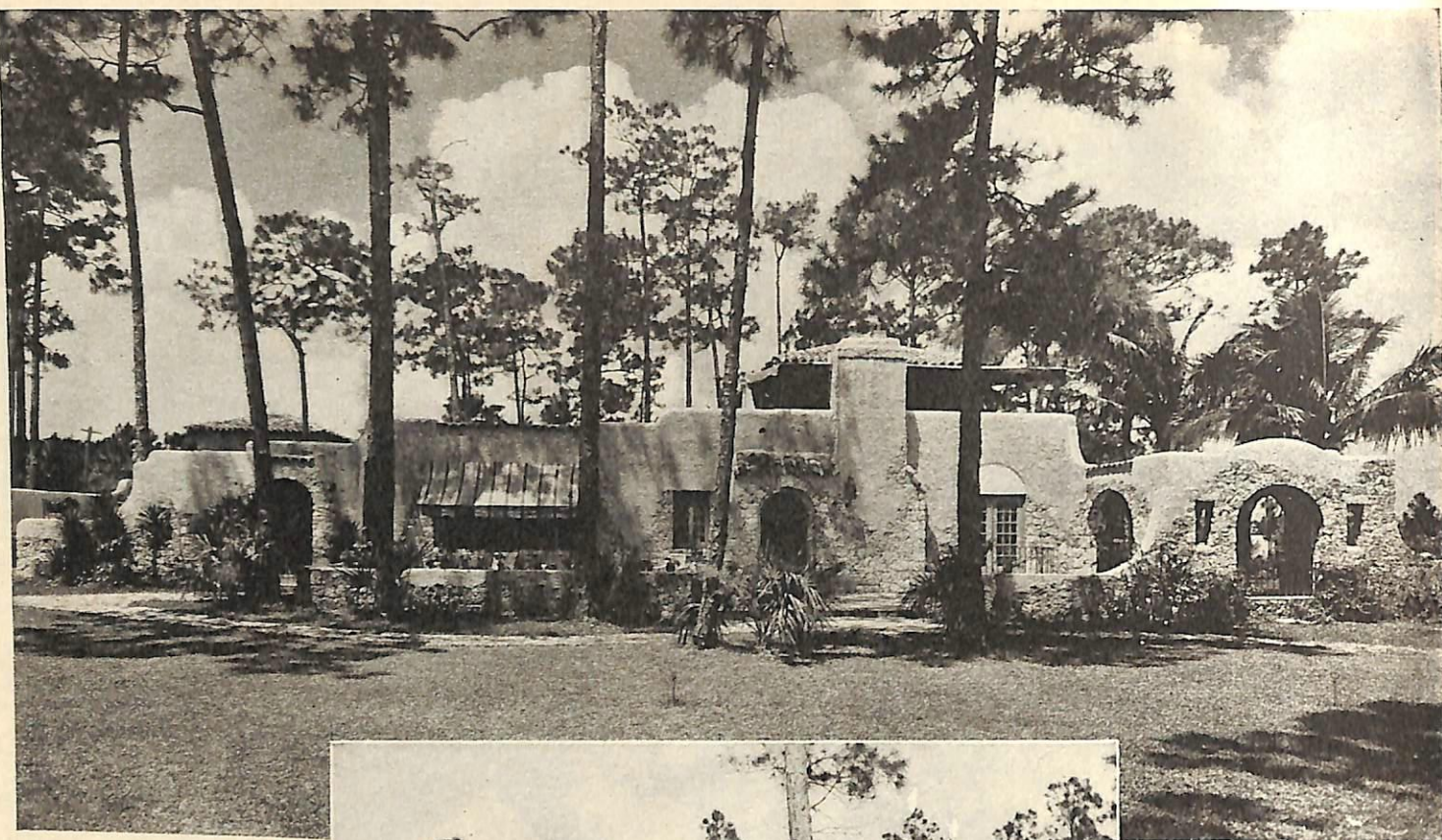
"HE'S makin' a monkey out of me!" he complained bitterly the next morning to Max Hardblatt. "Now, don't tell me he's puttin' the act over for me. I don't care. Him nor nobody else

can make a sucker outa me. Get another ham to take his place. I'll keep that Kitty Jane. But the Duck is out!"

In the next five minutes Mr. Croster discovered the true intent of several wordy paragraphs in the contracts he had signed with the Booking Office and with Fern and Layton, represented by Max Hardblatt. He learned that Jimmy had a play-or-pay contract; that he could not discharge him until the twelve New York weeks were played, and not even then if out-of-town managers insisted on his appearance in the act. The cash damages payable for canceling his agreements drove any such ideas quickly from the Kid's mind. Cursing Ted for allowing him to sign himself into a straight-jacket contract, the Kid finally stormed out of Max's office. Hardblatt at once telephoned Kitty, detailing the conversation and his opinions and fears arising from it.

"I'm hoping everything will be all right, Miss Layton, but if Croster should start making things [Continued on page 80]





☞ The residence of George E. Merrick (creator of Coral Gables) shows Miami's strong leaning toward the simplicity of Spanish architecture.



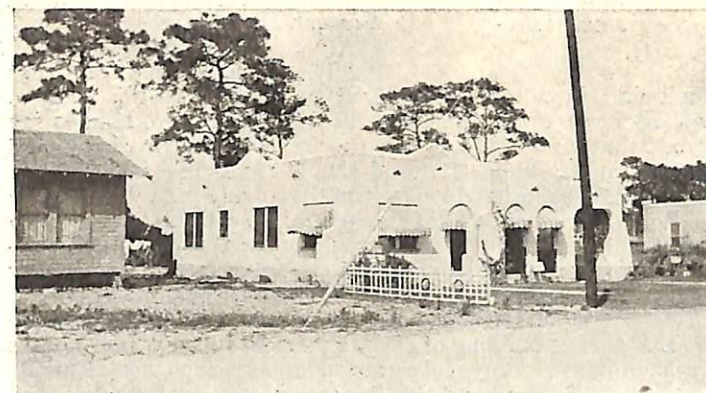
☞ All through the Lemon City section of Miami, on the fringe of the restricted tract, "squatter" tents border beautiful residences.

## ☞ What Has Happened to Florida's Land Rush? ☞

FORREST CRISSEY went to Florida so that he could give our readers first hand information about the next move in the greatest speculative stampede since the days of the California gold craze way back in '49. ☞ He has learned the real reason for the pause—the so-called "lull" in the frenzied land booming of last year—the adventurers must now pack their tents and leave Florida to the substantial home-makers. ☞ Mr. Crissey says: "So long as the Gulf Stream keeps its accustomed course, and the free and unlimited coinage of sunshine continues, there is no need to worry about Florida's future."

# WHAT'S NEXT In FLORIDA?

By Forrest Crissey



☞ A Spanish bungalow—the type of home that is being built just as fast as the tents and shanties are being cleared away.



☞ These temporary shacks were thrown up to house some of the adventurers who rushed to Florida during the land craze.

FLORIDA is blowing off the froth and getting down to the solid stuff of actualities. The "binder boys" call this experience a slump; the "knicker boys" term it a "slow down," while the development financiers refer to it as "a period of stabilization." All of these characterizations are valid according to the differing viewpoints of those who form the triangle of the typical Florida boom real estate transaction.

An understanding of why the present situation is viewed so differently by the chief parties involved calls for a few definitions. In the patter of the Florida real estate office a "binder boy" is a person of either sex who deposits a certain sum of money, at the time of making a contract of purchase, to "bind the bargain." His status as a binder boy continues, according to the Florida code, until he has made his first or perhaps his second payment. Then he emerges from the "binder" chrysalis and becomes a bona fide investor.

The "knicker boys" are the neat and snappy real estate salesmen who, if they belong to the aristocracy of the species, disport themselves in the latest golfing attire. The leaders in this intensive calling have dressed the part so well that they have covered a multitude of sartorial sins with the distinctive nickname which they have won—with the result that a real estate agent clad in overalls and a bargain counter shirt of colored cotton is still a "knicker boy."

There is just as wide a variation in the species "development financier" as in the binder boy and the knicker boy families. A development financier may be either a borrower or a lender; a principal in a great real estate development project or the banker from whom he borrows; also he may be a courageous shoe-string speculator who has contrived to secure an option on a piece of acreage property or a millionaire with huge holdings and fluid capital enough to put it on the market in a high state of development.

These definitions are sufficient to clear the air and indicate why the binder boy regards the present situation as a sad and unmitigated slump, while the development financier—particularly if he is of the higher rank of his calling—views the present decrease of activity in Florida real estate sales in a more philosophic light than that under which either the binder boy or the knicker boy is privileged to see it.

While it is true that the philosophic attitude of the development financier may be accepted as subject to a certain discount by reason of the fact that any other public attitude on his part would be rather poor business, so far as the visiting stranger can

see, it is true that the phrase which the development financier employs is accurately descriptive of the situation as it exists today. I have not talked with a substantial business man in Florida with large and permanent interests in the Peninsular State who has not made virtually this statement:

"This letting down in real estate sales is the best thing for Florida that could have happened. Last summer's season of frenzied speculation was abnormal and hectic beyond all precedent and could not, by any possibility, have continued through another year without serious and harmful consequences. The spectacle which was then repeated, day after day, in nearly every important city and town of southern Florida finds its perfect parallel in the scene at the bookmaker's booth of any big racing meet. In one instance a mob of frantic men and women put their binders on property, the value of which they knew nothing about; in the other they put their money on horses of whose chances of winning they were utterly ignorant. In both instances the mobs were actuated by the same spirit and went through the same motions. Consideration of the actual values involved in either case was a mere gesture; most of those who put up their binders in scenes of that sort were actuated by one expectation only: that in the next hour, the next day or the next week they would be able to cash in on their bet at an advance. Not infrequently a lot would be bought and sold by the same person several times in the same week. The day of such scenes has passed and we are glad of it."

A STATE is not really developed under such hectic conditions. The future of Florida is not in the hands of real estate bookmakers or their patrons. It rests with those who have an eye to values and faith in the continued, long-time demand for the things which Florida has to offer to permanent or winter residents here. Florida has not lost a single charm which it had when book-making on subdivisions was at the height of its craze last summer; on the contrary, it has made substantial additions to its repertoire of real attractions since then. The Gulf Stream has not changed its course; there has been no cessation of almost uninterrupted sunshine and the ocean and the beaches are doing business at the same old stand. Underneath all the froth of wild and senseless speculation there has been a steady advance of actual physical development, of home building and hotel building, business building, and road construction and the expansion of public improvements of almost every character making material



additions to the comfort and pleasures of Florida living."

The biggest men at the head of large developments do not deny, however, that the process of stabilization is as painful as it is wholesome and that its attending grief is quite as great, at least for the moment, as its ultimate good.

To strike a perfect balance between the evidence presented to one's eyes and ears in the course of six weeks of search for the truth about the future of Florida real estate is a large order and requires something akin to superjudgment. The man who can fill it is in position to make a million.

My best guess is that this is bargain day in Florida and that the bottom has by no means dropped out of the Peninsular State and is not likely to until the time when the entire country suffers a severe financial setback. This conclusion has been enforced by various forms of evidence. For example, here is the situation as seen by a small contractor operating in the working men's section of Miami colloquially known as Lemon City:

"Get into my car," said Mr. George Groover, "and I think I can show you why some developments are not being pushed as fast, right now, as they might be and as their backers are financially able to push them. This doesn't mean that a lot of development enterprises, including some very large ones, would not be glad to go ahead vigorously with the improvement of their enterprises if they had any idea that this summer and autumn would come within a mile of sending real estate sales up to last season's record. But I think it will indicate to you that some of the shrewd ones are simply waiting for the froth to be blown off before throwing their projects into third speed."

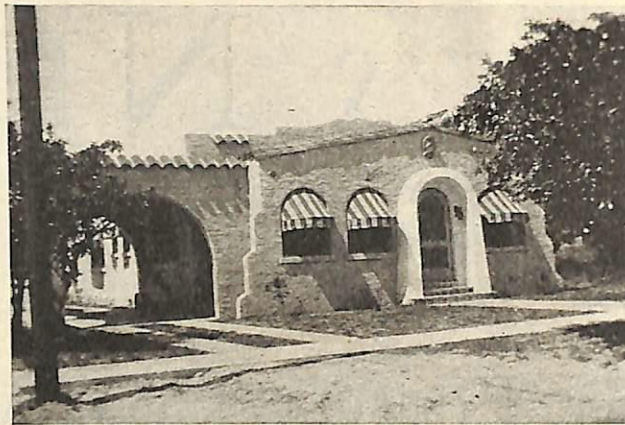
A FEW rods from his own little home we reached an open tract which he declared to contain thirty-six acres. Pointing to a road digger at the far end of the tract, my guide remarked: "You see they haven't stopped work entirely. To knock off and not turn a wheel would tend to give the public an unfavorable impression of the project. But you can see for yourself that they are taking things rather easy and not getting all lathered up in their haste to get these lots in shape to put them on the market."

"Why? Because the men putting on this development are looking to the future; they are convinced that advantages of location will dictate a great advance in the character of improvements here. So they are putting on a 'restricted' development—which in this case means that no houses costing less than \$7,000 will be permitted. Of course the prices on lots in this development will be in keeping with such progressive improvements."

"This is the information which I get as a home-building contractor. Now look over the kind of 'improvements' which surround this tract on three sides and figure out for yourself, as its imaginary owner, if you wouldn't welcome any temporary real estate set-back that would clear the surrounding landscape of the patchwork tents and dilapidated shacks that deface it now, if you wouldn't go slow and wait until the drifters and the shifters had gone so that the scenery about your high-class restricted development would be no longer littered with such unsightly habitations. There are lots of other developments in the same situation as this one. Their lots can't be marketed to the best advantage until the slump has caused the drifters to fold up their tents, desert their shacks and move on to other fields."

Because the situation of the "development" to which this home-builder introduced me is typical of many others in Florida, particularly in territory bordering on unrestricted sections into which adventurers of small means have poured by the thousands, it affords many revelations as to the transition period through which Florida is now passing.

To the west of this "restricted" tract is open prairie leading to the Everglades. On the north, the direction of the advance of improvement, I found a region of violent architectural contradictions. The first street to the north, for example showed, on its north side, a line of neat little cottages and Spanish bungalows which faced upon a combination of tiny unpainted shacks and of "crazy-quilt" tents under which a wandering Bedouin would scorn to shelter his family. These shacks and tents fringe the north line of the restricted subdivision which is, according to my



(A fair example of the sort of home which will occupy the land in the restricted section of Lemon City.)

you'll find in about every tent and shack in this section. They're birds of passage, not home-builders. Nothing to say against that kind of folks—but they're not exactly what you'd call community-builders. And they'll never live in a way to make any neighborhood look attractive to any man who aims to put \$7,000, or even half that amount, into a home within a few rods of their shelters. I guess you can see now why the development men who are looking into the future are taking it easy and waiting for the froth to blow off.

"We're simply settling down to a period of home-building—and that means building of every kind. In the next few months you'll not hear as many real estate auctioneers shouting the merits of their sub-divisions and the binder boys will not make quite so much noise placing their bets on lots—but you'll hear a lot more hammers hitting nail-heads than you can hear right now."

"Well," I answered, "if that's the case I'll be glad to be away, for I've been kept awake nights ever since I came to Lemon City by the sound of hammers operating by moonlight."

My tall Georgian contractor chuckled and lapsed into his native speech:

"You-all ain't used to it. Why; about half the shacks and cheap cottages down here have been built by moonlight. I can show you a hundred back-lot shanties within sight of this spot that went up overnight. Now that the embargo is off and ships loaded with lumber and cement are crowding the harbor and building materials are beginning to drop in price, you'll hear a lot more of that sort of music at midnight."

"The better class of folks now living in tents, shacks and the camps—those who want to stay because they are getting good wages and like the climate—are going to build this summer. I have kin-folks who belong to that class. They couldn't afford to build before and had to live any old way until they could get a foothold. A good many lots of the cheaper sort are going to be sold to people of that class."

"The big camps are gradually going to disappear along with the private tents and shanties. Camp sites—especially those in the more crowded sections fairly accessible to the center of town, will become home-sites in the course of the big change now taking place."

"To the south of this restricted development, which is idling along until the landscape is cleared of its unsightly habitations, is the biggest camp in Florida—probably the biggest in the world. It contains thousands of people. Many are putting up with that kind of makeshift living simply to get a foothold and pay enough on lots so that they can build under improved conditions. Some of them, like those in private shacks and tents, haven't bought their lots yet."

"The total of all those who held off from buying at peak prices but who wish to stay permanently will make a very respectable volume of real estate demand in those sections where improvements are suited to working people. They are already looking for bargains and they know considerable more about real values than they did when they first came. They're going to find bargains, too, for thousands of impulsive binder boys spread themselves too thin in their gambles and can't meet their next payments. Many of these payments fall due in July and August. These quick-trigger speculators, who were caught when the wild wave went down, are being forced to let loose on some or all of their holdings. They are the bargain-hunters' meat!"

This view of the situation is confirmed on every hand. For example, an educator living in the Lemon City section of Miami

informant, marking time for the slump to blow off the froth.

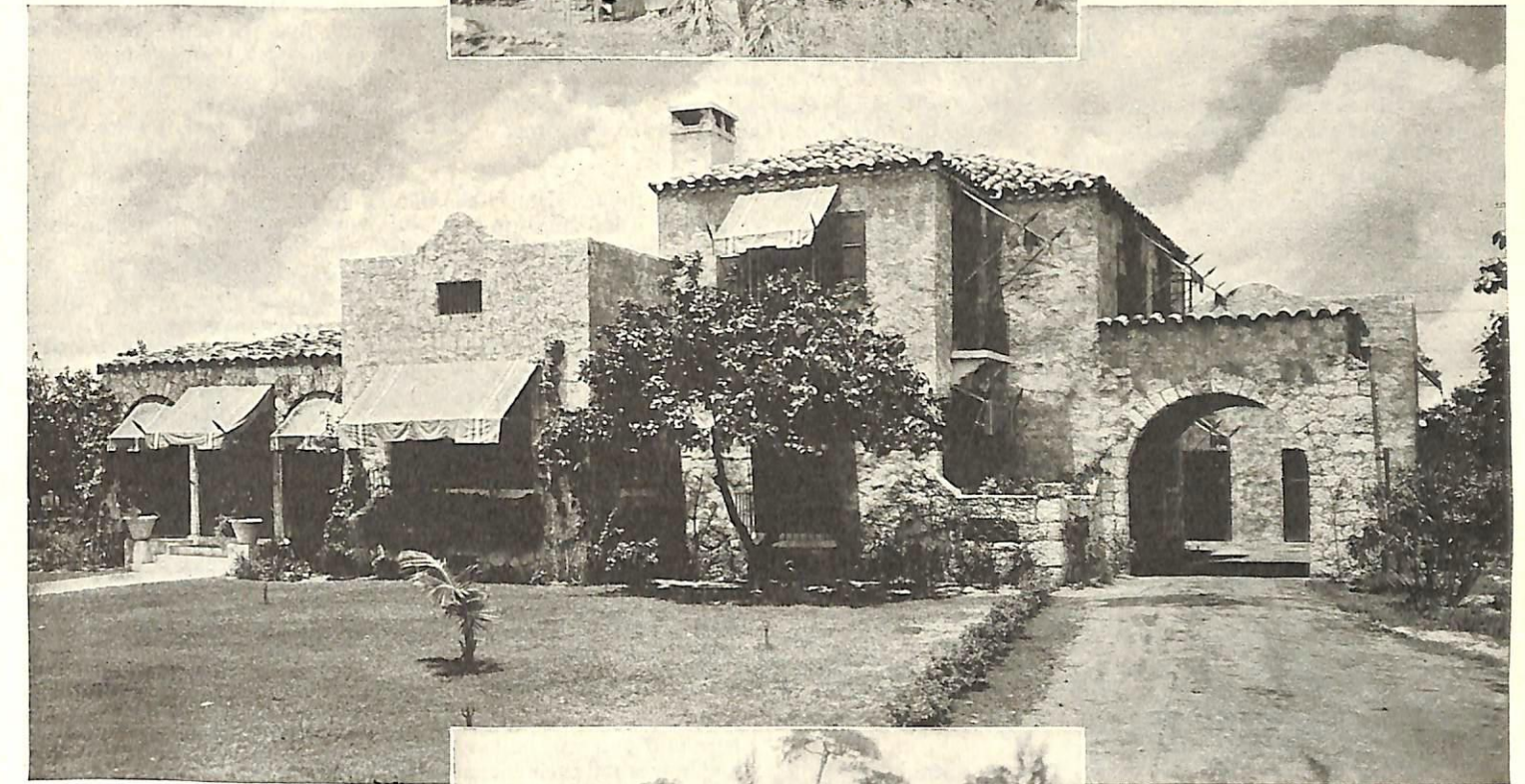
As I photographed the motley array of human habitations about me, the tent that held the western outpost of the line came down. Its occupants didn't "bother" to pick it up, but clambered into a decrepit car, bade their tent neighbors soft-voiced farewells and moved out of the picture. A barefooted girl of fifteen explained: "They done got enough of this heah. Me an' pap's got a hanker-in' foh Gawgah, too. We-all goin' t' hit th' grit next week when he gits paid off at th' g' rage where he works. Hit seems laik that payday nevah would come roun'. Back in Gawgah I'm goin' t' school."

My guide remarked:

"There's a sample of what

and formerly a county agricultural agent confessed to me:

"I'm a fair type of a very large class down here. I put out too many binders—took an option on too many pieces of property. When the speculative craze subsided, I found myself with five pieces of property on my hands on which I had placed binders and made first payments. I had intended to let loose of two of them before the speculative craze went out, but I wasn't quick enough."



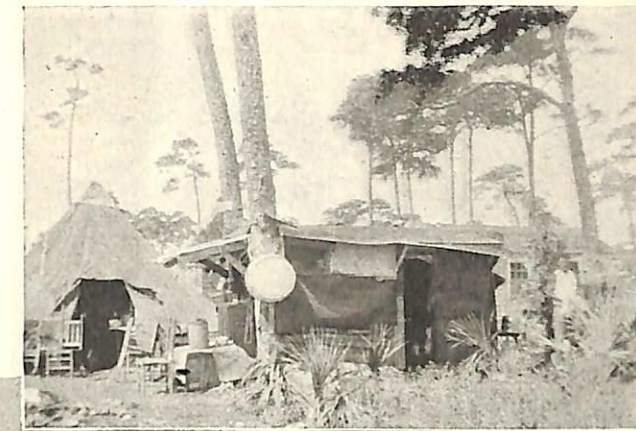
(Top picture) Parts of Lemon City look like gold rush mining camps set to modern jazz.

"Probably I know actual property values around here far better than the average speculator because, as a county agricultural agent, I have had to study land values from a productive viewpoint. I'm satisfied that every piece of property which I hold is worth a profit on the price at which I bought it. But the next payments on these holdings will soon be due and I can't meet them all. If I can sell one piece for cash at a profit I can tide myself over on the others. But if it comes to merely getting my equity back or taking a slight loss for cash, then I'll have to part with two of my holdings in order to carry the other three."

"Naturally, if forced to do this, I'll try to sacrifice the more remote, the least desirable, of my holdings. There are thousands of others in the same situation—they must sacrifice some of their holdings in order to protect those about which they care most. This is why the present time is bargain day in Florida."

The Lemon City section of Miami is not easily dismissed from consideration and should not be; it holds for the thoughtful observer a graphic revelation of the drawing power which the Florida land boom has exerted on the imagination of the "common people"—to use the pet term of the political orators—of this country.

It is a gold-rush mining camp set to modern jazz. My meals



were served in a small lean-to shed on a rough board table knocked together by the drawling soft-spoken Kentuckian who, with his Quakeress wife as cook, does a thriving business—sufficient to pay seventy-five dollars a month rent and leave a reasonable profit. At their two little home-made tables you may meet the world. Some of the steady patrons of the Lean-to Café are a young professor of economics from Missouri with his cultured and modishly-attired wife,

(The palatial residence of C. D. Benson—one of the finest show places of Miami.)



(The owner has refused \$17,000 for this bungalow. It is adjacent to the shack at the top of this page but the owner knows these camps and shacks will soon disappear.)

a trio of "G-a-w-gy boys" doing common labor, a young college man from Philadelphia, a real estate man from Massachusetts—and so on through the roll-call of the states!

Dinner talk at the Lean-to is never dull. One night it turned on the crowded condition of Miami. A Georgia boy drawled:

"You-all recollect that bashful Bud that came down with my kin-folks and went back the first chance he could catch? Looked like he was walkin' in his sleep?"

He'd never been out of Possum Hollah before. Reckoned he'd got t' see th' world, so he come down with Pa an' Ma. Just had a letter from home. When Bud got back t' th' settlement all th' folks gathered round him an' Jeff Mosely grinned and remarked: "Bud; I reckon you-all hev seen sights an' hearn roarin's. Tell us 'bout hit."

"Wall," answered Bud, "if they be as many beyant as thar be thar an' betwixt, this world's th' very dinctum!"

When the laughter had subsided a young man from Massachusetts remarked:

"Very good, I'm sure. But would you mind translating the meaning of his facetious remark?"

"Just his way of sayin'"—patiently explained the Georgia boy—"that if there were as many people in the world beyond Miami as he'd seen here and on the way down, the population of



the earth was altogether too much for him to understand."

Another Georgia boy retorted: "I done read that in a paper, once—but it sure strikes th' picture right down to who-laid-th-bottom rail. I felt jus' that-a-way when I first come down. Never'd been much out of Wil-lowee an' couldn't believe the world held as many folks as I could see goin' past."

At this instant a dark stranger joined the group. "You-all from Gawgy?" he was asked. He smiled genially and looked his questioner directly in the eye as he answered:

"No; I just been sick. That's what makes me look that-a-way." And the Georgia boys gave him a generous hand for this retort-courteous.

From the open door and the unglazed windows of this little brown shack by the side of the road you may see the world go by: a young woman as exquisitely dressed as if on her way to the opera instead of to the Biscane beach; a bent old mountain woman, sallow, grizzled, haggard and unbelievably ragged and soiled, scuffling wearily along the sand path at the edge of the pavement; a bevy of giggling high school girls with books in straps and working men carrying bundles of tools and materials.

EVERY kind of motor vehicle passes the little eating place or stops before it to allow its occupants to buy a bag of "Mr. Van's" fragrant crackerjack or some of Mrs. Van's homemade doughnuts or pies—luxurious limousines piloted by uniformed chauffeurs, speedy sport cars of latest models driven by gay and hatless youths and a squawking, bawling procession of cheap cars—many in the most fantastic forms of dilapidation.

A moonlight stroll at midnight through the streets of Miami's Northwest section offers a sensational revelation of "automobile" psychology unequalled, I think, in any other community in the world. Where else, for example, will you find a gleaming new three-thousand dollar car "at home" alongside a five hundred dollar dwelling?

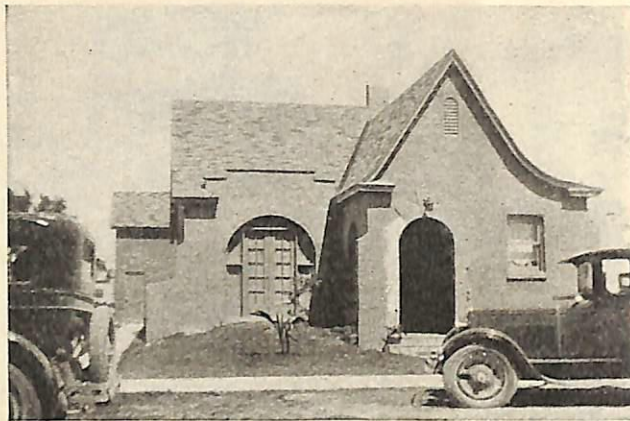
In the unrestricted sections of this strange speculative gold-rush mining camp, it is relatively easy for the moonlight investigator to pick the lots which are under permanent occupation by their owners. If the lot has a garage on it, then it is safe to regard it as owner-occupied. The car may be housed, along with its owner and his family, in a cheap "garage apartment" costing less than the car and located on the rear of the lot—but this situation is an almost certain indication that the front of the lot is destined to hold a house in the near future.

To lumber and cement dealers and house-building contractors, therefore, the lot with a garage apartment at the rear is a cheering sign. The big sub-division developments and the specialists in the construction of houses to be built primarily to create sales for the lots under them may lay off their workmen and their machines for the time being because of the real estate slump; but the building of homes by lot owners who are now living in cramped discomfort in garage apartments or in temporary shacks is evidently certain to increase.

This "filling in" movement, which is clearly the order of the day, is far more important than it might appear to the casual observer. It is actual development instead of projected development.

Tearing out citrus orchards and denuding tracts of stately pines and even palms to permit the building of roads and sidewalks and the planting of real estate signs and white stakes may be a fundamental step of development, but it falls far short of filling the full definition of that generously-abused term which is only realized when owner-built homes fill in the ragged gaps.

It is from this quiet movement of individual home building that Florida is entitled to draw greatest consolation in this her hour of sober reflection following her wild speculative spree. Its strength and volume are sufficient to warrant the statement that the "slump" is what bankers, financiers and business men generally assert it to be; a period of difficult digestion akin to the painful and salutary state of adjustment commonly covered by the term "the morning after feeling."



(This home is in the restricted development section of Lemon City, Miami, in which no house costing less than \$3500 is permitted.)

Incidentally, forty-five days of winter racing at Hialeah didn't help the real estate market. As one knicker boy put it: "You can't talk lots to a man who is watching a horse go round the track or reading the racing bulletins to see if he has won or lost. It takes a big man to be interested in two kinds of gambling at the same time. There aren't many who can do it. The real estate slump started when the races started." And he might have added that the business of retail stores in Miami increased ten to twenty-five percent when the races closed. I am assured that Miami will have a short racing season next winter!

Dependable statistics are about as scarce in Florida as snowflakes. There hasn't been any time to compile them. Hence the dearth in Florida of those forms of statistical information kept as a matter of course and furnished on application in other less hectic communities.

To fill this lack the inquiring stranger naturally turns to the men who finance the business operations in their cities—on the theory that they are not handing out vast sums of money without at least a sound general knowledge of how things are going. Mr. George E. Nolan, vice president of a leading Miami bank met my inquiries with this statement:

"It is my conviction that there is more actual building going on in Miami and in this general section than ever before. Put it this way: more dwelling and business buildings are being built now than were under actual construction at this time a year ago. One large builder tells me that these operations are twice as great as they were at a corresponding period last year. This slow-down in real estate is the healthiest experience that could have come to this section. It isn't altogether painless to many who expected the wild wave of speculation to sweep on, with accelerated speed and volume, indefinitely; but it is as wholesome as it was inevitable.

"The bankers of this city never rode the crest of that wave with the speculators. Examine the statements of all the banks here and you will be astonished at how liquid their condition is and how small their loans are compared with the volume of their instantly-available assets. I doubt that there is another section of the country where the banks are in as liquid a condition as they are in southern Florida and I'm sure that you couldn't find another city in the country where the total of bank loans is as small compared with deposits and other liabilities as right here in Miami.

"You are warranted in placing strong emphasis on the fact that a vast amount of capital from money centers in the north has been invested here in large development enterprises by men of great personal wealth who have strong resources beyond the amounts which they have already put into those enterprises in cash or have obligated themselves to pay. These men are capitalists who look a long way ahead and do not put millions into undertakings without knowing that they can protect their investments and see them through any emergency.

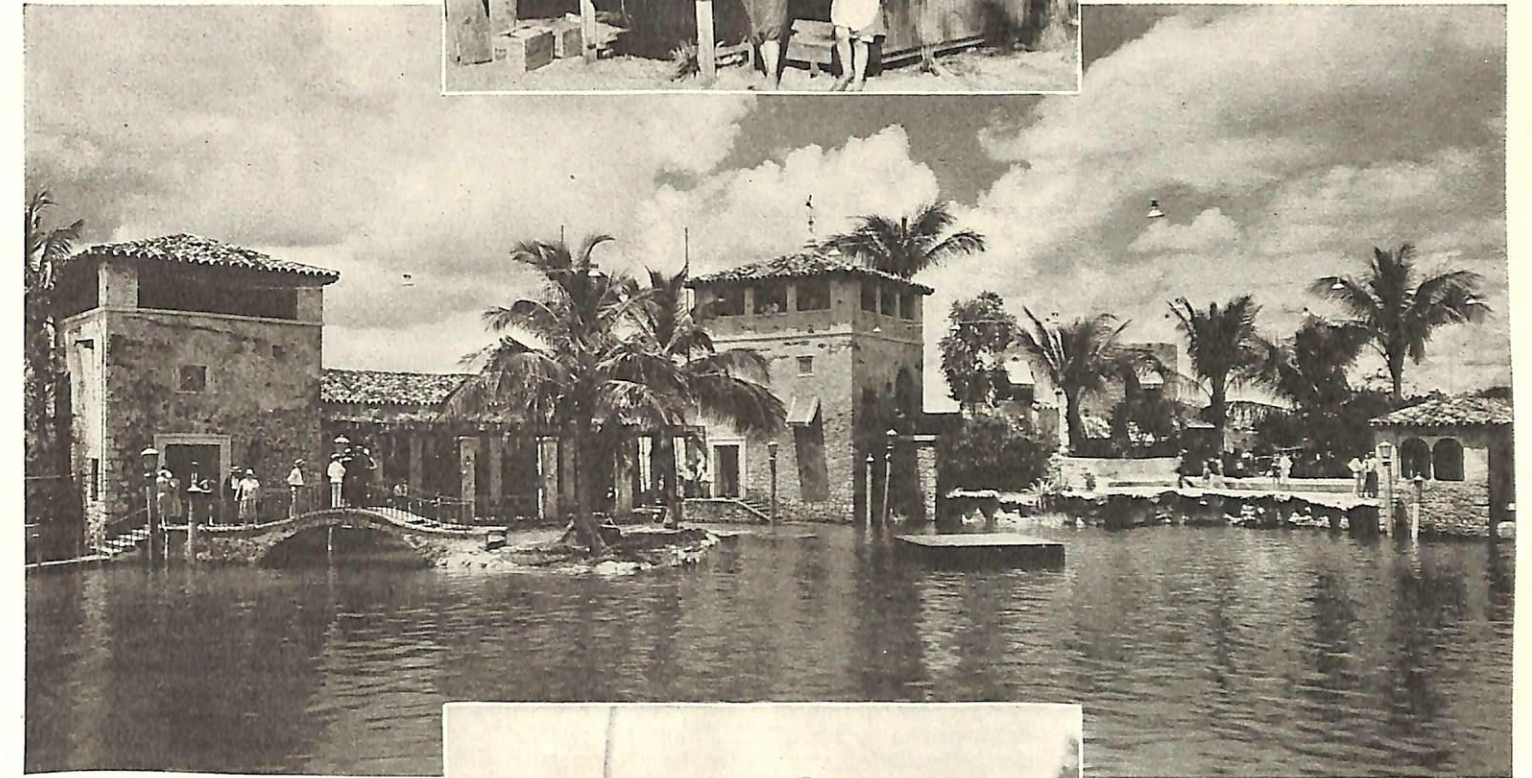
"Certainly these men were not fooled for a moment into thinking that the wild craze of land speculation which we experienced last summer would continue indefinitely. They knew better. Hard-headed capitalists who have made millions by investment, not speculation, discount those emotional waves in advance. Their expectation of profit is based upon something more substantial than the chance of taking a gambler's quick advantage of a momentary mob mania. They are in to stay; they have never had any intention of quitting."

THIS banker freely admits that many real estate development enterprises—some of them large ones—have dropped back into second speed, because they have financed their work of road and sidewalk building and putting in basic improvements from current sales. When speculation was at its crest this was as easy as taking candy from children.

To shift from this simple method of securing development funds to that which any large enterprise in the North, for example, must employ—putting in the money before the income starts—is

not the work of an instant. It calls for a new type of administration and management which cannot be development in a moment.

All of the enterprises which have been financing their development work from the pockets of the lot speculators are finding the picture on their silver screen suddenly changed from jumpy quick-action to weird "slow-motion"—a shift which is rather disconcerting. Those enterprises having de-



(Top picture) A number of families now living in tents are waiting to build on property bought during the land boom.



(Scores of shacks like this were built by moonlight (in one night) on the back of lots, by people who intend to build real homes later.

estate development there and its present conditions than George E. Merrick, the creator of Coral Gables, who spent ten years of hard apprenticeship as a developer of small and relatively cheap subdivisions before he started in on the vast project of which he is now the directing genius. And before he became a realtor he was a truck and fruit farmer who peddled his wares from house to house in the quiet little village of Miami. All this, however, is quite another and a

(Center picture) A glimpse into the beauties of Coral Gables, Florida. This is the Venetian Casino and pool.

very interesting story; it is mentioned here out of its turn merely to indicate that Mr. Merrick is highly qualified to speak on any phase of Florida real estate history and that his words should carry weight. This is what he says:

"Because, in my real estate experience, I have already passed through two periods very much like the present one, I can tell you with the utmost sincerity that the lull in real estate selling which we are now facing doesn't scare me in the least. It is just as salutary as

it was inevitable. It was not in human nature to keep on at the fevered speed at which we were going last season.

"There are many other large developments down here besides Coral Gables and when I tell you that last year this company sold almost a hundred million dollars worth of property you can get from that statement something of a picture of the whole volume of real estate activity in southern Florida. It was the gambler's hour in real estate and no other term can sketch it. Such a wild, chaotic condition could not possibly have continued for long and it is a good thing for Florida that the fever subsided as early as it did.

"I am not denying that it has brought problems and temporary inconvenience to the soundest and the best fortified developments in Florida; any readjustment of conditions as great as that involved in the present change in the lot [Continued on page 61]



# She was just One of Fifteen Servants

By Margaret  
Culkin Banning

Illustrations by  
R. F. Schabelitz

"THEY have fourteen servants—all healthy," whispered Kitty Hedger dramatically to the woman next her as another tray of cocktails went by them. "Fifteen," Adele corrected her, "if you count the governess!"

Kitty accepted the amendment. There did not seem any reason for not counting the governess into the grand total so she remained there in sheer zest of numbers. It was an evening of superlatives anyway.

The Jackson Kittredges were giving a dinner to some friends by way of warming a new home and the house, which had been conversational front page stuff for months, stood exposed at last in all its luxury, breaking practically every record that the city had set for itself in manner of living.

It was curious that with so much wealth there had always been so much restraint in spending money in the city. The wasters, men and women, who had been inevitable excrescences on the great fortunes that had come out of the mines and earlier from the timberlands had drifted away and spent money enough elsewhere. But there was something like mutual self-consciousness which hung over the families which stayed on the ground and helped build up the generations and intermarried. A tradition of thrift, a sense that money didn't come too easily, lingered. Extravagance might glitter against the background of that tradition often enough but until the Jackson Kittredges built their new house and filled its thirty-five rooms with themselves and their servants the tradition was not opposed.

One could see the directed blow dealt it that night at dinner. The carved silver ornaments on the beautifully inlaid table, the marvelously fine lace cloth, the perfected fastidiousness of the menu, the little gilt-edged menu cards themselves, all offered a new standard.

"When they moved into this house," Kitty Hedger continued, talking this time to Pierce Sheldon who happened to be seated at her right, "the whole house was perfectly settled. There wasn't a thread of excelsior in the remotest basement and the silver pheasants were prancing up and down the table even as now. Gratia simply came back from wherever she'd been last, opened the door and worked hard at letting someone else unpack her wardrobe trunks!"

"It isn't the popular idea of moving day," he answered. "Just Gratia's idea of being ritzy!"

"Not mine!" said Kitty. "When we moved into our new house last spring the skin was off my hands before we were getting three orderly meals a day. I couldn't give a dinner party at home for twenty-four people now without using bedroom chairs. Did you notice that all these chairs actually belong with the table? It's really magnificent, Pierce."

"Don't like it," said Sheldon shortly. "It's unnecessary and unwise."

"Don't you even admire Gratia for putting it over? Drawing the old moss-covered Kittredge millions out of the vaults the way she does?"

"Anyone can spend money," he said, bearing down hard on his squab and sending a side glance at Gratia. "I'm glad she isn't my wife."

"I thought you felt differently once. But that's your cordial reflection about all of us now, isn't it? I wish Gratia were Ben's wife for a few days. He'd suffer less acutely when he is asked to increase my allowance. Ben's so ghastly tight. I hope he's learning a lesson tonight."

They both laughed, the man because he knew Kittredges fortune was probably no bigger than that of the Hedgers and Kitty because she found it easier to laugh at the Hedger closeness than worry over it.

"However," Sheldon reminded her, "this stuff of Gratia's hasn't been put over yet. Maybe it won't go over at all. It doesn't seem to me to suit the style of this particular town. Somebody ought to tell her so."

"The town hasn't any style," Kitty came back flatly, "it has a lot of tight husbands and play-safe bachelors like you. I'm

betting on Gratia. She'll push up the old standard of living!"

"What's the point of doing it?"

"Think of having fifteen servants!" exclaimed Kitty. "Maid servants, man servants, oxen, asses, valets, cooks—to say nothing of the governess!"

"Gratia says that it's too far for the children to walk to school and that Jackson doesn't think

it democratic to send children in automobiles. The governess is a hostage to Jackson's democracy. And it's quite possible that when she is away from here Gratia prefers to refer to 'the children's governess' rather than to the 'teacher in public school number 4.'"

Pierce chuckled at Kitty's tone with its little lift of mockery. "When I think that my brute of a husband has held me down for five years to a Swede cook, a flapper nursemaid and a chauffeur who can look after the furnace and mow the lawn, I could crown him!" said Kitty affectionately. "This party is livening up, Pierce. It started out under the hush of magnificence. But even Jack is getting over his perfect restraint as a host."

It livened up considerably during the next three courses assisted by the series of beautifully chased goblets at each place. Gratia had not encouraged too many comments on the house. She insisted on regarding it as an ordinary necessity. Nor had she offered to show her friends through it as was customary. But by the time that Peter Martell reached his liqueur he announced that inspection was in order and tucked Gratia under his arm to lead a grand march. They went through the drawing room, the library with its mullioned windows and rows upon rows of books, the billiard room, card room and breakfast room, and upstairs on thick soft stair rugs to the suites for guests and master's bedrooms. Sometimes the men looked at each other and grinned, a wise comradely grin beneath their boisterousness. But though Kitty Hedger was full of impudent comments, even she saw nothing that really amused her and there was a strained look on the faces of most of the women as they praised the beautiful things with which Gratia Kittredge surrounded herself.

Peter was leading them on. "Not in there. That's the children's wing. They'll be asleep," Gratia warned him.

"Well, what's this then? The throne room?" asked Peter, opening a door at the end of a little corridor.

They were all behind him, riotously alive to suggestion, pressing into a room which had bright curtains and low furniture painted a pale yellow.

"It's just a little sitting room for the children. They have their lessons at the long table by the window," explained Gratia.

THERE was a deep chair near a window in one corner and a girl was sitting in it. Evidently she had been reading but at the noisy entrance she turned and stood up indecisively as if not knowing quite how to meet this intrusion. They could all see that she was young and very pretty though the dark cloth dress she wore contrasted soberly with the evening gowns at the door.

"Excuse us for looking in, Miss Moore," said Gratia, in her assured way, making no other explanation or introduction. "There's morning sunlight on this side," she went on turning to her guests, "and that makes it so nice for the children."

Gratia always accented expensive practicalities in the manner of the very rich.

No one lingered. They proffered a few stray, admiring comments but the thoughts of most of the women were still on the brocaded silk coverlet on Gratia's Spanish bed and the eyes of the men were on the girl by the window. The crowd passed out within a minute. Pierce Sheldon was the last to go and as he closed the door he gave the girl a backward glance and slight, rather awkward bow. She was still standing. Her eyes met his fairly and he noticed how well she held herself. Her lips curved into a faint smile of acknowledgment of his courtesy.

"Got any more rooms with mysterious beauties in them, Gratia?" asked Peter. "That's the best piece of furniture I've

—and her name was  
CECILY



seen in the house so far. Bet Jack thinks so too. Who is she?"

"The children's governess, Peter."

"You waste that on kids!" said Peter. "I always knew you were extravagant, Gratia, but that's going a little too far. Let's

go look in the kitchen. Pola Negri's probably out there, washing dishes."

Everybody laughed at that and it somehow got under Pierce Sheldon's skin. There was something so damned rude about





such talk he told himself. Anyone could see the girl was a lady. Gratia herself took him in hand just then as they came into the drawing room.

"Well, Pierce," she said, "it's good to see you."

WHEN Gratia said that, as she did every now and then, in a certain direct way, she nearly always sent him back involuntarily to the memory of the time when he had adored her and hung around her with many other fatuous young men. He had taken his failure with her more seriously than most of them had, though he could be caustic enough about Gratia now as he had been at dinner. He had no illusions about what she was after or what she was piling up. Yet even now her voice could make him suffer a little.

All of which, Gratia, being a very clever woman, knew and

*(Gratia's beauty had lost its power over now. "Gratia," he said, "where is Cecily*

Pierce suspected her knowledge. It invariably sharpened his tongue.

"Nice party, Gratia," he told her, "perfectly successful. Everybody's jealous."

"I don't see anything to be jealous about. A person has to have a place to live," she said.

"Basic," he agreed, "fundamental. You always did have a way of stating facts so simply. And fitting them out so very lavishly."

"So you don't like my house?"

"Not especially."



*Pierce. Her voice meant nothing to him Moore? I've got to get hold of her."*

"What's wrong with it, my calamity-howler?" Gratia parried good-humoredly.

"It's top heavy for the town. Bad for it," he said bluntly.

"We didn't build it for a civic center, Pierce. It's a home—that's all."

"It sets a wrong standard. They'll all begin to strain after it—swim a little faster. Some one will go under and a lot will get exhausted. As for Ben Hedger, Kitty is already laying plans to make his life miserable because she has only three servants."

"It wouldn't hurt Ben to loosen up."

"Maybe it would. It's the Hedger tradition that built up this

particular city. Hard work, restraint and simplicity. That's why I like to live in it."

"The city's so simple that it's off the map."

"It's on some maps. Historical and commercial ones. Who cares whether it's on the social map?"

"That's a good map too," she said carelessly.

"Have it your own way. Maybe you can make people believe that you and Jack need forty rooms and a menagerie of servants and private instruction for your kids. Who's the girl upstairs?"

"Isn't she pretty," agreed Gratia, as if that had been his question.

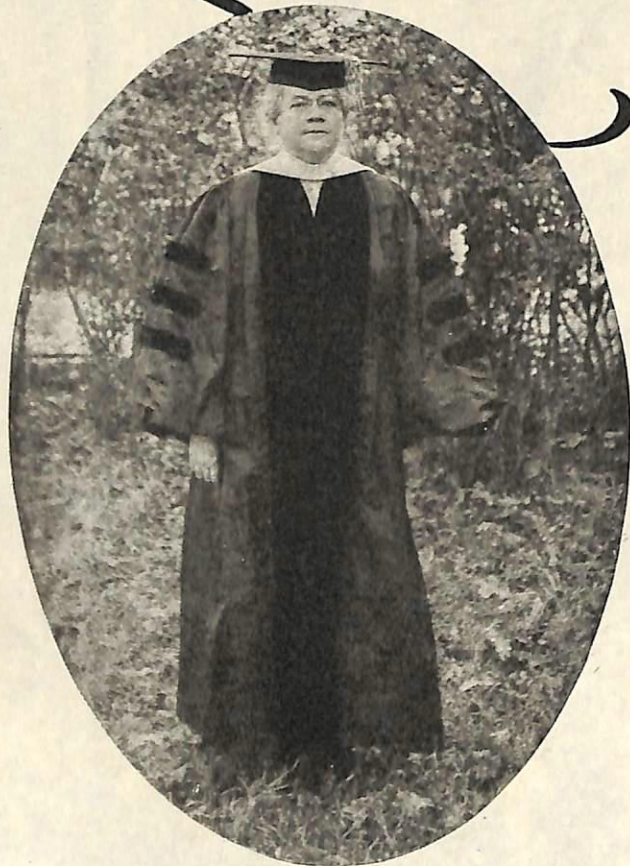
"Why didn't you introduce her? Just being snooty?"

Gratia remained undisturbed. "I couldn't do it very well under the circumstances, could I? It would have been quite embarrassing for her, when she wasn't coming downstairs with us."

"That's it. The circumstances are [Continued on page 78]



# THE SUNDAY LADY



(A recent photograph of Dr. Berry—*The Sunday Lady*—founder of the famous Berry Schools.

WHEN Martha Berry opened Brewster Hall as a school for the neglected white children of the Georgia mountains, she was aware that she had sentenced herself to a task which would last a lifetime.

She found herself alienated from her family. Her aristocratic relatives felt that she was "throwing herself away" upon an ideal which was impossible of attainment. They reasoned that, if the State of Georgia could not provide schools for the mountain children, it was hopeless for a girl just out of finishing school to attempt it.

She had impoverished herself to build and open the first small dormitory, for she had deeded to the school the inheritance of timber land which her father had willed to her. In addition to these handicaps, she found that her greatest stumbling block was the stiff-necked pride of the very people she was trying to help.

Martha calculated that it would cost her about one hundred dollars a year for each boy who lived at the Berry Schools, now incorporated by the Judge, with provision for ownership and control to be vested in a self-perpetuating Board of Trustees.



(There was no district in the Georgia mountains too remote for the *Sunday Lady* to find her way there to

She made the rule that each boy was to pay fifty dollars in cash and fifty dollars in work. Since no boy possessed fifty dollars, they agreed to pay the full tuition in work. This satisfied the pride which was the code of the boys' parents, the implacable resolution that they would accept no charity. It also gave Martha's project a bare chance of continued existence. There were six thousand acres of woodland in the property with which Martha Berry had endowed her school. A small part of it could be cleared and cultivated by the boys; the crops would help to feed them.

Her first class consisted of twelve boys who arrived with battered satchels in their hands or with packs of their belongings on their backs. One of them said simply:

"We-uns has come, Ma'am."

On Monday morning, after breakfast had been prepared on the little stove and in the pots that glowed contentedly in the fireplace and eaten at the drygoods box table; after the cracked, chipped dishes had been washed and dried and put away, Martha called the boys outside. There were several wash tubs.

"Today is wash day," she told them, cheerfully. "Now



Mountains too remote for the *Sunday Lady* to find her way there to

get your soiled clothes together and bring them down here." They went upstairs to their bare rooms, in the dormitory cottage and soon returned with small bundles of overalls, shirts, underwear, socks and handkerchiefs.

"Now," said Martha, "each of you will take his place at a tub and give your clothes a good scrubbing."

Not a boy moved. They stood silent, looking at her wonderingly. She thought they did not understand.

"Take your places at the tubs," she repeated patiently. "You're going to learn how to wash your clothes so that they'll be nice and clean."

St'll not a boy moved.

"Why . . . boys," Martha gasped, "don't you want to?"

For a time the silence continued, then one boy spoke up.

"We-uns don't wash us no clothes, Ma'am. We-uns ez men-folk. Washin' clothes ez wimmin's wuk an' gals' wuk an' niggers' wuk. We-uns don't wash us none."

"But the clothing must be washed, boys," she pleaded, looking at them helplessly.

"Not by we-uns, Ma'am," the boy returned, firmly and respect-

## MARTHA BERRY

*Journeys to New York  
for a New Paring Knife  
and a New Dishpan*

By  
Raymond Leslie  
Goldman



(Two of the *Sunday Lady's* first pupils are now teachers at the same school they used to attend.

fully. "We'll cook. That thar ez men's wuk. We'll clean up. That thar ez men's wuk, too. But we-uns won't wash us no clothes."

The other boys nodded a vigorous approval of this policy. Martha noted the determined lines of their mouths.

"Well," she sighed, "the clothes must be washed, of course. And since you won't do it, someone else will have to."

"Yas'm," they agreed.

"Therefore," she added, rolling up her sleeves to reveal her soft, white arms, "I'll have to do it."

She stooped, picked up a bundle from the ground, untied it and walking to the nearest tub, dropped the clothes into the water.

"Stand around, boys," she said. "At least you can see how it's done."

THE boys looked at her with wide-opened eyes. They looked at each other. Blood rushed to their faces and they looked at the ground. They could hear Martha's arms splashing in the water.

"Ma'am." It was an agonized voice that suddenly rang out.



Martha looked up. "What is it, Warren?"

"Ma'am, we-uns'll wash us them clothes."

"Oh, never mind, Warren, since you feel about it as you do. I'll do it."

"No, Ma'am."

He stooped and picked up his bundle from the ground. Behind him, other boys picked up theirs and the boy whose clothing she was washing came over to the tub at which she stood.

"Dry off your han's, Ma'am," he said. "We-uns want ter do it, ef yer show us how."

"All right then," said Martha, with her arms about the shoulders of two of them. "Let's get to work."

THE winter of 1902 was not mild; so the small stove and big fireplace in Brewster Hall consumed the trees that were cut down to give fuel and to clear some land for spring planting. By the middle of March, Martha felt that the initial battle had been won: not one of the boys had left nor had one expressed regret at having come. At Easter time they went to visit their homes and, in spite of Martha's dread that they would not return, they took back with them into the mountains an inspired message of the wonders of the Berry Schools.

During the first months of Spring, six other boys came down the valley, bringing their possessions and begging Martha to admit them to the school. One boy came forty miles, driving along the winding paths a yoke of oxen, which he offered as his tuition.

"They's broke ter plowin', Ma'am," he explained.

"It's a most welcome fee," Martha cried, "and you brought them just when we were ready for plowing."

BY SUMMER, Brewster Hall held eighteen boys. Several acres of land had been cleared, plowed and planted. Martha had bought a cow and some chickens. It seemed to her that they would get through summer and fall, although her bank balance was rapidly dwindling.

"Are you poor yet?" asked the Judge one day, when he visited her.

"Poor?" she returned. "Why, I should say not. I have eighteen boys now, instead of twelve."

"What are you going to do when your money gives out?"

She hesitated. "I'm a firm believer in foresight, Judge. But I don't dare look too far ahead. I have a little money left, not much, but a little. And our crops are coming along beautifully and there's a team of oxen, a cow, some chickens and twenty pairs of willing hands. We'll get through the summer and fall and when winter comes, we'll tackle the problem of the winter."

"I can hardly realize you're so deep in this thing," remarked the Judge, "I thought you'd be the first of all your sisters to marry and settle down."



(Mt. Berry chapel, one of the beautiful buildings of the famous Berry Schools.)



(One mountain boy came forty miles to Miss Berry's first school, bringing a yoke of oxen as tuition.)

"Don't you think I'm rather settled, Judge?"

Later while they were walking through the estate, the Judge pointed to a double row of elm saplings that extended from the road back through a field.

"Why did you plant those trees there?" he inquired. "They're cutting up a nice field."

"Some day," replied Martha, "those trees will line a roadway from the Summerville Pike to a building that will stand on that rise over there." She pointed to a knoll covered with trees, weeds and broom sedge. "At the foot will be a nice gateway and we'll call it the Gate of Opportunity."

The summer passed. Corn stood bare and brown in the fields, like rows of soldiers stripped of braid and glory; leaves fluttered down from the trees covering the fields with a shroud.

THERE were twenty-two growing boys in Brewster Hall, youngsters who worked and studied with such vigor that they were very hungry at meal time. Pay for the two teachers at the other two remote day schools, school supplies, clothing, foodstuffs and dozens of other expenses had depleted her bank balance. Outwardly she was cheerful, but her friends thought they saw the end of her dream approaching. They were rather relieved. They felt she had had her fling and that now she would give up her idea when she saw the impossibility of achievement. But there was a big surprise in store for them.

In December, when the school was nearing the end of its first year, Martha Berry faced the long-postponed problem of securing enough money to continue her work. If material assistance was not provided, the school would be closed before the end of the winter. For hours one night, after the boys were asleep, she walked about the clearing, turning over and over in her mind each possibility. It was a raw, foggy winter night. As the cold bit in through her clothing, she prayed for help and guidance to continue the work of educating these mountain children.

The next morning, her decision was made. She went to her friend the Judge. She explained to him that she knew how futile it would be to ask for aid from her friends. They knew almost as well as she knew, the need for the work she was doing. They shuddered at the conditions in the mountain homes but they considered it a fact which would admit no remedy.

"Judge, I've decided to go a-begging."

"What do you mean?"

"I'm going to New York and see if I can't interest some people in our schools."

"And you . . . well, you're willing to do this sort of thing?"

He was silent for a minute, then: "You gave your land, then you gave your money and now you want to give your pride. You've about given everything



(Martha Berry as she looked at the time she started her schools for Georgia's mountain children.)

to this dream of yours. Martha, will you have anything more to give?"

"I'm afraid not. But I wish I had."

On the evening before Martha's departure for New York the boys gathered in Brewster Hall before the roaring fire of logs in the fireplace. Martha told them that she was going away and that when she returned she would have some money for the school.

"I read in the paper," declared one of the boys, "where one rich fella give—"

"Gave, Allen."

"—gave, oh I don't know how much to one of them—"

"To one of those, Allen."

"—one of those big colleges. What yo' call givin' lak that, Miss Berry?"

"It's called an endowment."

"And that's what you'll try to get in New York?"

"That's what I'll try to get." She smiled. "Only not so much as the endowment you read about. We're just a small school. We don't need so much, do we?"

"No'm. Fact is, I reck'n we got 'most enough now. I allow, though, Ma'am, we could use a new peelin' knife. Won't hardly cut through pertaters no more. Too many boys is sharpenin' pencils with it."

"Need a new dishpan, too," another suggested. "It's got holes in it, Ma'am, an' yer got ter put paper in the bottom ter

keep the water in. An' paper won't keep the pan from leakin'."

"We'll have to attend to these things," said Martha, trying to hide from the boys the tears that came into her eyes. "And now it's nearly bedtime. What do you say if we have a few songs?"

The Berry attic had given up a small and battered melodeon. Martha seated herself at this wheezy instrument, while two of the boys held it up so that the pumping would not rend it asunder. Martha placed her fingers on the yellowed keys and the first chords rose. Then their voices swelled and filled the room with brave melody:

"Onward Christian Soldiers,  
Marching as to war:  
With the Cross of Jesus  
Going on before . . ."

NEW YORK was besieged by winter. Snow that had been cleared from street and sidewalk rose in high breastworks along the curb, gray-white and speckled with soot. Cab drivers, whips in their hands stood stamping and blowing along the sidewalk.

"Cab, miss? Any hotel in the city. Here y'are. Cab. Closed cab."

They tried to take her bag from her, [Continued on page 65]



# BACK of the EYES

By Edith Barnard  
DELANO

(Illustrations by Arthur D. Fuller)

"E-E-US." OLD Tom Kenny was mending a net on the moss-weighted, sagging wharf, "It used to be quite a place. But northin' ain't like it used to be. Fishin'—why, these fellers around here go out for a day or two, maybe a week; time they get a few loads o' fish into the Boston market, they think they done a job. No more whalin'. Don't even go out to the Banks like they did. Rush out and rush in, and the devil take the hindmost. That's all it is, now." Charter smiled. "That's about all anything is now," he said. The old man cocked an eye at him. "Them fellers ain't men. Come into harbor, half o' 'em do, soon as they see a cloud as big as a flounder. No sails—northin' but the stink o' gasoline. Don't know how to handle a boat, none o' 'em—exceptin' Pen Watts. He ain't afraid o' the devil himself, Ben ain't."

"Sort of hero, then?" Charter suggested. The man's gnarled hands were fumbling with the net—"Son o' Satan, they used to call him. Didn't the half fit 'im—when he's drunk. And when he's sober he's Satan hisself—and wuss. Cap'n Watts . . . Cap't'n Watts! Oh ay, they call him that, now. But not me. I'm done calling him anything." "Seems a picturesque person," said Charter, idly. "You sailed with him?" "Good and plenty. I know Ben Watts, I do." Charter laughed. "I'd like to meet him!" "Stay around long enough and you're likely to. He ain't choosy. That's his house up yonder on the hill. And that's his girl, standing out there on the rocks a-looking. Oh, she looks, Treva does. She looks and she looks . . ." He bent closer to the net muttering. "He'll be cursed yet," Charter heard; then the old chap fell into silence and Charter strolled away. He went along the beach for a mile or so, for the tide was out; then when the sea was visibly returning, he clambered over some masses of rock and made his way back toward the village along the edge of the cliff—or the hill, as old Tom had called it, a bleak place, bleaker now in the gathering dusk. He had forgotten the girl until he came on her abruptly. She was sitting where she had stood, her arms clasped about her knees; in the early darkness her figure was so dim and so still as to seem a part of the rocks themselves. But she heard or sensed Charter's steps, and jumped up, facing him. "I'm sorry," he said. "I'm afraid I startled you."



(Charter stepped back startled as the girl suddenly leaped up out of the shadows. "It's day!" she murmured—then, breathlessly—"They've gone? All of them?")

He heard her quickly drawn breath. "It was foolish of me," she said. "No one ever comes this way except—" Her voice had a soft warmth; he was sensitive to women's voices, and could not have expected hers, nor her carefulness of enunciation. He passed on, but the memory of her voice went with him. Nothing Yankee, he thought, about that. How had the redoubtable Watts' daughter come by it? He let his imagination dwell upon it, that mellow softness coming out of the dusk; he had been in the place a week, and found little else to interest him. He wondered why he had come in the first place, though at the time the way of it had been plain enough. He had stood before his finished portrait of Mrs. B. with a surge of inward disgust. There it was, another of those things that brought him renown and money—smoothly perfected, well drawn and well painted.



## The SEA SOLVES A PROBLEM

Men had worked in the shipyard, hammers had sounded, that long canted shape had become more than timbers; why there was silence, decay and emptiness, no one alive could tell. Yet the place beckoned to Charter and held him. It was trying to tell him something he could not make out, something as elusive as the soul that he never quite got in his portraits.

"Damn it," he had said, "there's nothing back of the eyes. There never is." He had turned to his desk and irritably opened his mail. There was much of it, all the usual hodgepodge of the man who is known and liked; only one envelope bore an uncommon postmark. He tore it open, stared, remembered. Well—of course there were back taxes on it, that place where his father was born, where his grandfather's life had been spent. He himself had never been there . . .

HE found it a decaying village, a scattered score or so of wind-beaten houses huddling about a small sheltered cove on that indented coast. He had not found much exploring to do; toward the east a winding path that led up to the promontory whose sternness was enhanced by the gnarled growth of juniper and bleached grass and tumbled rocks that were licked by spray when the tide was high or the wind strong. There was the fish-wharf, sagging and moss-grown; and around the cove, out of sight of the village and looking upon a salt marsh, was the shipyard that had once belonged to his grandfather and now, if that tax-bill was right, to himself. That was all; yet he had been there a week, held by some spell that he could not analyze. Again and again he had gone back to the shipyard. It must once have been at the water's edge, but the sea had receded, so that its bleached timbers and one ragged hull of an unfinished ship were now well ashore, disdained and forsaken by the sea that had called them into being. Yet the place, and the discarded thing that might have ridden the proud sea, half uncovered to him a wistful beauty, something as elusive as the beauty of dreams and as plaintive as the night call of a lonely gull. His grandfather had planned that ship; why it had never been finished Charter had no means of knowing.

THE day after his talk with old Tom he got out his painting kit and betook himself again to the shipyard, to its farther edge where it yearned toward the marsh and looked across at a dark line of pines and hemlock. He had no sooner set out some colors than the zest of creating uplifted him. Once he had dared to paint a woman's black hair against a black background; it would not be so bad to have a try at that stretch of colorful marsh just at the fall of evening against the forbidding wall of the trees' darkness. For some days he painted feverishly, during the time when the light was right; but whereas in his portraits there was always the smoothly beautiful exterior of his sitter that he could so deftly reproduce, in this slowly rippling meadow with the trees beyond there was that which persisted in eluding him. The women he painted breathed; this thing breathed, too, but as though some colossal formless thing of the deep were lying beneath it, sometimes placidly sleeping, sometimes tossing in loosely bound fetters, sometimes writhing to life as the sea, its own life, returned. And there were sounds which disturbed him, sounds that were an intimate part of the effect he could not set down on his canvas, sounds that reminded him of the voice of that girl on the cliff, part of the spell that he sensed and could not capture. When the light was not right for his painting, he lounged on the fish-wharf or walked. One day, climbing the path to the bluff, he saw the girl still standing there. That was the way it struck him—that she was still standing there, as though in the intervening days she had not moved. Absurd, of course; yet there was something of permanence about her figure outlined against the grey sky. She wore a dress of faded blue cotton, and her hair was drawn back from her forehead into a knot behind. Her hands were folded loosely in front of her; she was watching the horizon, he thought. But when he came abreast of her she turned her face toward him and almost immediately he was able to analyze his impression of her permanence, of her being an



*A great hulking animal of a man, Ben Watts—Charter knew it was he—stood staring at the picture with a look of arrogance that held a taunting amusement as well.*

intrinsic part of the stability of land and sea that yet had their constant mutations.

For when she looked at him—a straight look—it was obvious that it was he himself she saw, a stranger, not whatever distant dream or dread that she had been looking beyond for. He thought her face was not of New England, but perhaps of France—a Jeanne d'Arc type of face with broad brow and cheeks, its chin broad, too, and unexpectedly raised upward as though the hand that created it had lingered for a final caress and cupped under it gently.

"Good morning," he said as he approached her, wishing to hear her voice again. He saw a slight surprise, a slight shrinking—not quite shyness, not quite affront. It was plain that she did not remember him. "I'm afraid I frightened you the other evening," he elucidated.

Her expression changed, as though light had passed across her face. "It was only that so few people come this way," she said.

"You live in the house at the edge of the woods there?" he asked, for the sake of hearing her speak again. But she only nodded. "At any rate you," he told her, with a wave of the hand toward the sea, "come out into beauty. What is the matter with the people down there, that they don't come too?"

She looked at him swiftly. He thought her color deepened a little, and was sure her lips flickered. "It isn't that," she said simply, and walked off to her house as calmly and surely as a woman crossing a ballroom.

DAILY he continued to paint, sometimes feverishly while the light lasted and with a sense of exhilaration that a morning inspection of his picture dispersed, more often with a fixed determination to get down that sense of underlying movement within the marsh and the unchangeable threat of the woods that for all his craftsmanship persisted in eluding him. At last exasperation changed to a mood of depression; he could no more paint the underlying thing in the landscape than the soul that lay back of the eyes of the people who sat to him for the portraits. Deep in disgust of himself, he stowed away his painting things under some overhanging planks, bleached and warped, but giving protection enough; and with the mood heavy upon him he wandered again to the cliff. The house was lifeless; not a curtain was at a window, not a flower bloomed in the yard. The girl was not on the rocks; he came face to face with her after a mile or two. Her arms were full of early asters; their color seemed part of the faded blue of her dress; she smiled when she recognized him and was the first to say a word of greeting.

"They are very beautiful, your flowers," said he, and perceived that their purplish blue was reflected in her eyes.

"Wild things—just common things. But I love them, their color," she said, holding them closer.

"So you love color. You must love the sea."

She looked at him quickly, almost affrightedly, and off at the water so calm that not a fleck of white showed except where the ebbing tide left its wasted spume on the shore.

"I used to love it," she said, and began to walk on.

The unexpected phrase, the changed tone, piqued his curiosity. He fell into step beside her. Today he saw that what he had taken for a peasant-like squareness of figure was due to the stark simplicity of her dress; her shoulders and arms were delicate, her step free and light.

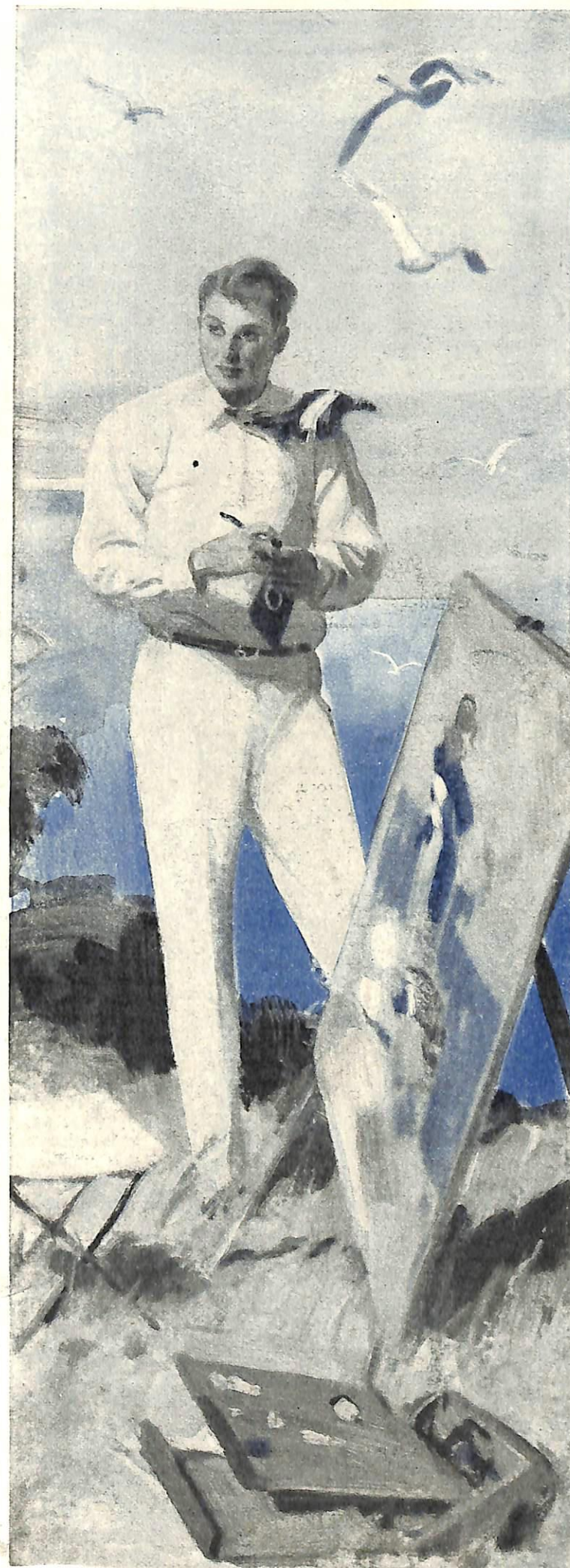
"Used to!" he repeated. "Aren't you too young to place things in the past?"

For a moment she did not answer, but walked a little more slowly. He could not see her eyes. "I have lived a long time, a very long time," she said. "I have had to put a great many things into the past."

He was amused, a little touched, as we are at youth's tragic intensities. For in the clear light of day, with the poses clasped to her, she looked very young.

"Still," he said, with a conscious kindness, "the sea is always there, at your very door, so to speak. You can't really put the sea into your past."

She stopped, looked at the water again, again at him. Her eyes darkened as the sea darkens under a shadow; he decided that they were not blue after all.



*(Charter set to work on the background of Treva's picture. Her face before him gave him impetus until finally he became aware of a presence behind him.)*

"That is true," she said quietly. "I can't put the sea into the past."

He had a sense of being rebuked, of having been made to appear as absurd as a playful grandsire; there was something more to be discovered in this girl, yet he found nothing to say. They walked on side by side until they were between the house and the rim of the bluff; he waved his hand toward three or four vessels that were coming around the point of land, making toward the cove.

"Must be the fishermen coming home," he said.

She stopped, and he heard her quick breath. Then she went closer to the edge of the cliff to see the more clearly. She nodded, drew another quick breath, and tossed her armful of flowers into the water. Unexpected though the thing was, he made a quick move to catch them, vainly. He looked at her, amazed.

"Would you mind telling me why you did that?" he asked. "Was it an offering or something?"

She hesitated a moment, shook her head, and without again meeting his eyes swiftly left him.

"Oh, all right!" Charter said to himself. He stood for a while, watching the boats coming in: as old Tom said, there were no more sails, but the chugging of engines. Then he tired, and, idly curious, betook himself to the wharf. But he had lingered too long on the bluff to see them tie up; when he got there only a few men were hanging about the fish-house, old Tom watching them from his perch on a pile.

"Well, did your friend Captain Watts come ashore?" Charter asked, by way of greeting.

The old man puffed at his pipe. "Ben Watts. If you mean him. Curse him."

Charter laughed. "You seem to have something against him." "I know enough not to meddle, I do. His business ain't mine." He spat into the water. "Going out in the morning, they be. Make a good catch. That's all they think about."

"It's the way of the times, my friend, way of the times," said Charter lightly, and went off to his lodging.

He went to the wharf at daylight, however, to see the fishing boats get away. He could not identify Watts; not that it mattered. He had made up his mind overnight to paint the bleached hull in the shipyard. Its gauntness and loneliness, all it suggested of forsaken endeavor and its pallid nostalgia for the sea—surely he could set those things on canvas. When he got there the sun was rising; something of a bride's rosiness fell about the old ship that was never a ship. He stood for a moment looking; then walked to the pile of warped timbers where he had left his painting things.

SOMETHING that had seemed only part of the shadows leaped up. Startled, he stepped back. The girl, with her hand at her throat as the first time he met her, stood with lips parted, eyes wide. For a moment, they looked at each other. Charter took off his cap.

"I'm very sorry," he said, "I seem fated to frighten you. Of course I didn't know you were here."

She looked about her. "It's day!" she said under her breath.

He said the first thing that came to him. "Oh, the sun's well up. I've been down at the wharf watching the fishermen go out."

"They—they've gone?" she asked, breathlessly. "All—of them?"

He nodded, and saw the color flood back to her face, saw her shoulders relax.

"I—must go back," she said, and went slowly out of the shipyard as though she were very tired.

"She's afraid of him," Charter told himself. "Now I wonder . . ."

His wonder made work impossible for the day; he sought his friend on the wharf, but the old man was taciturn. After supper he went directly up the path to the Watts' house and knocked. She was not the startled thing of the morning.

"I've been ashamed of myself all day for frightening you so," he said. "You know I wouldn't have walked up on you like that, if I'd known you were there."

She smiled, moved her head as though to indicate that the affair was of no account. "It was foolish of me. I woke up too suddenly, that was all."

[Continued on page 85]





## What AILS the THEATER

(An Illuminating Diagnosis and a  
Remedy By Kenneth Macgowan



“Back of the present state of our theater lies the gambling manager. And back of the gambling manager lies Imperial America.”

YES, Mr. Channing Pollock, there is something wrong with the theater.

I have a curious quarrel with Mr. Pollock and his article in The Shrine Magazine. I agree with everything he said, but I don't think he said enough. Dr. Pollock spots the symptoms. He describes and decries the popularity of cheap sensationalism. He notes with what unconscious unanimity the tired playgoer stays away

from the theater. He knows the cure, too, at any rate the cure for the Road. It is the multiplication of our “little theaters” into a chain of true repertory companies, able in their common strength to command the best of talent from playwright, director, and even actor. Already an army of three hundred amateur theaters is forming in battle array, many of them under fine professional leadership, and most of them deliberately dedicated to the cause that Mr. Pollock champions.

But Dr. Pollock doesn't know the cause of the disease. He thinks it is “illiterate managers.” And he seems satisfied with this discovery of a new sort of personal devil to explain why the high profession of such men as Augustin Daly and Lester Wallack has been degraded into the trade of a “jobber for the movies.”

I challenge Mr. Pollock's facts. So far as I know, all the Broadway managers can read—anything from a starring contract to a box office statement. In all the hundred there is only one who is unable to write more than his name. But if Rhythmic were the only one of the three “R's” that they knew anything

about, I should still like to inquire why we find these gentlemen in the theatrical business instead of, say, book publishing.

The managers aren't responsible for Broadway. Broadway is responsible for the managers. And it is America—burgeoning, imperialistic America—and its heart, New York, which have bred Broadway.

No Galahad of grease paint could save the American theater as it is organized along Forty-second street. Winthrop Ames, college graduate and connoisseur, hasn't saved it. The fact that he is a millionaire by right of plows is all that has saved him. Arthur Hopkins has led a precarious existence which would have driven any other aesthete into nervous prostration; it is a single play, “What Price Glory?” that has kept him out of something almost indistinguishable from bankruptcy. As for the Theatre Guild—well, there we are dealing with a different scheme of business, a scheme that points towards Mr. Pollock's cure; and the success of the Guild is built upon the fact that hundreds of American actors have cut their salaries to put over this fine institution. The Guild hasn't had to meet the mad competition of Broadway.

THE cold fact of the matter is that the theatrical business is one gigantic gamble, and it has been for twenty-five years. Broadway has attracted the kind of men who like a gamble, and the only thing that most of them have done is boost the stakes. Charles Frohman discovered how much money there was in long runs in New York and long tours on the road, and how personalities could be exploited into money-garnering stars. So he smashed the old stock companies and set Broadway racing towards the day when it would be lined with seventy theaters and millions of electric lights.

Frohman was a man of distinction, a man of courage, a man of honor, and a man of taste. But he was a gambler. Perhaps all theater people have been that in some degree. Frohman was more the gambler than Daly; he was less the gambler than Woods. Hence he was attracted to the American theater when it boasted acting companies that any nation might have been proud of, for he loved the theater truly and honestly. But he could not resist the temptation to make over what he found there, to break up the stock companies in favor of the star and to build up the gigantic gamble of the Road. Frohman created the Empire Theater stock company—with Henry Miller, Robert Edeson, Ethel Barrymore, May Robson, Margaret Anglin, Elsie De Wolfe, and J. E. Dodson—to meet the competition of Daly and his galaxy. Then he scrapped his fine machine, and sent his actors strolling.

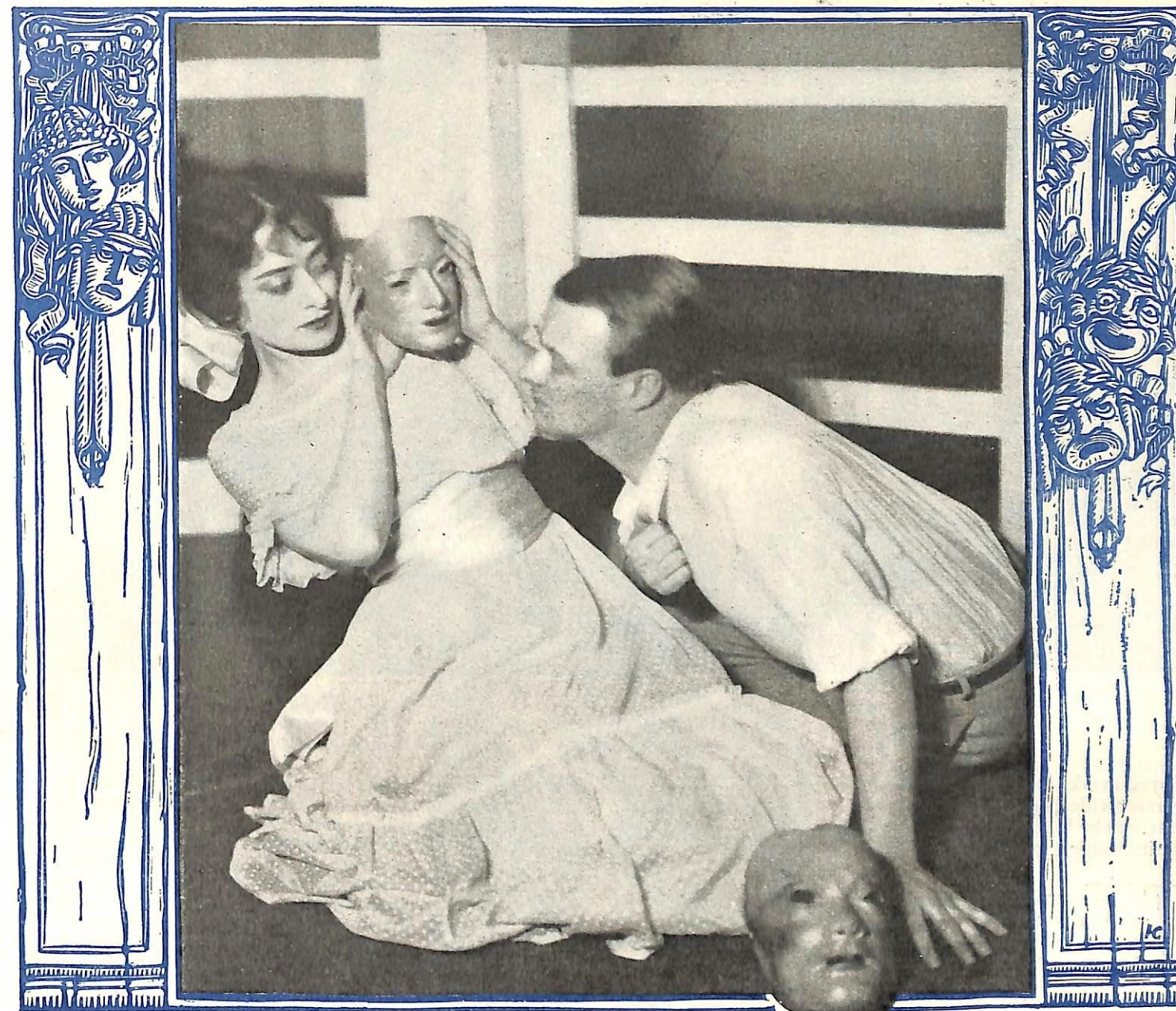
This much must be said for the gamblers—of Frohman's day and of ours: they produced and they are producing far better plays than Daly and Wallack ever knew outside Shakespeare. That fact is not particularly to their credit. After all, what kind of dramatic literature did the manager of the eighties and nineties have at his command? And what kind of audiences? The crown of Daly was not the high merit of his plays but the high merit of his actors. Today our theater employs five times as many players, but when do we find such artists as Mrs. Gilbert, Ada Rehan, John Drew, James Lewis, and Otis Skinner playing together year in and year out in a single company?

A man like Daly or Wallack was an artist. He had to be. He might enjoy the excitement of success or failure for some individual play. But he was far more interested in the growth of his own theater and his own group of actors. That was the only way such institutions as his could live. Al Woods running Daly's is unthinkable. If Woods had owned that organization, as Frohman later owned a similar one at the Empire, Woods would have broken it up into stars and long run hits—just as Frohman did.

Once Broadway was started on its new path, it began to attract the gamblers. They sniffed the fact that the sky was the limit. They saw two-year runs and six-figure profits, and they bid up the price of anything that they thought would contribute to that end. They bid up the salaries of stars. They bid up the rent of the theaters. They squandered money on scenery and costumes. And once in a while in their wild access of spending they even paid the author of the play a thousand dollars in advance instead of five hundred for the manuscript that made the whole thing possible.

A few facts: The cast of an average play used to cost a thousand dollars a week; now it costs from two to three thousand. Even ten years ago a theater owner was content if a play drew \$6,000 into the box office each week; now it must be \$8,000 to \$14,000 or out goes the play. Scenery [Continued on page 67]

## A STORY FROM THE STAGE



(Margaret (LEONA HOZARTH) failing to recognize her unmasked lover, shrinks and claps on her own mask.

## THE GREAT GOD BROWN

(Dion (ROBERT KEITH), his mask removed, presents to the frightened Margaret a face torn and transfigured with joy.

(The Most Important Play of the New York Season

EDITOR'S NOTE Mr. Eugene O'Neill himself explains the symbolism of his much discussed play. He confesses the hidden theme which manifests itself in “The Great God Brown.”

In Dion Anthony, the super-sensitive artist, Mr. O'Neill has suggested a combination of Dionysus, the creative pagan acceptance of life, the Pan motif—and St. Anthony, the life-denying spirit of Christianity. The conflict of these two natures in one man resulting in the creative joy in life for life's sake being frustrated, and at the same time inciting an intense longing for belief in something, even Godhead itself.

“Brown,” the playwright tells us, “is the

By Eugene  
O'NEILL



visionless demi-god of our new materialistic myth—a success—an un-creative creature of superficial preordained social grooves, a by-product forced aside into slack waters by the deep main current of life—desire.

“Margaret,” says Mr. O'Neill, “is my image of the modern, direct descendant of the Marguerite of Faust—the eternal girl-woman with a virtuous simplicity of instinct.”

“Cybel is the incarnation of Cybele, the Earth Mother doomed to segregation as a pariah in a world of unnatural laws but patronized by her segregators who are thus themselves the first victims of their laws.”

O'Neill has in “The Great God Brown” em-





(Billy Brown (WILLIAM HARRIGAN) staring into the eyes of Dion's mask and talking in bitter mocking tones: *We've already made Brown's will. Now we must hustle him off to Europe—and murder him there!*

played masks to show the conflicting natures, the warring tides, in the soul of man. The leading characters, thus masked, portray a living drama, human and episodic, behind which looms a significant other world.

JUNE moonlight wraps the open end of a Casino pier with warmth and brightness. Water laps against the piles, and from the Casino comes the sound of dance music. The school commencement is on.

Wandering away from the festivities come a father and mother with their son—"Billy Brown"—to talk of that son's future.

Mother—After he's through college Billy must study for a profession of some sort, I'm determined on that!

Father—Just what I'd been thinking, my dear. Architecture! How's that? Billy a first-rate, number one architect! What I always wished I could have been myself! We'll make him a partner in the firm after. Anthony, Brown and Son, architects and builders—instead of contractors and builders.

And Billy, feeling a little sheepish in his evening suit, says boyishly, "I guess I've never bothered much about what I'd like to do after college but architecture sounds all right to me, I guess!"

When this little family has gone back to "watch Billy dance," another group takes its place—the Anthonys: frail mother, harsh father, and Dion, their son, whose passionately supersensitive features are masked so that he presents a defiant, scoffing face, almost the face of a young Pan, to his parents.

Mother—You simply must send him to college!

Father—I won't. I don't believe in it. . . . Let him slave like I had to. . . . College will only make him a bigger fool than he is already! Let him make a man out of himself like I made of myself.

Mother—Brown takes all the credit! He tells everyone the success is all due to his energy.

Her words sting Brown's partner, as she intended they should. She has a point to gain.

Mother—He's sending Billy to college—Mrs. Brown just told me—he's going to have him study architecture afterwards, too, so's he can help expand your firm!

Father (Suddenly turns on Dion furiously)—Then you can make up your mind to go, too! And you'll learn to be a better architect than Brown's boy or I'll turn you out in the gutter without a penny! You hear?

Architecture isn't quite what the boy dreamed of. To

be a painter! That would be the greatest thing! To his mother he is already an artist. Passionately he has assured himself that some day he will be one. With bitter gaiety he accepts the college plan as a better thing than home, for the time being.

It is a night for the affairs of youth, one way or another. The soft darkness, the drifting music—all make the pier an ideal spot for Billy Brown to tell Margaret of his love for her. But the girl scarcely hears him speaking. Her thoughts are completely with Dion. Unmasked, her heart is speaking to the other boy all the time that young Brown is seeking to put his passion into words. Finally he guesses this. Margaret is not for him—but for his chum. Well, he'll be glad; he'll be a good loser.

AND the boy who is to win her, wanders off into the night, discarding his mask of recklessness and crying in an agony of bewilderment.

Dion—Why am I afraid to dance, I who love music and rhythm and grace and song and laughter? Why am I afraid to live, I who love life? . . . Why was I born without a skin, O God, that I must wear my armour in order to touch and be touched? Why must I live in a cage like a criminal, defying and hating, I who love peace and friendship?

When he hears from Billy Brown that Margaret loves him, he for a moment bursts from that cage in an ecstasy. He will be born anew.

Seven years later we find them married, the exaltation faded, Dion's Pan moods in the ascendant, and another crisis in their lives at hand. They are practically penniless after happy-go-lucky wanderings through Europe where Dion has failed, after all, to paint great pictures.

Something must be done! Margaret has met her old friend Billy Brown on the street, and Billy told her what a good architect Dion would have made—if he had only stuck to it.

Dion—He's bound heaven-bent for success. It's the will of Mammon! Why, his career itself already has an architectural design! One of God's mud pies!

Despite the forbidding derision in his voice, Margaret tells her husband that Billy Brown has asked her to have him "drop in." There are the children to be thought of. But Dion is proud. Proud with that pride



"without which the gods are worms!" So his wife with a sweet, humble understanding of his pain, suggests that he take up, instead, his neglected painting and she herself will seek a position at the library. It would, she assured him, be fun to work there. Her gentleness is torture to him, his dreams lost, the whole situation crushing. Clapping his wild, ironic mask upon his face, he cries:

"Blessed are the meek for they shall inherit graves! Blessed are the poor in spirit for they are blind! All right! Then I ask my wife to go and ask Billy Brown—that's more deadly than if I went myself! Ask him if he can't find an opening for a talented young man who is only honest when he isn't sober—implore him, beg him in the name of old love, old friendship—to be a generous hero and save the woman and her children!"

Armed with that brave look which acknowledges no wound to the world, Margaret does go to Brown, the lucky. Her loyalty to her unhappy husband does not deceive the young architect who still loves her. He wants to help her—but also, he needs Dion.

THERE are, for instance, plans for the new municipal building. They have been provisionally accepted by the committee, but the work is still to be done. The thing is too Greco-Roman. Something more original, modern, is needed. Billy has been figuring the situation out—but his mind doesn't run to such creative stuff. Then, as though she had scarcely heard him, the woman says, softly: "Dion certainly draws well."

And so, very simply, it is accomplished. Brown must see Dion immediately—nail him down. There is no time to be lost; he must go right out and look for him. But where?

The search ends in the "parlor" of Cybel, a woman common to all men. She has found Dion drunk upon her doorstep and fearing that his discovery there will aggravate her position with the police, has brought him into her tawdry place to "sleep it off."

Blond, young, healthy, calm, she pursues her ancient trade with "large eyes dreamy with reflected stirrings of instinct. She chews gum like a sacred cow forgetting time with an eternal cud." She too, is lost in blind alleys as Dion finds when he has waked, refreshed. A strange relationship is born as each discovers some of the hidden beauty of the other.

Dion—But you're strong. Let's be friends.

Cybel—And never nothing more?

Dion—Let's say, never anything less!

In Billy Brown, when he finds Dion with Cybel, there is only disgust and rigidity of superiority. But he must not forget what brought him in search of the delinquent one.

Brown—I've a proposition to make that I hope you'll consider favorably out of old friendship. To be frank, Dion, I need you to lend me a hand down at the office.

Dion (With a harsh laugh)—So it's the job, is it? Then my poor wife did a-begging go!

Brown—What the hell has come over you, anyway! You didn't use to be like this. What the devil are you going to do with yourself—sink into the gutter and drag Margaret with you? If you'd heard her defend you, lie about you, tell me how hard you were working, what beautiful things you were painting—how you stayed at home and idolized the children!—when everyone knows you've been out every night sousing and gambling away the last of your estate. . . .

Dion—She was lying about her husband, not me, you fool! . . . What do you want? I agree to anything—except the humiliation of shouting secrets to the deaf!



But in the end he will take the job, and Billy Brown is frankly eager about it, trying not to notice the other's bitterness. There is one thing that Dion suddenly longs to know. Is his father's chair still in the office. And dropping his harassed mask for a moment, he speaks out of his heart before his old chum.

Dion—I'd like to sit where he spun what I spent. What aliens we were to each other! When he lay dead his face looked so familiar that I wondered where I had met that man before. Only at the moment of my conception. After that, we grew hostile, with concealed shame. And my mother!

I remember a sweet strange girl, with affectionate, bewildered eyes as if God had locked her in a dark closet without any explanation. I was the sole doll our ogre, her husband, allowed her, and she played mother and child with me for many years in that house until at last through two tears I watched her die with the shy pride of one

who has lengthened her dress and put up her hair. And I felt like a forsaken toy and cried to be buried with her, because her hands alone had caressed without clawing. She lived long and aged greatly in the two days before they closed her coffin. The last time I looked upon her purity had forgotten me, she was stainless and imperishable, and I knew my sobs were ugly and meaningless to her virginity; so I shrank away, back into life, with naked nerves jumping like fleas, and in due course of nature another girl called me her boy in the moon and married me and became three mothers in one person, while I got paint on my paws in an endeavor to see God!

Then in a flash, Dion is his old dark self again, with his mocking face.

Dion—But that Ancient Humorist had given me weak eyes, so now I'll have to forswear my quest for Him and go in for the Omnipresent Successful Serious One, the Great God Brown!

Brown—Shut up, you nut! You're still drunk. Come on! Let's start!

So that's that, so far as Margaret and Brown and fate having won are concerned. With the inner chambers of a man's soul it is a different matter.

For seven years Dion worked with Brown. Seven years in which he, who dreamed of "painting wind on the sea and the skimming flight of cloud shadows over the tops of trees" doctors up the correct but torpid designs of Brown with those allurements which will make them desirable—beautiful.

He has aged prematurely, and the restless moments that were Pan's are not wholly those of Mephistopheles. This is imprinted on his mask. And death seems lurking there, too.

"My wife dragged in a doctor the day before yesterday. He says my heart is gone—booze—He warned me, never another drop or—"

IT IS Cybel to whom he tells this. She has become Billy Brown's mistress, but seven years of true and tender friendship have existed for her and Dion. Brown felt cheated by this friendship, this love. In his eyes Dion had no right to it. So he had to steal it, or try to steal it away just as he has stolen the other's ideas—completely—righteously. Oh, the good Brown!

With a deep grief Cybel realizes that Dion is indeed desperately ill. She will never see him again, she is sure. With bared trembling hearts they bid each other good-bye. She tries to solace him.

"Remember," she says, "it's all a game, and after you're asleep I'll tuck you in."

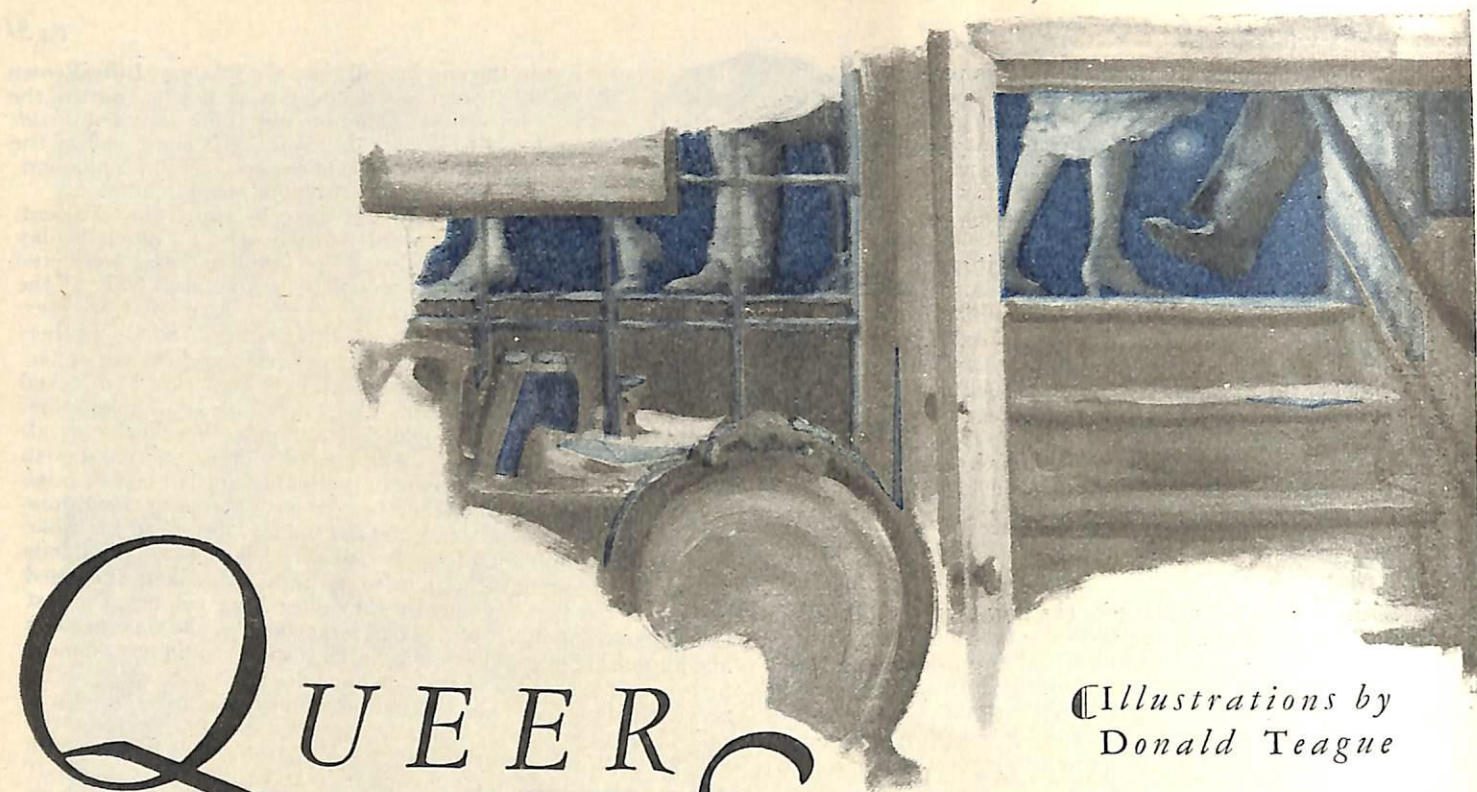
After one choking moment he masters himself.

"Go to the [Continued on page 67]



(Cybel (ANNE SHOEMAKER) —removing Dion's mask—You mustn't forget to kiss me. I'm afraid I won't see you again for a long, long time.





Illustrations by  
Donald Teague

# QUEER STREET

By Louis Joseph VANCE

What Has  
Gone Before

MURDER is no Secret when a Landlady

IT WAS DIFFICULT for "John Palmer," impoverished young author, to realize that the shabby old house on the forgotten old street, in which he now rented a room for \$9.00 a week (his own old room, in fact) had once been the beautiful, much loved home of his childhood—before his father's mysterious death there and his own subsequent journey to foreign lands.

Mr. Machen, a queer old lodger, gave him the idea for a plot in the history of the old house right through to the suicide of its former owner, all unconscious of Palmer's identity. But when the young author, for the story's sake, suggested murder instead of suicide Machen was strangely agitated.

Memories crowded as Palmer feverishly began his novel—*Queer Street—The Story of a Haunted House*: but as he worked he became conscious of another interest, for overhead Miss May Wilding's typewriter kept him reminded of the scene he had overheard between that young lady and the landlady about overdue rent.

Unable to concentrate he decided he must have his work typewritten at once, so, grabbing a sheaf of manuscript he went to call on the girl. From that time on they became "collaborators."

YOUR room, the room that had been your very own for as long as you could remember but now was yours no more and would be yours never again, had all at once, in a single day, put on a strange new look for you, a stranger's look, most disconcerting. It had grown bigger in every way, so much bigger that you felt a little lost and homesick already in its new spaciousness and found it somehow easier, if no less desolating, to believe you had really forfeited forever all title to your cozy kingdom—cozy, of course, as yesterday it had been.

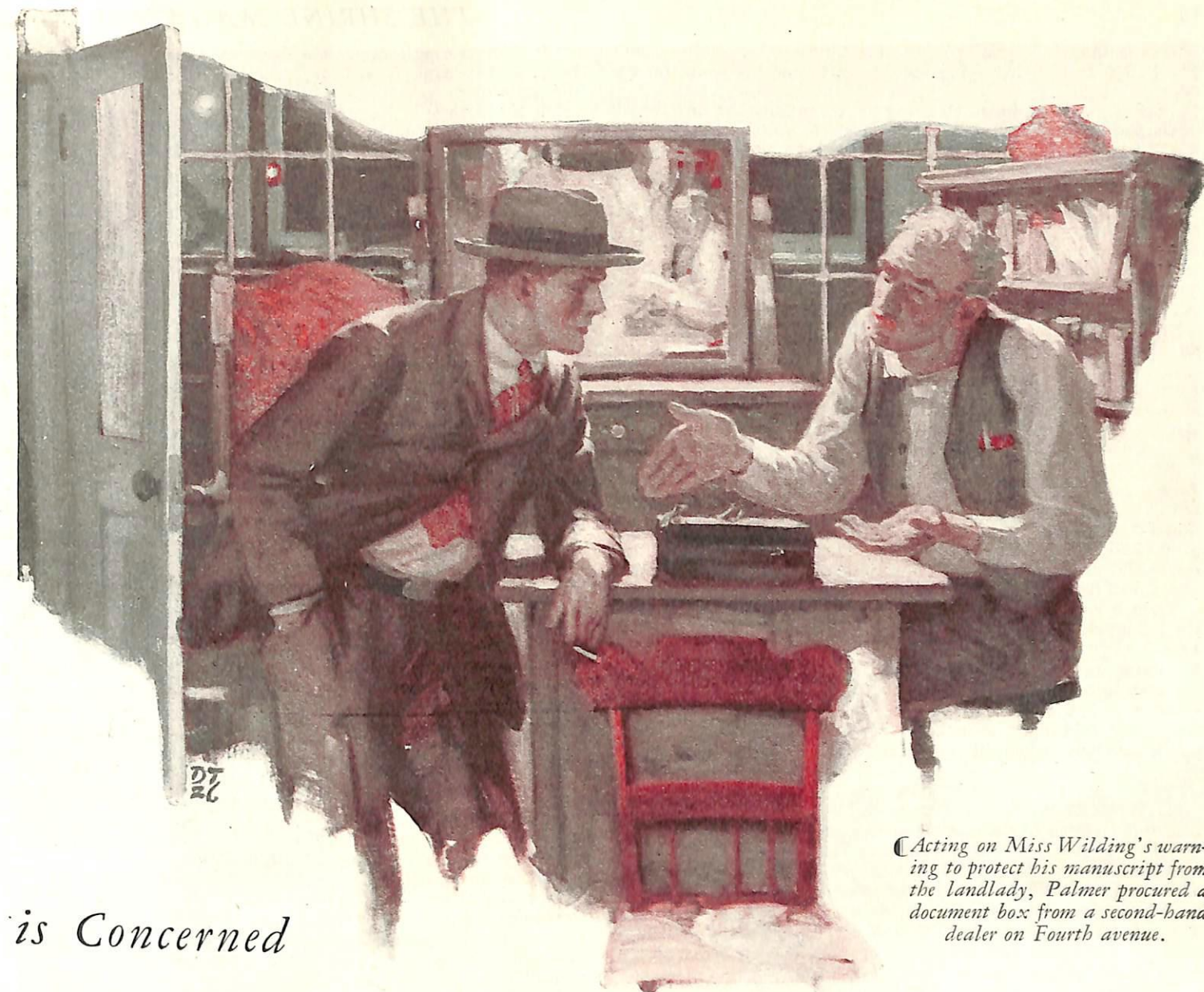
Tonight it was so big and bleak and bare, and even its air had such a different, unhomely smell, very like the smell which you associated with hotel rooms and sheets fresh from some

strange laundry, that every breath you drew seemed a reminder that you were being at best merely tolerated, presumably because you were so small you didn't count, by a room to which it was a matter of indifference, really, who lived in it. And you thought it funny, that just losing their pictures and draperies should turn walls so well-loved into unfriends of yours, and that the lifting of a long-known carpet should acquaint you with a floor as little sympathetic as a schoolroom's. It was almost as if all these inanimate familiars were deliberately practising inhospitality on you, partly to get even with you for deserting them, and partly by way of getting ready to give their next tenant a cool reception.

You dully wondered, as you undressed and hung your new suit of black for the last time on the bedside chair, who the next king of the room would be and what he would be like and whether, if he were a little boy, too, he would live here as long as you had and learn to love the room as well and feel so forlornly used by fortune if ever his time came in turn to leave and become like you a wanderer in far lands—without, as Mother said, a roof over your head or a place to lay it.

True, that didn't seem exactly a fair forecast of tomorrow's conditions, going on the promises which today held out. You were going to get on board a great steamship tomorrow, which would give you a place to lay your head for ten or twelve days at least, and after that you were going to live in England with your uncle, your mother's brother, in a great old house he had in the country, which would certainly have some sort of a roof over it.

But then Mother wasn't being very reasonable about anything much, these days, she was just being bitterly miserable. And no wonder! To have been so securely placed, or at any rate to have believed she was, and for so long, in the smile of happy fortunes, and then in a few swift weeks to have had everything taken away that had made life a life for her, first her husband and your father, then all the money she had in the world, and finally her home, and to find herself condemned with you to eat the crusts of family charity in another country for the rest of her days—well! that



Acting on Miss Wilding's warning to protect his manuscript from the landlady, Palmer procured a document box from a second-hand dealer on Fourth avenue.

is Concerned

was enough, anybody would agree, to turn the sweetest temper, which was mother's, just a little acid, and incline it to be a bit cavalier in its attitude toward the hard statements of fact which were all commonsense had to offer by way of compensation.

Poor Mother!

You turned out the gas at last, and hopped into bed, uneasy in your conscience because the prayers you had just said, with that bare floor so unkind to your knees, had been more a hurried gesture, really, than the confidential talk with an all-powerful friend they should have been; and you lay a long time trying to go to sleep but kept awake by the exciting thought that tomorrow would see you launched upon the high adventure of the ocean, but mostly by the feeling of the utter alienation of the room's affections. The very draught from the open window was taking a different course, now that the curtains were down, and the light from the street lamp was painting another and, you felt, a forbidding symbol on the ceiling, and the emptiness of everything was clawing at you, as though the cleared shelves in the closet, the swept and garnished bureau-drawers and, worst of all, the fascinating pigeonholes in the boy's size roll-top desk which had been a prized birthday present from Father, were begging you to put back the treasures they had safeguarded so many years and faithfully. You tried to lull yourself into forgetfulness by pretending everything was quite as it had always been, but the sense of change past mending wouldn't let you, the strangeness of everything like inquisitive fingers kept fumbling at the springs of your eyelids and making them fly open again as fast as you closed them.

You couldn't to save yourself forget that what was true of your room was true of the whole house, in which every single thing that could be called a personal belonging and was portable had been rooted up and packed away. In the downstairs hallway the great trunks stood all strapped and labeled, ready for the expressman who had promised to call in the morning, and who, of course, wouldn't till everybody was jumpy for fear he had

forgotten. Even the kitchen had been routed out and done up in barrels, all except a few dishes and utensils which had been left out for breakfast. From cellar to rooftop Home was saturated with the cruel knowledge that it had ceased to be Home. Perhaps it, too, was wondering what its future would be like, with new people living in it who couldn't possibly care for it so much. Perhaps that was why it seemed so distant to you all at once, because it was so taken up with its own worries. Perhaps people didn't know everything, after all, and houses had feelings of their own, the same as humans.

AS IT turned out, you never did get to sleep till Mother, hearing you toss and toss to ease the irk of wakefulness, came in and sat in the dark on the side of the bed and held you in her arms, very close to the soft body which you could feel through her silken nightdress and negligée, and kissed you with a tear-wet face all warm and smooth and delicately fragrant, and you clung to her and cried and didn't care if it was unmanly in a great big boy like you and solemnly promised to make haste to grow up and earn heaps of money and buy her a beautiful new home of her very own . . .

Then all of a sudden somebody was knocking at your door and broad daylight was streaming in the naked windows and you were tumbling out upon the cold hard floor with a funny thrilly feeling in your middle and washing and dressing in a hurry and running downstairs to gobble the bacon and eggs which Wedge, good old Wedge, faithful to the last, had fixed, though cooking wasn't his line at all, because he was a butler really—choking breakfast down for fear you mightn't get through before the expressman came, but only to kick your heels for what seemed hours waiting for him in the hallway; choosing the hallway rather than the drawing-room because it was too creepy in there, with grey dust-cloths making all the furniture shapeless and ghostly, and the library darkly yawning just off it—the library where,



that morning which you thought of as long ago but really wasn't you had found Father lying face down beside his pistol on the floor.

Then, too, it was in the drawing room that the last heartbreak of that woful time had been inflicted, when, only a few days ago, it had been filled with strange rude people, who had first tramped all up and down the house and poked their noses into every sacred corner, and the auctioneer with the red face and the strong breath had bullied and wheedled them till he was satisfied he couldn't squeeze another red cent out of that lot and his hammer and his "Gone!" had put an end to that crowning insolence, and it was all over and past mending and, as Mother said "the house had been sold over our heads."

Poor Mother!

She, too, had preferred to wait in the hallway, and sat quietly at its far end on a chair which Wedge fetched for her, with her face, wan in the frame of her widow's weeds, making you think of a windflower under a hedge at dusk, and said nothing except in answer to your questions—simply sat and gazed sorrowfully at nothing and made a thin rope of the handkerchief in her black-gloved hands.

But the expressman turned up on time, after all; and when he was gone Wedge said the rig from the livery stable would be along any minute now, madam, and helped you into your new black overcoat and handed you the black derby hat that made your head ache; and Mother got up and went slowly to the front doors and stood looking out into the street with her handkerchief pressed to her lips and squeezing your hand very tight.

Then a rusty black four-wheeled coupé with only one horse rattled up casually to the carriage-block, and Mother took a long breath and turned to Wedge and made herself smile, holding out her hand and saying:

"Thank you, Wedge. You've been very thoughtful and considerate. If all we used to call our friends had been as kind . . . But I'm afraid all I can say is, thank you, Wedge, and I hope you'll have better luck in your next situation."

TO WHICH Wedge, bowing with his eyes downcast and just touching the tips of Mother's fingers as if it worried him to have to forget his place even for a minute and under such extraordinary circumstances, replied:

"I couldn't hope to find a better home, Mrs. Franklin, and I'm sure I'd never have forgiven myself if I hadn't done what little I could, after all your kindness and Mr. Franklin's, and I hope with all my heart, if I may say so, madam, you'll find things happier in England—and Master Jack, too!"

Then he shook hands with you as man to man and said you were to mind to be a good boy and not forget him or grow up an Englishman with an eyeglass and no real heart in a joke.

(Good old Wedge! One of the best. They didn't make his kind any more, the type had been on the wane even then and had definitely gone out of style during the War. You who had been that bewildered little boy wondered what had become of Wedge.)

He held the door open for the last time and Mother went out and you marched at her side down the steps, feeling very stiff and queer, as if you were being stared at by a lot of people, which you weren't, only by the driver who had a knowing leer on his face that looked as though he had overslept and got up so late he hadn't had time to wash it. You noticed him especially because he got down to help Wedge with the hand luggage, and his breath was as heavy as the auctioneer's, if not so strong as the brogue that answered Mother's prayer for haste: "Coonard Line pier, is it, Ma'm? Shure, there's no need t' be hurrin' at ahl at ahl. Th' boat don't be sailin' till twilve o'clock, and I'll have yersilf an' the young fella there in no time. Lave ut to me, ma'm."

(Another type that had all but vanished from the picture of New York.)

Wedge came down the step just then with the last bag, and the driver climbed back on his box while Wedge was putting it inside, on the front seat; and while he was doing this, you noticed a woman coming down the street, a buxom lady in expensive clothing that somehow missed being right but went well enough with a comely face that was brazenly hand-painted (in those days paint if at all perceptible was called brazen) and a great lot of very brassy hair under her picture hat. She was eyeing the cab with an odd expression that was just a shade off an outright sneer, and when she turned with a flounce and went, or rather swaggered, up the steps of what was now quite definitely no longer Home, you couldn't help wondering by what right she did so and asking Wedge if he knew her.

He glanced over his shoulder and then back.

"If I'm not mistaken it's a person named Fay, Master Jack; the person, I believe, who bid the property in at the auction."

On this reminder that there is such a thing in the business of writing salable fiction as cutting too close to the knuckle of reality, which is not only bad workmanship but has been known to bring a writer within the cognizance of the law, Mr. Palmer came to with a jerk and discovered that he had been sitting ever since luncheon over a pad of still blank paper, mind and spirit astray in that misty hinterland of memories.

IT WAS now manifestly incumbent on him to find a not too reminiscent alias for Mrs. Fay to wear in his novel; and it would seem highly judicious as well to fit her out with a fleshly disguise which would not only spare the old girl's feelings, should she ever chance to poke her nose between his pages, but would spare him the possible embarrassment, professional and financial, of being haled into court to answer a suit for libel.

These considerations led him into farther fields of theorizing. Mrs. Fay in material fact as well as in the traffic of his invention began to take on a complexion of importance almost as outstanding as that of paint and powder and peroxide with which—after all these years!—she was sedulous still to coat her faded old features. The landlady might be a factor of small consequence in the affairs of John Palmer, the lodger, but it would never do to leave her in that relative status to the other characters he was bringing to life with his pen.

It was at this juncture in his deliberations that the typewriter upstairs tapped a period to its day's work. The discontinuance, as it seldom failed to, registered heavily on the author's consciousness and woke him up yet a little more widely. That child up there had been rattling away for dear life ever since the top of the morning. Now, as the wait lengthened without any resumption of the clatter, Palmer divined that she had managed already to run through the job of transcribing his copy. She would be coming down before long to deliver it, he shouldn't wonder. Time to get up, then, and into his coat and open the door.

Summer was tuning up to concert pitch that afternoon, there was excuse enough in its sluggish air for leaving one's door wide to the house; and providing it were found in that position, with the author hard at work over by the window, Miss Wilding probably wouldn't hesitate to come right in and linger a minute or two for a chat. If she should, Palmer was planning to do all he could to detain her, in the hope that a talk reasonably prolonged might give him the clue to last night's affair in the lower hallway.

And now that he had set his heart on this little scene of neighborly gossip, it did begin to seem as though she were keeping him waiting longer than she had any real need to. The pose of an author engrossed in functioning as such wasn't so bad for the first few minutes but got to be somewhat of a bore when the expected audience was tardy. And he was being tempted to put off the character impersonation and be unaffectedly on the lookout for his caller when the door overhead closed and was locked; whereupon, being quite a normal mortal, Mr. Palmer bent an elbow to the table, rested a thoughtful forehead on his hand with fingers searching through his hair, and focused a gaze of vast preoccupation on his copy paper.

TOO late, he bethought him that to be discovered so picturesquely deaf to footfalls on the stairs and then to jump up the instant she rapped was hardly consistent. One rather hoped it was true, what people said: The better the author, the poorer the actor.

"Oh, good afternoon!" he said, going to meet the girl. "I've been wondering if it would be my good fortune to get a glimpse of you today."

"Were you, really? You looked so wrapped up, I was afraid maybe I'd be disturbing you . . ."

"Just posing to be caught that way," Palmer shamelessly admitted. "As a matter of fact, I've done little or nothing since luncheon—I'm snagged."

"You're what?"

"Held up on a point of construction and can't seem to work loose and go ahead . . . Thanks very much"—this for the sheaves of copy she tendered. "Is this all of it? I say, you have been industrious."

"That's your fault, Mr. Palmer. At least, partly. I mean I couldn't have stopped if I'd wanted to, once I got into it." The girl hung on a sudden turn of shyness. [Continued on page 71]



As they talked something happened to Palmer's pulses to remind him that this girl, independent individual though she was, couldn't help being an incarnate lure to any right man's fancy.





A.D. 1326

ABOUT this time of year, summer, the eminent ballyhoo artist proceeds to exploit her wares to an over-heated and fagged-out world.

"Here's your vacations, best of the season's offerings. Step up and take your pick. Mountains, lakes, rivers, forests, brooks, seashore, peaceful farm lands, craggy wildernesses. Fresh air for jaded beings. Back to nature. Bodies rejuvenated, frazzled nerves patched up, minds refreshed. New souls for old. As advertised and satisfaction guaranteed to one and all. Secure one for self and family while the offerings last."

The siren voice of the annual hokum. And when the sale is boosted by a week's hot spell in the cities, "then the longen of foulke to goe on pilgrimages" as Mr. Chaucer puts it in the dialect which he picked up on the corner of Third avenue and the Fourteenth Century English. In his day it was a simple enough business to satisfy that "longen." The tired business man, of the year 1326 A.D. when he felt the call of the wild, cut himself an oaken staff, stuck a couple of loaves of homemade bread in his srip, declared a moratorium on his debts, kissed the wife goodbye, telling her to be good while he was gone, it wouldn't be more than a couple of years, and joined on as bat-carrier for some crusader's Eastern tour with the object of seeing the country, beaming a Saracen or two, and if possible winning back the Holy Lands championship from the victorious infidel.

IN THOSE good old days one such outing was considered enough for a lifetime. Now vacationing has become a fixed habit, an annual rite, an undodgeable duty to oneself, one's family and society. Like it or not we may as well face the issue squarely and unflinchingly, we've simply got to take that minimum of two weeks off and make the best of it. The problem is how to do it with the least distress of soul, harassment of mind, bodily danger, and general derangement of existence. For, while it is undeniable that Summer has in stock all the goods described in the prospectus, it does not follow that she hands them out to all comers. Hoss-trading at a county fair or buying a hardly-used-at-all car from a gentleman who has just received a hurry call to bring a ship-load of electric fans to Reykjavik, Iceland, and must sell at no matter what a heart-breaking sacrifice is not more full of pitfalls than the apparently simple enterprise of selecting one's two-week hand-out.

There are two main currents, one of city people rushing for the country, the other of country folks hurrying to the city. The latter have all the best, or at least, the safest of it. If the country

# Two Weeks

(Thoughts and Near-

By Samuel Hopkins Adams

jay in the city doesn't go blind on wood alcohol or get punctured by a pay-roll bandit, the worst that is likely to befall him is not necessarily a fatal attack of heart disease when he envisages (modernist form of "sees") his first cabaret cover charge. But the city jay in the country faces a far more complicated variety of perils. He is up against Step-Mother Nature. For Summer, having successfully put over her ballyhoo, and sold the customer on the vacation proposition, turns him over to Nature, and what she does to him if he doesn't watch out, would be regarded as rough stuff in a Florida development.

THE open-air school of literature is largely to blame. Poetry, prose and travel-ads have hammered it in upon us that salvation begins just beyond the city limits. If we are to believe all that we read on the subject, any anemic and hollow-chested book-keeper after two weeks in the life-giving, vitality-inspiring ozone of the shore or mountain can come back and lick Jack Dempsey. All that he needs to do is bask in the sun, sleep in the open, live on the simple food and limpid water of the countryside, and commune with Nature. And no cynical and destructive critic rises up in time to warn him that exposing his unaccustomed face to the direct sun-rays is about the same in effect as sticking it into a gas jet; that while he may not get wood-ticks by sleeping in the open, he probably will get rheumatism, that the simple food of the countryside is usually a guide-post to dyspepsia and the old oaken bucket a swimming pool for typhoid germs; while as for communing with nature, the best rule is not to get too fresh with that dame on short acquaintance.

Long familiarity with vacations, other people's as well as my own, has convinced me that the fundamental error of the dash for the open lies in the fact that the average dasher doesn't try to find out anything about the open before he makes his dash. In the palmy days of the summer resort hotel, his ignorance did not matter; he would always be taken care of after a fashion. But the automobile has bred up a new race of next-to-naturists, and it is to these naive itinerants that my simple and well-meant warning is directed.

FIRST of all, look out for the sun, widely touted as life-giver, beneficent orb of day, god of the skies, and so on. Don't believe it. Ra, as he is affectionately known to cross-word puzzlers, has spoiled more vacations than he has blessed. A few hours' exposure of the average city skin to his direct rays will swell the victim up like a balloon, even to the extent of incapacitating him. I got my own lesson early and painfully on a trip up a wild and unsettled Blue Ridge river years ago. After the first day, there being no question of propriety where there were no inhabitants, I tramped, waded and took my turn at the oars in my light and airy underclothing. My unaccustomed knees got the main effect of the mountain sunlight. By the third day they were a rich mottling of purple, blue, scarlet, orange and green and so monstrously swollen that I could only lie on my back and groan.

Sleeping out is another vacation myth that needs exploiting. One of the objects of the annual leisure time is (I hate it) rest. The surest way I know not to rest is to change one's sleeping habits. Making a bed of the ground may be justified if one is unable to find a mattress, but my own experience is that it takes at least four nights to accommodate one's personal curves and angles to the regrettably uneven surfaces of the earth, and four nights of restlessness makes a poor start for a recuperative fortnight. I once traveled an unmapped desert area with two of the most experienced and hardest-boiled of American hunters, and the first item of their outfit for the pack-saddle was a supply of folding cots. They knew too much to impair their vitality by unnecessary loss of sleep. (There was also consideration of nocturnal rattlesnakes which have a penchant for warm blankets,

# OFF!

Thoughts on Vacations

(Illustrations by Rea Irvin

tarantulas which exhibit a strange yearning for human companionship in the long watches of the desert night.)

I have never heard it advanced that open air insomnia is any better for the human system than the indoor variety, and the loss of a night's rest is equally unsettling whether the immediate cause be business worries or mosquitoes.

It is desirable, if one is going to live on the country, to find out in advance something about that country that one is going to live on. This, I am aware, is heresy to the hardy amateur who claims that the main fun of such a trip lies in the adventure of "taking things as you find 'em." But I have noticed that this class of wanderer exhibits a strange faculty of finding the wrong things and taking them the wrong way. They go plunging bare-legged through beds of nettles. They tastefully decorate their tents with the bright verdure of the poison ivy, or they garnish their camp-cooked chicken with the modestly blushing little red-topped mushroom which looks so sweetly innocent on the edge of the woods, and stops short of being fatal only because it so promptly and accurately lives up to the name which is *Russula emetica*.

NATURE has a murderously playful method of decking out her most unpleasant vegetation in gay and attractive garb, such as the lively greenery of the poison oak or the lovely purple bloom of the deadly nightshade. One of her neatest tricks is the pokeberry which resembles the toothsome elderberry in most particulars, but differs in the one detail of some importance, being an active poison. It has its merits, too, being useful as the basic ingredient of one kind of red ink.

Every year the U. S. Department of Agriculture issues a valuable pamphlet of warning to campers and others, describing the dangerous plants, flowers, and berries found in various parts of the country. I have never yet known a camper who as much as heard of this useful publication.

Fauna as well as flora are worth considering as possible disadvantages of the open spaces. One of my most unsatisfactory experiences arose from my early unfamiliarity with the California mountains. Having carefully scouted the immediate landscape for rattlers (which are about as common as unicorns in that vicinity) I had decided that all was safe and was taking a nap under a mesquite bush when an exploring tick found me and decided that my arm was a good place to camp in. When I hit the trail, the tick went with me. One entertains ticks, like angels, unawares, and by the time the arm began to pain me nothing was visible of the invader but one hind leg, the rest of him being buried in my biceps, whence he was dislodged only after half an hour's painful excavation, leaving his head as a souvenir. An upper arm swollen and sensitive for a week added nothing to the pleasure of that trip, though it did contribute to my hard earned knowledge of what not to do in the wilds.

AT THAT I got off easier than a former neighbor of mine; a plump and comfortable middle-aged lady, who, after years of pilgrimages to Europe, decided (for self and husband) to get back to nature, and planned out a motor trip to their childhood's home, in a remote section of Pennsylvania, and camping as they went. The third evening out the lady, being in a mood to commune with nature, stretched out on the sward and lolled against a mossy rock whilst enjoying the sunset. An elderly puff-adder, had, as it chanced, previously selected that rock to lol against, himself. He came indignantly out and delivered himself of some remarks in the manner of the villain in the third act of *East Lynne*. Whereupon the interloper fainted away and passed from faint into violent hysterics, all of which was superfluous, since the puff-adder, for all his formidable appearance is no more dangerous than a cockroach.



A.D. 1926

This did not save the city-bred wanderer from developing nervous prostration and spending the rest of her month off in a private hospital, a victim to plain fundamental ignorance. The moral, if any, is that people who want to get next to nature would do well to get next to some reliable information about nature as a preliminary.

But at least, these reckless adventurers get a change, which is surely a salient feature of any proper vacation. On the other hand there is a considerable element of society, mostly feminine, which regards the fortnight's leave of absence as a golden opportunity to do exactly what it has been doing all the rest of the year, but in a different place.

Listen to the exchange of plans in any sewing circle or to the porch-talk after the Ladies Improvement Society has adjourned business for the day and you shall learn that the Apelys are going to the seashore because the Parrotts are going, and, by the same easy logic, the Parrotts are going because the Apelys can arrange to be there at the same time. Mrs. Whichem and Mrs. Whoozit having played euchre three evenings a week, throughout the season, have arranged with the Wynotts and the Surtneys to transplant their families to the Squinch Goff Mountain House where no encumbering household ever will prevent them from playing euchre seven days in the week, or, at least, six.

OLD Mrs. Whidge and Grandma Bibsley, who for twenty years have kept the gossip of the country club up to its high level, plan to transfer their activities to Atlantic City, where the view is different, but you drop two-purl-two just as at home, the movies are even more accessible, and besides, my dear, so many of the Townville folks will be up there that it'll be almost like home.

(Who was it said that variety is the spice of life? Must have been Ring Lardner or George Ade or Dr. Cadman, or some of those specialists in sleeve laughter.)

Not that men are invariably bold pioneers when it comes to the two weeks off.

Take the case of Jones. Jones is a hard-working man. He admits it. The strain of daily buying and selling on the Consolidated Exchange is enough to wreck any fellow's constitution. He says so himself. So every Saturday and Sunday, with here and there a holiday thrown in, he seeks relaxation from betting on the market by betting on his golf score, that it will be low, and on his bridge score, that it will be high. When his vacation comes around he is all but a nervous [Continued on page 69]



# SUBDIVIDED WE

HAVING come in like a hanging round like a Mistuh Lloyd Smelt, president and general manager of Lloyds, Ltd., was considerable chilly. drum stove had been piled high, some with Pocahontas lump until radiant. True, Mistuh Smelt, as said stove, was wrapped in a coat ney (nee rabbits). Yet he shivered. scious in the arms of his bosom Mistuh Smelt agonized at the dim slush that filled the gutters and of the ripped around the corner and played ody on the metal sign above the Born and bred in Chattanooga, Mis-an inherent distaste for the equinox any temperature below 68° and snow business was business, without which be barren of such trifles as yams and pork chops and green silk shirts. So constrained to stick around and shiver

lamb, March was polar bear. And dent, proprietor North African True, the iron wide and hand- its sides were he slept hard by of Astrakan Co- Even uncon- friend Morpheus, memories of the raw wind that an Arctic mel- door outside. tuh Smelt had which brought underfoot. But his life would corn pone and Mistuh Smelt was the while his cash

stove. "Whuh at Ah comes f'um? Detroit, Florida bound—down whah de folks lie standin' up."

"Splain me, black boy, splain me how come?"

"Well suh, you remembah dat Lootenant Hardig which com- mands de truck train in our outfit an' which makes you a seargint de day you pulled me outen de ribber?"

"Sho' do. L'il ball haid bird wid de big grin an' de gen'rous pocketbook."

"Thass him," nodded Catmeat, "L'il Joe. Well suh, on de way back to de states, Ah gits me a job bein' his dawg robber an' when Ah gits mah discharge, de Lootenant sez he, 'Catmeat, whut you-all gwine do, now dat de Germans is all licked?'"

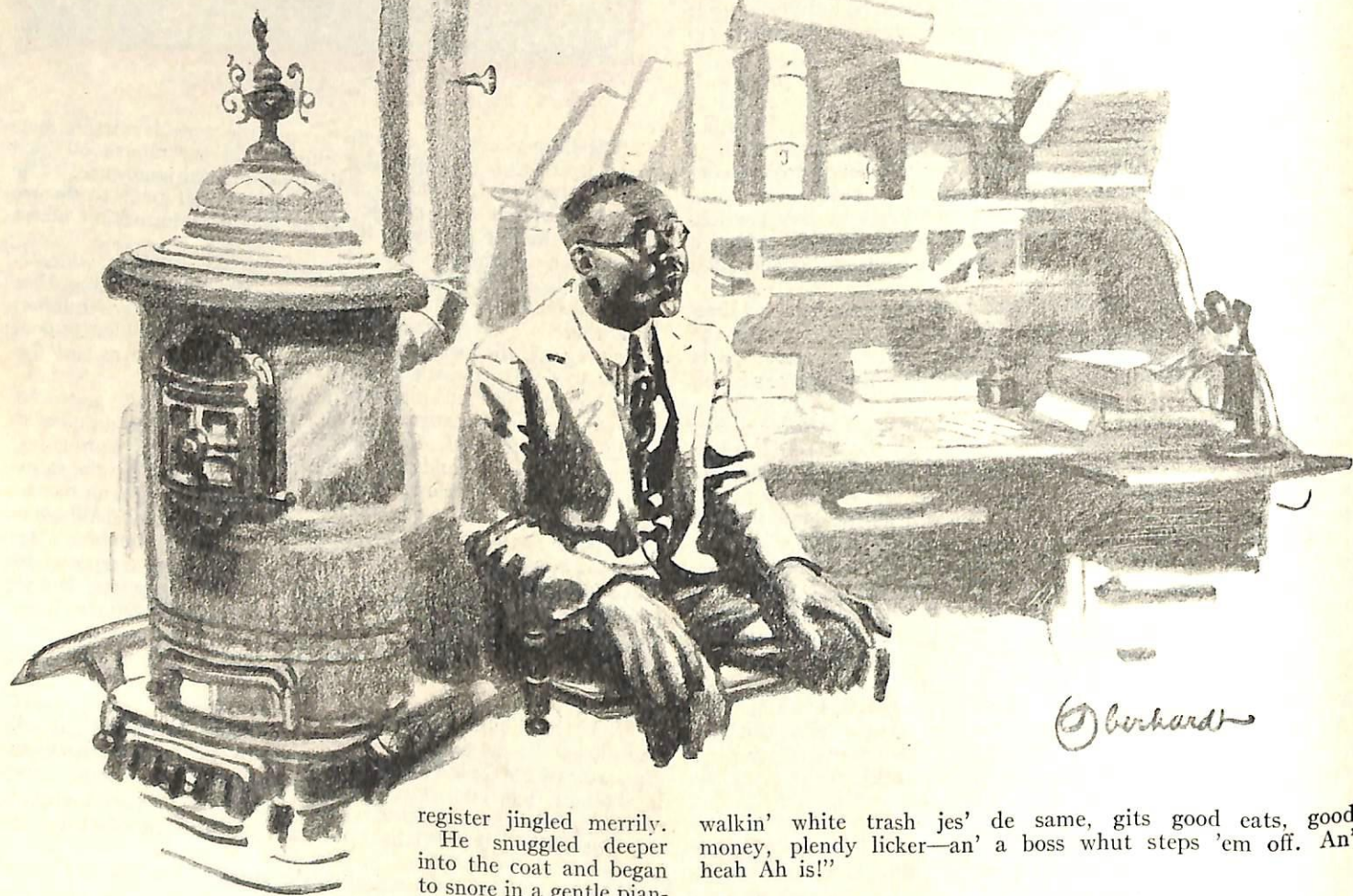
"Me?" sez I. "Why Lootenant, Ah aims t' eat an' sleep mahse'f to death."

"Got any fambly?" sez he."

"Not whut Ah knows of," sez I."

"Den blackboy," sez he, 'you's hired. T'night us leaves fo' Detroit where you's gwine be mah shoafar. An' right now, sez he, 'lemme make mahse'f plain. De fust time Ah ketches you gittin' all ginne up an' joyridin' mah car around—wham! one mo' black boy bites de dust."

"Next day us hits Detroit, an' f'um den on Ah has me a job whut's a job. Drives me a big shiny car, travels round splashin' mud on niggers an'



register jingled merrily. He snuggled deeper into the coat and began to snore in a gentle pian- issimo when—

"Ten-shun!" With a clang of the bell, the front door flew open and there entered a boreal blast followed by a gentleman blacker than a coal mine at midnight, nattily becaped and putteed.

"Ten-shun!" he repeated. Mistuh Smelt, with one mournful sigh, pried one eye open, looked—looked again and—

"Catmeat Yamley!" he exclaimed, leaping up. "World's champeen bean hound an' premier crap rassler of de A. E. F. Boy, whuh at you-all come f'um and whafo' you bound?"

Pulling up a chair, the newcomer spread his palms to the

walkin' white trash jes' de same, gits good eats, good money, plendy lick—an' a boss whut steps 'em off. An' heah Ah is!"

MISTUH SMELT snorted. "Heah you is! Humph. Splain me, black boy, splain me how come!"

"Well suh, Mistuh Joe, he's one o' dese heah real 'state oper- ators whut's got rich by ups and downs—an' by dat Ah means lak dis. He slides out an' buys hisse'f 'bout forty acres o' milk- weed an' bull tracks, cuts it up fo' buildin' lots an' sells it fo' so much down. Couple o' months—blam—thah's another million. Four days ago, sez he, 'Catmeat, wrap up yo' razor an' fill up de gas tank. Us am Florida bound. Leavin' at 8 A. M. They's pickin's down theah. An' where evah they's real estate pickin's, Ah craves t' set in an' shoot mah piece."

# FALL AFRICAN GABLES where the Sunshine and the Moonshine Mix

"Las' night us pulls in heah an' puts up to de Seelby Hotel. Dis mawnin', Mistuh Joe, he busy. Natchelly, Ah rambles down heah in de black belt, jes' to see whut Ah kin see an' mebbe ketch me de kick of a white mule. Fust thing Ah sees yoah sign, an' heah Ah is!" Catmeat smacked his lips. "An' heah Ah is," he repeated, "still thirsty!"

"Some day," opined Mistuh Smelt, reaching into a drawer of his desk, "some day Ah craves t' see you when you is still—an' not thirsty." He extracted a quart bottle of hip pocket contour and tweaked out the cork.

"Smell dat," he commanded.

Catmeat smelled. "Hot dam! Co'n lick'er!"

"An' ten yeahs old," added Mistuh Smelt succinctly. With a thumb he gauged half the contents. "Down t' thah, Catmeat. Drink—an' may yo' tonsils steam!"

Now there are some gourmands who dally with the amber fluid like a cat toys with a mouse. But not this gentleman from the North. Instead he tilted back his head and dispatched a neat pint of Green River as nonchalantly as if it were an aspirin tablet. Mistuh Smelt accepted the bottle.

"Catmeat," said he, "nevah let nobody tell you dat you drinks lick'er. You jes' natchelly inhales it. Heah's lookin'!"

After the last hesitant drop had trickled out, he tossed the bottle aside. "Yah! Frisky whisky, Ah calls dat. Sez I, you is

ing, within the hour, wrapped himself around a pint of ten- year-old Green River. Catmeat Yamley began to do his stuff. For a full thirty minutes he dilated on the glories of Florida's climate, the witchery of Florida's beauty and the auriferous- ness of Florida's opportunities. Under his

Midas touch, half acre tracts of palmetto swamp blossomed into corners along Broad- way in the Roaring Forties. Touched as he had been by the insinuating internal caress of Bacchus, Mistuh Smelt sat enthralled.

"Yassah," declared Catmeat, "las' week Ah busts up a crap game an' blows home wid \$300. Nex' mornin' Ah tells Mistuh Joe an' he sez, 'Lemme take dat dough, Catmeat, an' when us gits t' Florida Ah'll make you a million cold.' A million cold! Yassah, f'um \$300—one mil- lion cold! Me quit mah job? Huh! Tell me t' quit eatin'—tell me t' quit breathin'—but black boy, don' tell me t' quit mah job!"

A HOPEFUL look lighted Mistuh Smelt's eyes. "Uh, mebbe," he suggested with becoming decorum, "mebbe did Ah have some dough layin' 'round, Ah could git you, p'rhaps to buy me some o' dat land an' make mahse'f a couple o' million?"

"Doubtless," said Catmeat. "Fo' a fact, doubtless. Fust thing Ah see yo' sign, Ah sez to mahse'f, 'Eight yeahs ago dis

By W. A. P. JOHN

Illustrations by William Oberhardt

"Yassah, las' week Ah busts up a crap game an' blows home wid \$300. An' Mistuh Joe he sez, 'Lemme take dat dough, Catmeat, an' Ah'll make you a mil- lion cold in Florida!'"

cookoo to be wastin' yo' time mecadamizin' down t' Florida whilst de dis- tilleries is full o' dat stuff 'round heah. Why fo' you don' quit yo' job an' jines dis com- munity?"

Catmeat waved a derogatory palm. "Git sensible, boy, git sensible. Quit mah job? Dat's lak askin' a prohibition agent to turn in his badge! Big dough Ah makes. An' den, when us gits to Florida, Ah buys me some land, sells it an' quits rich. R-i-t-c-h," spelled Cat- meat dramatically. "R-i-t-c-h!" Man, ev' day de sun sets in Florida, ten men stops drivin' street cars an' begins bein' million- aires. It's de realtor's paradise, sez Mistuh Joe. Jes' a few days ago he told me 'bout a man whut bought a bushel o' potatoes an' sold de dirt in de bottom o' de basket for two thousan' dollahs. Yessah, two thousan' dollahs!"

Having perused sundry colorific mailing pieces emanating from Florida, having overheard sundry conversations be- tween his employer and other real estate operators, and hav-



black boy pulls me outen a frawg ribber and saves mah life. Right now Ah lets him hop up 'hind de saddle of de ol' hawse opportunity an' git a ride t' glory." He glanced about the office. "You sho' looks prosperous, Lloyd, an' mebbe you been pilin' up de jack insurancin'. But lemme tell you—fo' ev' cent you made heah in de last five years, Ah's gwine make you ten bucks in de next five weeks! How much dough kin you rattle down?"

Mistuh Smelt made a hurried mental calculation, glanced through his check book and said, "You means cash?"



"Nothin' else but. De only notes dey reckonizes in Florida is what de nightingales sings you t' sleep wid."

"Den put me down fo' \$1200."

Having thrown millions around with reckless abandon a few minutes previous, Catmeat sobered perceptibly in the face of \$1200 cash money. He whistled.

"Twel' hunderd bucks! Boy, does you maintain a gamblin' joint or is you jest a bootlaigger?"

"Neither. Ah's in de insurance bizness an' dats five yeahs gravy."

Catmeat Yamley rose. "Den befo' Ah takes yo' dough, Ah goes back an' has a talk with Mistuh Joe. Did Ah lose mah own I'll \$300 peewee, thass all right. But Ah ain't fumadiddlin' 'round wid no \$1200 o' yourn unless Ah knows Ah's right. When they sez Ah is a no-count, lazy, lickin'-shine, they ain't paintin' no lily black. But hits gwine be a colder day dan dis when Ah bites de hand dat saved me. Ah'll beat it an' Ah'll be back—p'raps wid Mistuh Joe, seein's how you wuz de laziest seargent in his outfit."

An hour later there halted in front of North African Lloyds, Ltd., a limousine that bespoke a five figure income tax to its owner. And out of it leaped an energetic figure, the incarnation of briskness. At the door Mistuh Smelt saluted, emphasizing the admiration expressed therein with a hot diggity-dog clacking of his heels.

"Captin," said Mistuh Smelt—and instantly cursed his stupidity in not promoting his old skipper another grade—"Captin, Ah sho' am proud t' see you!"

A CORDIAL handshake, an understanding clap on the back, and J. L. Hardig, ex-lieutenant 162nd Pioneer Infantry, now a successful real estate operator, was seated at the desk of the president, proprietor and general manager of North African Lloyds, Ltd.

"Smelt," he said, "Catmeat tells me that you want to gamble in Florida real estate."

"Uh, does it please de Captin, Ah craves not t' gamble, but t' invest."

Hardig chuckled. "All right, call it what you want. But I wouldn't be surprised if I could pick up something for you boys or let you in on a syndicate. Catmeat tells me that you want to add \$1200 to the \$300 he has given me. Is that right?"

"Right!"

"Fine! That's more money than most of the men in the old outfit will save in a lifetime. Been rolling the bones again?"—with an understanding grin.

"No, sah. Of course, sah, they's times when Ah wheedles de clickers. But most o' dat dough am whut Ah earned sellin' insurance."

"Got a good thing here?"

"Gold mine!" asserted Mistuh Smelt. "Ain't a nigger in dese heah parts whut don't crave a swell funnel or itch to buy de kind o' accident policies Ah writes."

"Fum de bizness Ah's all set to sign nex' week—it's de Loyal Knights o' Hyanna Lodge en masse—Ah sees mahse'f knockin' down dis yeah, oh—" with an easy gesture, "seven—eight—ten thousand dollars."

Genuinely amazed, Hardig exclaimed, "Why, that's splendid, Smelt. I'm proud of you. Now let's put this little deal on a business-like basis. We'll draw up a contract empowering me to act entirely at my own discretion in investing this money for you boys, and binding you to carry out any agreement I see fit to enter into on your behalf. Of course, I'll bear in mind your present and future situation and use my best judgment. But remember, boys, it's a gamble!"



NORTH AFRICAN LLOYDS LTD.  
**Lloyd Smelt**  
Sole Owner & General Manager & Proprietor  
**LIFE, FIRE, TORNADO.**  
ACT OF GOD INSURANCE  
No Large—No Risk to Small  
We insure anything once  
Beautiful green & gold policy  
Framed free of charge  
Let us protect your future  
**CHEAP, SAFE, TRY ME OUT**  
**LLOYD SMELT**  
General Manager

"Hot diggity dawg!"  
Mistuh Smelt was beside himself. "Dis is wheab Ah sho' busts de ol' bank. Gits me a big green ottomobile an' travels roun' de country steppin' de Charleston!"

"Thass right," chimed in Catmeat, "it's a gamble."  
"Correct," said Mistuh Smelt, "Ah gits you perfect, Captin. But Ah's a gamblin' fool!"

An hour later, Mistuh Smelt waved his ex-skipper and ex-buddy Godspeed over slushy roads to El Dorado and then glanced at the sign over his door—the sign that had made him the envy of Barbours' colored population:

NORTH AFRICAN LLOYDS, LTD.

Lloyd Smelt, Sole Owner & General Manager & Proprietor.  
Life, fire, tornado, act of God insurance.

We insure anything once. No risk too large.

No risk too small.

Beautiful green and gold policy. Framed free of charge.  
Let us protect your future. Cheap. Safe. Try me out.

Lloyd Smelt, General Manager.

"Sign," he said, "you done noble whilst I wuz insurancin' only. But you needs a addition now dat Mistuh Smelt is a real estate operator. Does de Lootenant buy us a nice stretch o' acreage, us chops it up into homesites, starts a classy subdivision an' gambles fo' a million. Hot dam! Ah got it! Jes' beneath de las' line, Ah has painted

Also

Developer of African Gables

Where the sunshine and the moonshine mix.

We sell the World.

With a confident air, he swung inside to study his copy of Hardig's contract, to bask in the bountiful, beautiful, beatific heat and softly to hum

When shoes an' booze am awful dear,

Ah shoots mah dice t' win.

'Cause Ah's a real estate gamboleer

An' a sun-of-a-gun fo' gin.

Three days later came a postal card from Memphis, Tenn., depicting on its reverse the architectural beauties of a railroad station done in steamboat renaissance, its obverse bearing a cryptic message. "Few moar days, boy, and we is rich. Cawn liker ten minits old sells hear \$3 quart. Catmeat."

Trailing it came other cards, equally pictorial, equally cryptic, equally informative as to the price of liquid refreshment, each

bearing the postmark of a more southerly city. Finally, came one postmarked Jacksonville. "Rived heah las' nite," wrote Catmeat, "No tellin' when Mr. Joe shoots de piece."

Followed a week of silence—and then arrived a letter from Miami. Tearing it open with trembling fingers, Mistuh Smelt extracted a single closely scrawled sheet. His face fell. "Humph," he muttered. "No check. Thass strange. Lem' see how much Catmeat sez he makes."

As he deciphered the scrawl, a faint blanching appeared beneath his ebony-tinted skin and his jaw dropped. "Grief," he muttered imploringly, "don't grab me! How come dat Lootenant Hardig don't let a nigger indulge in a bit o' lyin'?"

"Mr. Joe"—he read again—"is bought us 150 akers in Hendrey County. Sez its a good bye. Pays down our 1500\$ and they is dew 3000\$ moar in 30 days. Mr. Joe is loncing me 600\$ for my shair and you has to raise the balance to wit 2400\$. Then they is dew 500\$ per month for 21 months and then the land is ours. Of corse sez Mr. Joe that's a lot of do—but not for a man makeing 10000\$ a year. So get bizzy, Lloyd and send down your 2400\$ by the first—cause if you doant we will lose what we paid so far—option money, sez Mr. Joe. Then every month send down your 400\$ prompt. All payments is dew on the first but their is 10 days grace and after that—good bye do!"

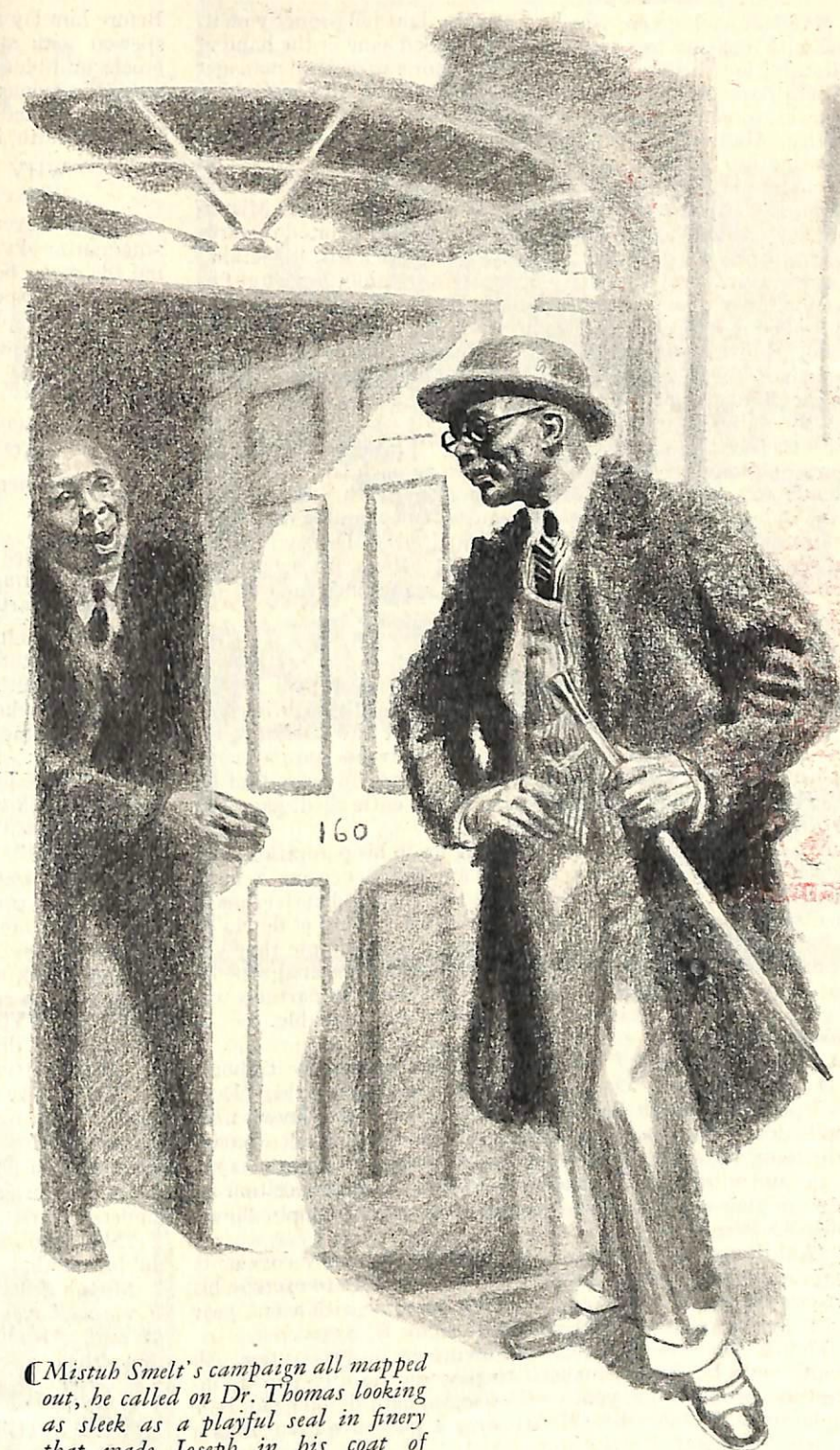
P. S. Probly sez Mr. Joe we wont have to pay long if some suckers want to buy us out. Then we will be rich.

PSPS Its the 10th Lloyd or good bye to our do!"

With a moan of horror, Mistuh Smelt collapsed into his chair. "Twent' fo' hund'ed bucks in 30 days! Gallopin' ghosts, could Ah raise dat, Ah could raise de dead. Thah goes mah \$1200! Thass whut Ah git fo' zaggeratin' 'bout mah income. Wuz Ah knockin' out ten thousan' a yeah, Ah wouldn't buy de Mason Dixon line fo' a dime!"

Now it is said of Schiller, I believe, that he used to keep rotting apples in his desk that their fragrance might stimulate his imagination; and that Charles the Hammer planned his campaigns against the Saracens to the stimulus of over-ripe cheese. But Mistuh Smelt had recourse to a different source of inspiration—a source now frowned upon by the law and occasionally mentioned in the public prints: to wit, spiritus frumenti. Although after the first soul-jolting gulp, he cocked his feet upon his desk and closed his eyes, no trace of difficulty did he encounter in finding his capacious oral orifice without raising his eyelids. And each time that the old bean wheels began to lag, he spurred them to greater activity by a generous nip. Came dusk, as the caption writers have it; and with dusk came the great idea. "Syndicate!" exclaimed Mistuh Smelt, thwacking his thigh, "At's de way out! Calls on—lemme see—Elam Cheesley, whose wife jes' died an' is got a insurance check comin' dis week; on Horace Hancock Breckenridge whut jes' sol' his house fo' de bridge right o' way; an' Revner Peebles, D. D. whut is always got jack; an' Doc Thomas, M. D., likewise; an' One Eye Luke who sho' is good fo' dough ef de cops ain't raided him since las' week; an'—an'—why they's twenty folks jes' itchin' t' git rich wid me! An' right now whilst Ah's hot, Ah ambles fo' th an' demonstrates mah scientific salesmanship."

To Mistuh Smelt, scientific salesmanship consisted not alone



Mistuh Smelt's campaign all mapped out, he called on Dr. Thomas looking as sleek as a playful seal in finery that made Joseph in his coat of many colors look like a dirty deuce.

of the cajoling tongue, but alike the fitting raiment and the fitting fragrance. Enroute to the Idle Hour Tonsorial Parlors, he was so wrapped in his plan of campaign that he neglected even to sound the expensive sounding horn with which his plangent motor car had of late been equipped. When, an hour later, he stepped from the barber's chair smelling like the wild Irish rose of yore, and as sleek as a playful seal, his campaign was mapped out and he craved action. But, craving it as he did, he proceeded to his rooming house. There he raked his wardrobe for finery that made Joseph and his coat of many colors look like a dirty deuce.

Late that night, a smart, confident rapping was to be heard on the front door of the house occupied by Dr. Llewellyn Roscoe Thomas, M. D. And when that worthy medico threw wide the portal, he saw something; said something consisting of—

A pearl gray derby, smartened by a parrot's feather peeking from beneath the band. A coat of Astrakhan Coney; a splendiferous



suit of oyster shell green, which, when the light fell properly on it, shone with a satiny rose tint. A gold-headed cane in the hand of—Mistuh Lloyd Smelt, president, proprietor and general manager of North African Lloyds, Ltd., and developer of African Gables, where the sunshine and the moonshine mix.

"Why, Mistuh Smelt! Do step in de parlor," said the unsuspecting fly.

Some ten days previous, Catmeat Yamley had done fairly well by Florida. But where Catmeat merely flapped his wings, Mistuh Smelt soared the heights empyrean. After a few pointed remarks concerning the weather, Mistuh Smelt leaned forward. "Doctuh," he asked impressively, "whut's de motivatin' inhibition whut fills de soul o' evey man?" And before the Doctor could give answer he supplied it, "T' git hisse'f rich!"

"An' whut's de duty," continued Mistuh Smelt, "o' one frien' to anothah when de party o' de fust pa—Ah means, when he has de opportunity t' git dem riches fo' said frien'?"

"Why—uh—" "Eggzackly!" asserted Mistuh Smelt. "Eggzackly. Share up—even Stephen—do unto yo' fellow man an' sich lak. Wall suh, sence de day you drug me outen de jaws o' death f'um combulsions, Ah has been waitin' fo' dis chance. Doc," and here Mistuh Smelt assumed the "There is Hope" attitude, "Doc, yo' frien', admirer an' well-wisher comes through! Heah Ah sets. An' when Ah gits through splainin' whut's on mah mind, you's on yo' way to bein' rich, ef not wealthy."

MAYBE Florida's skies are not forever blue. Maybe it contains one solitary palm tree not festooned with nightingales; maybe the climate is not eternally beneficent and holds not an irresistible lure to those who want to live in flawless contentment. But if not—then Mistuh Smelt, in those twenty minutes that he held Dr. Llewellyn Roscoe Thomas, M.D., enthralled, gave the tail of truth an awful twisting.

"An' dat," said Mistuh Smelt leading up to his peroration, "an dat am why dis vast track o' land am gwine become a mectropolis, graced by carvin' boulevards an' lined wid statly mansions. Ev' day ten thousan' folks shakes off de chill o' de No'th an' hops off de trains in Florida shoutin' t' buy sumpin they kin spit on. An' fo' dem thousan' folks, African Gables am gwine be created by de magic touch o' de master developer in partners wid de champeen real estater f'um Detroit, de Honnoble Joe L. Hardig, Esq.

A glance told Mistuh Smelt that Dr. Llewellyn Roscoe Thomas, M.D., was wobbling. One more blast and he would yield. "Doctuh," pursued Mistuh Smelt, "you knows me. You knows mah reputation. You knows de bizness Ah's built up by de exercise o' thrift an' sagacity. You knows mah name on dis contrac' is jes' lak de writin' on a ten dollah bill. Dere's mah proposition all plain an' simple. An' lemme read a clause whut simply shouts whilst Ah whispers:

"An' de party o' de fust part—thass me—hereby covenants an agrees to wit, dat should he et any time desires to exercise his prerogative herein stated an' implied, he may within one year o' dis date, repurchase said syndicate share fo' \$1500."

"Didn't Ah have de fulles' confidence in de proposition, Ah nevah would be bindin' mahse'f to pay you no fifty percen' interest an' profit in one yeah. 'Course, its agin de blue sky laws t' guarantee profits. But ef dat ain't a guarantee, den Ah's a Ku Klux Kleagle!"

Great was the fall of Dr. Llewellyn Roscoe Thomas, M.D. Within forty-eight hours he had company to the extent of five other prosperous residents of Barbours' darktown. And Mistuh Smelt, once again his debonair self, had on deposit in the Second National, the sum of \$2000 with an additional \$1000 due in two weeks. The wolf no longer sniffed at his heels. And there was due on the first of four consecutive months, the sum of \$900—\$400 for the monthly payment and the balance for gravy.

"Yah yah," he chuckled, "a sellin' fool. Thass me all ovah. Dat question solved, de nex' am simp'e. Ah gits up a prospectus, layin' out de subdivision, mails it out, an' starts sellin' off mah lots."

SOME student of human nature has asserted that every man knows deep in his own heart that there are three things within his powers to do: sing, act, and write advertising copy. Guilty at times of a barbershop chord, Mistuh Smelt had not as yet challenged the laurels of Barrymore or Gilpin. But when it came to taking the king's English and shaking it until its adverbs rattled, Mistuh Smelt gave neither cards nor spades to any man.

Before him lay the proof—a folder the size of a newspaper page, spewed with studhorse type and enlivened by brilliant reds, greens and blues. That was Mistuh Smelt's baby. And it constituted obvious evidence that he knew what the average person of color wanted when it came to jazzy advertising. Across the top, full width, it bore this exhortation:

WHY NOT LIVE IN AFRICAN GABLES  
Where the Sunshine and the Moonshine Mix?

Scattered over its face were fuzzy palm trees, green against an aquamarine sky; Spanish mansions, cool and stately beneath the red tile roofs; beaches that disappeared in the creamy foam of a rolling surf; speed boats whizzing toward the horizon; and a promenade of prosperous-looking Ethiopians along a boardwalk, in the foreground of which were a pair in a wheel-chair, propelled (get this) by an attentive white porter.

One sub-head cried:

THE MOST MAGNIFICENT AFRO-AMERICAN  
COMMUNITY EVER DEVELOPED

A second merely hinted:

White Folks Not Allowed  
To Purchase Property

While a third held forth this lure:

Easy Terms. Anyone Can Become an Owner. One Cent  
a Week Starts You on a Classy Residence Site.

Mistuh Smelt glanced up at his friend Whack Paley, owner of Paley's Print Shop. "Now dat," he asserted, "am whut Ah calls advertisin'."

"Sho' is packed wid de ol' punch," said Paley. "Ah done read it ovah fo' times mahse'f an' Ah stands ready t' buy one o' dem penny lots."

"Sho'ly," said Mistuh Smelt, "hand ovah one o' dem contrack blanks an' Ah turns you into a Florida real estate owner."

"How come," asked Paley, "yo' kin sell a 40 foot lot fo' one cent a week?"

"Fo' one cent a week?" echoed Mistuh Smelt. "Mebbe you ain't read de printin' careful. Dat one cent is yo' fust payment. Thass mah famous cumulative, progressive payment plan fo' thrifty people. It's de easy double up principle. Fust week you pays one cent, nex' you pays two, nex' four, nex' eight, doubling up de pennies each time fo' jes' one yeah—out o' yo' spare cash, understand. You do dat fo' only one yeah, an' den you owns de lot. None o' dis ten yeah stuff when Ah sells real estate."

"Thass suttinly easy pickin's," opined Paley.

"Sho' is. Ah makes it easy t' pay de Lloyd Smelt way. But dat calls fo' a lot o' financin' on mah part an' so natchelly Ah has to proteck mahse'f wid dis clause which sez dat one week's grace is give on each payment, but should de purchaser go pas' dat, de sums paid in passes to me as option money. But 'course, you understand's dat."

"Sho', sho'," agreed Paley. "Heahs mah cent. Sign me up fo' lot numbah elev n."

Mistuh Smelt studied the map which was labeled—*Proposed Tentative Layout of Homesites in African Gables*. "Heah you is," he said. "Right on de cornah o' Poinsetta Boulevard an' Broadway street. You sho' am lucky t' git dat lot."

AS RAPIDLY as they were spewed forth by the presses, the prospectuses were addressed, stamped and mailed. Bread upon the waters, they came back to Mistuh Smelt as angel cake.

A ride to glory! Nothing could be simpler. When, in his spare moments, he sat back and endeavored to calculate his profits, he worked up to seven figures and quit. Here he was with his \$2400 payment all made and four following monthly payments guaranteed by his syndicate members. And by then the cumulative payments on the 200 lots already sold would total enough to take care of the balance. "Hot diggity dawg!" he chuckled. "Dis is wheah Mistuh Smelt sho' busts de ol' bank. Gits me a big green ottomob le an' a shoafar an' travels roun de country steppin' de Charleston wid swell high browns."

I know a successful manufacturer who is unruffled when things are going wrong, but who begins to worry when peace and quietude comprise the daily routine; and a fishing smack captain who has a sixth sense for the lull that precedes a storm. But being neither manufacturer nor seadog, Mistuh Smelt proceeded blithely on his course, raking the dimmies from the barrelhead with never a care for the morrow. When the syndicate payments were about to fall due the first month, Mistuh Smelt went in person to collect them. Of the five members, only two had ready cash while three proffered notes. [Continued on page 62]

# A LOOK-IN ON SPORTS

By Lawrence Perry

Linoleum Cuts by Lowell L. Balcom

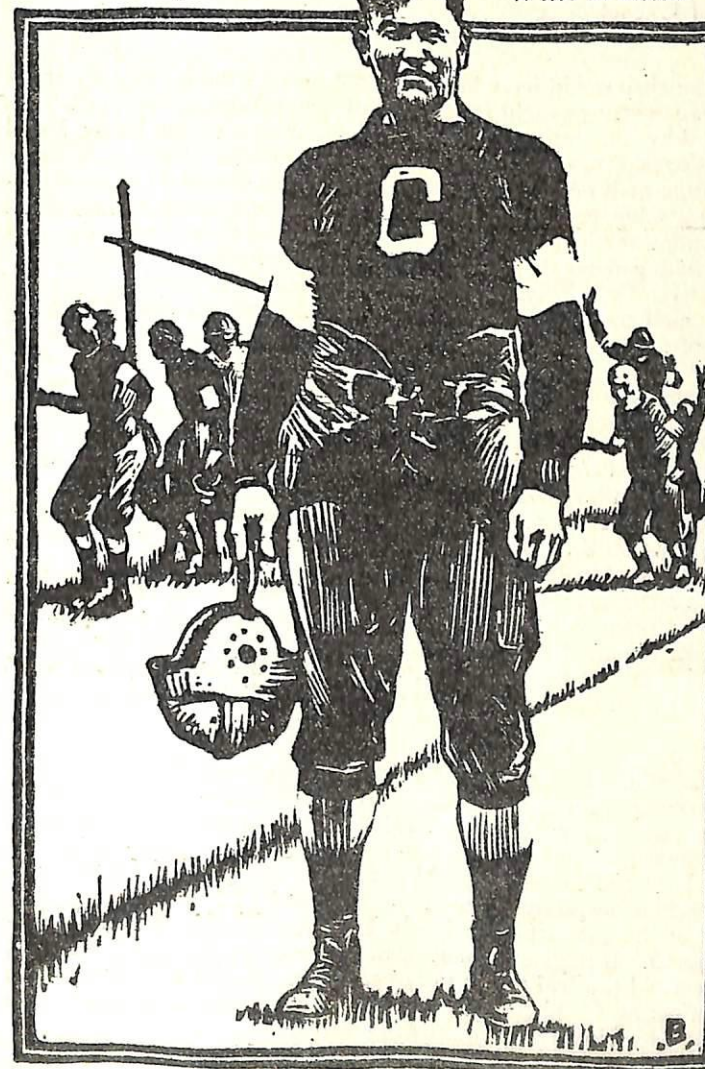
JUST a few merited words about a black man, or, rather, a man of bronze who stands six feet three inches in his bare feet, weighs about 220 pounds in condition and is about as beautiful a physical specimen as nature ever evolved.

Not a white man who knows, or knows anything about, Harry Wills, the heavyweight pugilist, will find it in his heart to object to the opinion that this big boxer has within him many of the elements that go to make up a gentleman no matter what his exterior color may be.

Primarily he has brought such credit to his profession as many a man shades lighter could emulate to the advantage of himself and the trade he is following. He has led, in other words, an exemplary life. Whenever his name has appeared in newspaper headlines the article beneath has pertained strictly to his business as a fighter.

Jim Thorpe, former  
track and field star.

The famous Harry  
Wills in action.



His conduct at home and abroad has been quiet, dignified, modest to a degree. Harry, in fine, is a very appealing type.

As to his relation to the heavyweight championship of the world every critic places him second to Dempsey. And if they were to meet in the ring not even the closest judges would feel free to make definite prediction concerning the outcome.

Yet the two may never meet because of the theory propounded in some quarters that a battle between Dempsey and Wills would excite racial prejudice and cause riots all over the country.

Wills is in doubt how much warrant there is in this propaganda; for months he has been trying to ascertain without success. One thing is sure: if Wills, as a result of his inquiries comes to believe there is danger that bloodshed would follow the attainment of his ambition to meet Dempsey he will abandon it.

"My ambitions," he said the other day to the writer, "are not too important to make me forget my color. If a chance at the championship means that my people must suffer, I am willing to step aside and forget that such a thing as the world's heavyweight title ever existed."

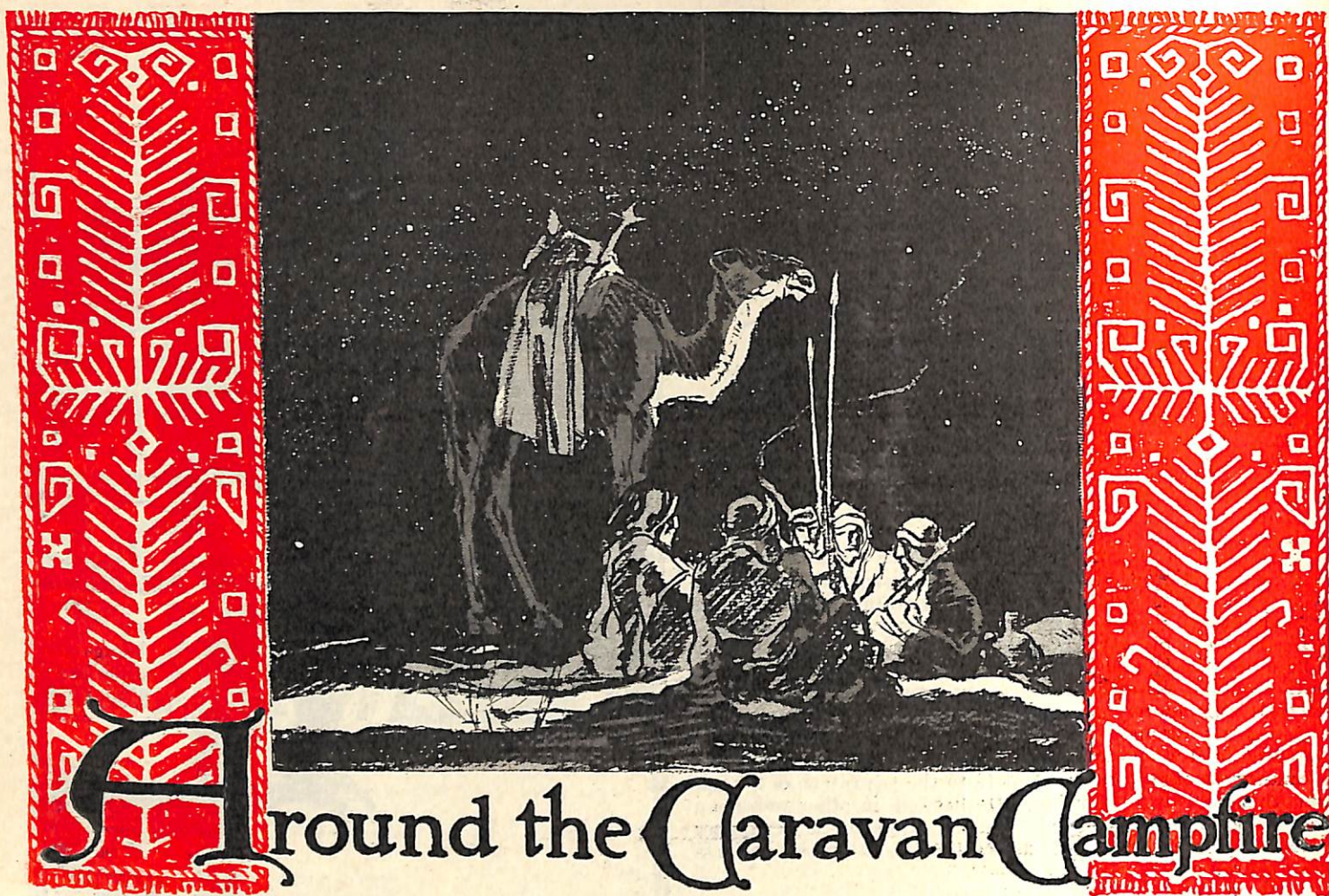
Wills has never dissipated in any way and neither has Dempsey; both are extraordinary physical specimens; Wills the more powerful, however, because he is bigger. If the two ever meet, Dempsey at least will not have the bitterness toward his opponent of one who has been badgered and pestered by him until forced into the ring. Throughout, the negro's attitude toward the champion has been marked by utter patience and a most courteous reticence.

ANY big league baseball club would be willing just now to pay \$50,000 for a pitcher good enough to win twenty-five games every season. That means the club would pay \$2,000 a game. It would do it cheerfully; for a hurler who could turn in a quarter of a hundred victories would be worth every cent of the outlay.

Distinguished ball players, as a matter of truth, come in cycles in accordance with the positions they play. Just now there is a marked slump in pitchers and there are no moundmen in sight to fill the places of such outstanding throwers as the veterans Walter Johnson and Grover Cleveland Alexander and Dazzy Vance the last of whom by no means is [Continued on page 69]







By Roe Fulkerson

The Shrine's own Departments, Conducted by and Dedicated to the Temples and Six Hundred Thousand Shriners who are the Ancient Arabic Order of the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine

"A H, YOUNG feller me lad, you should have belonged to the Shrine in the good old days. The Shrine is not what it used to be!"

"No, and as far as I am able to find out, it never was!"

Allah be praised, nothing is what it used to be. When my Uncle Ezra was a young man, eggs were ten cents a dozen. Now they are sixty cents a dozen. But how long has it been since anyone has thrown an egg at you? You have to hate a person mightily to throw an egg at him these days.

Everything was very different when my Uncle Ezra was young. He told me so many times. I seem to remember a lot of Past Potentates, Past Masters, Past Commanders, Past High Priests and Past Redemption, telling me the same thing. All these fellows who boast of the good old days have a superannuating prefix to their names.

The only trip my Uncle Ezra ever made out of the purlieu of his native state was to the Centennial in Philadelphia in 1876. I went to a neighborhood twenty-five cent movie last night and saw a new light house just built on the tip of the Cape of Good Hope in Africa, some ski jumpers in Norway, a half dozen Kanaka boys riding surf boards in Hawaii, the Prince of Wales riding a horse he did not fall off of, a rodeo in Western Canada, and a fellow in Sarasota Bay catching a tarpon.

It took me only five minutes to circle the globe. In the next five I watched a lily sprout, grow to its full height, bud, blossom, and shed its petals, and every color was true to life.

Allah be praised, nothing is what it used to be. It would have cost my Uncle Ezra five thousand dollars to see what I saw in the news reel. He would have had to sit in the garden for a month to have seen that lily sprout and bloom, and the

poor chap would have had an awful lot of trouble from his rheumatiz getting caught in the rain at some stage of the game.

Why, an ordinary catfish had an edge on my Uncle Ezra! A catfish can swim down under water and see all kinds of interesting pollywogs. But I have risen to be the equal of a catfish. In a submarine, I can go to the bottom of the sea and sit there comfortably smoking my pipe, watching the sharks at play and thinking about the fellows I would like to feed 'em!

Even the commonest little sparrow had an advantage over my Uncle Ezra. The sparrow could wing his way to the edge of the roof and chirp in derision at him because he could not fly. I can hop an airplane in New York and scoot across the continent in thirty hours. I can scud around in the clouds at a hundred miles an hour at an altitude that would make a sparrow dizzy from fright.

To Allah be all praise and glory, I live in a day when these things can be done.

My Uncle Ezra had a Swiss music box on his parlor table that would tinkle out four different tunes and a melodeon which wheezed gospel hymns when the preacher came to call.

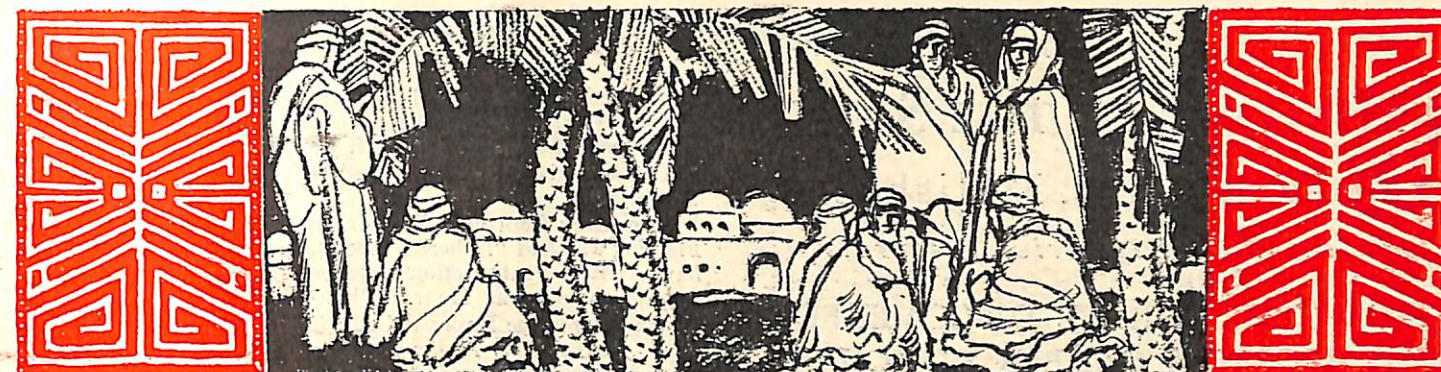
I can tune in on the best orchestras from New York to Seattle from Texas to Florida. If I do not like the music of one I can switch to another at will. The radio has put in my dining room the music of the world. It has Aladdin's Lamp skinned both ways from the jack.

UNCLE Ezra put in a lot of time in winter wielding a bucksaw, carrying and stacking stove wood and stoking a couple of stoves. In extremely cold weather his tummy was warm and his back was cold.

I set the thermostat which controls my gas fed furnace. A machine keeps my house at any temperature I desire.

In the summer time Uncle Ezra sat around and gasped for breath. If the ice had not been frozen thick on the ice pond the dear old top had no ice in hot weather. In my refrigerator is a miniature ice plant which keeps my food cold and makes nice little ice blocks for my drinking water.

The same electric current which makes [Continued on page 65]



## THE SHRINE EDITORIALS

STRICT REGULATIONS NOW PROHIBIT ALL BUT OFFICIAL FEZ: THE COLOR AND DECORATIONS MUST BE UNIFORM

NOBLES of the Mystic Shrine have come to believe that the fez is our own particular badge. Some of us resent its use by other organizations. The fez was first adopted by a fraternal organization as a headdress by the Shrine, but it was old as a headdress long before.

The fez is so named from the headdress characteristic of the inhabitants of the city of Fez in Morocco. Its use as a part of the uniform of organizations other than those of the Mohammedan faith began when the French organized a regiment of Zouaves in Algeria in 1831.

Since that time many military organizations of a more or less showy character, adopted the Zouave dress and the fez. In the Civil War in the United States, there were several such, but the gaudy colors make too good a target for the modern high power rifle, so the dress has been abandoned in military circles.

The interest in military affairs due to the Civil War caused many independent military companies in the late sixties and early seventies to adopt the Zouave dress and its distinctive fez. This doubtless influenced the first Shriners in their decision to adopt the fez as a headdress, particularly for an organization which had an Arabic background for its ritualistic work.

Originally the fez of a Shriner was a simple red cap with a black tassel, such as is worn by the Arabs, with the emblem of the Order and the name of the Temple embroidered on the front. The dazzling color schemes and rainbow hues of the various patrols seemed out of keeping with this simple fez. Temples began to change the color of both fez and tassel to blend with their particular ideas of uniforms. As was natural, patrolmen at Imperial Council meetings wore their fezzes on the street, even when not in uniform. The resultant medley of fezzes confused the organization and the public as to just what really constituted the official fez of the Shrine.

This was particularly unfortunate, as many other fraternal organizations had adopted the fez as a headdress. As no particular style of fez was characteristic of the Shrine, all men who wore fezzes were supposed to be Shriners!

The law on the subject was embodied in Article IX, Section 2 of the by-laws of the Imperial Council which reads as follows:

"The Red Turkish Fez with Black Tassel, bearing only the name of the Temple of which the Noble is an active member, with a facsimile of a scimitar and that portion of the jewel of the Order consisting of the crescent, sphinx head and star combined embroidered thereon with gold and silver bullion or silk, is hereby adopted as the exclusive type of head covering to be worn by all Nobles of the Mystic Shrine when appearing as such. This fez is to be worn in its proper shape and without creasing or alteration, provided that it is permissible for Potentates, Past Potentates and Records of Temples to have their title embroidered in small letters in the front of their fez near the bottom." (Italics are ours.)

Realizing the danger of confusion in the matter of the fez, Imperial Potentate in Los Angeles called the attention of the Imperial Council to it in 1925. On his recommendation the law was amended. We again take the liberty of italicizing certain words in the new regulation.

Section 2 as amended reads: "The Red Turkish Fez with Black

Tassel bearing only the name of the Temple of which the Noble is an active member, with a facsimile of a scimitar and that portion of the jewel of the Order consisting of the crescent, the sphinx head and star combined embroidered thereon with gold and silver bullion or silk, is hereby adopted as the exclusive type of head covering to be worn by all Nobles of the Mystic Shrine when appearing as such. This fez is to be worn in its proper shape and without creasing or alteration, provided it is permissible for Potentates, Past Potentates and Records of Temples to have their title embroidered in small letters in the front of their fez near the bottom."

Without attempting to construe this law, certain things are self-evident. First, the words "Patrol" "Band" "Chanter" and such, are not to be embroidered on a fez. Second, only "gold and silver bullion or silk" can be used to put on the letters. Fezzes with brilliants are outside the law.

In the past some of our headgear has been fearfully and wonderfully constructed. It was said of one Noble that his fez "looked like the rear end of an ice wagon on a June morning" because of the brilliants set in it. Others seem to carry out Masonic tradition by being ornamented with bead work, fret work, pomegranates and lily work and shining as only the world celestial can shine! The Shrine is a colorful organization but it is the law that rioting in the solar spectrum must be limited to clothing. The fez is properly to be kept distinctive and standard.

A Shriner should greet even an alarm clock cheerfully.

## UNLESS YOU VOTED AT THE TEMPLE ELECTIONS, NEVER CRITICIZE THE JUDGMENT OF THOSE WHO DID

THE Noble who does not go to election has no right to criticize the office holders. This truth of city, county, state, province and national elections applies also to Shrine elections. Rare indeed is it that a Temple of the Mystic Shrine records the vote of one-half of its membership in its annual election. The entire membership will not come out and cast votes for the officers from Potentate down.

A Temple prospers or fails, is successful or mediocre according to the character of the official divan elected by its Nobility. Certain men seem adapted to the work of the Shrine; others, who seek the honor of office are without qualifications to fill it.

There was a day in the Mystic Shrine when it was considered essential that a Potentate be a man of wealth. Old timers know there was some ground for this belief. Temples are now on a more businesslike basis. Money, while not a handicap is no longer necessary.

It is essential that the man who accepts the position have time for his duties. Temples of the Mystic Shrine are organizations with large memberships and wide flung activities. No man can function properly as head of such an organization who cannot command his own time. He must be able to go, when and where the duties of the office call him, and to do this "without injury to himself or family." It is unfair to both man and Temple to place him in a position where he must neglect either the office or his own personal interests.

No member of any Temple has a right to assume an apologetic air for a Potentate elected when he was not among those present and voting.



# HISTORY OF THE SHRINE

By William B. Melish, 33°

Senior Past Imperial Potentate

## HOW THE SHRINE DISCOVERED IT HAD BEGUN A CAREER WHICH WAS TO BECOME DISTINGUISHED

**B**Y 1885 the Order was firmly established with twenty-four Temples and a membership of over two thousand Nobles. Eleven years of preliminary work had successfully built up a fraternal machinery which was now ready to be set in motion. Unlike many organizations, the Shrine from the start displayed a healthy conservatism and was content with the normal growth which was bound to come to it. Surprisingly few dispensations or charters were recalled. There was never any evidence of "promotion" methods.

At the Eleventh Annual Session Grand Potentate Fleming was forced to ask for a startling innovation. He suggested that a salary be paid to the Grand Recorder. It is slightly amusing to read his address to the Imperial Council.

"I refer particularly to the expediency of appointing the Grand Recorder in regular position, under stipulated and fair compensation," said the Grand Potentate, "to assume all the duties of the office, to answer and keep on file all letters of inquiry and to act as general correspondent for the Council and thereby relieve the presiding officer of that branch."

In this day of paid secretaries and publicity agents this request would seem very moderate indeed. The Committee on Finance undoubtedly recognized the need, for it recommended a salary of "one hundred dollars a year" which was voted. Incidentally this was the last Session of the Imperial Council which was held in New York City. The Session of 1886 met at Al Koran Temple in Cleveland, Ohio.

The Cleveland Convention transacted considerable business. The titles of the Offices of the Imperial Council were changed; the word "Imperial" was substituted for "Grand." Sam Briggs was elected Imperial Potentate, his term to be three years.

Imperial Potentate Fleming in his address reviewed the dispute over the Temples proposed for the Twin Cities. "On June 20th, 1885," he explained, "dispensation was issued to Illustrious Deputy Potentate of Minnesota, Noble C. M. Truman, to form and open Osman Temple at St. Paul. Subsequently on July 25th, I granted dispensation to Noble John A. Schlener, to form and open Zuhrah Temple, Minneapolis. This exercise of authority, dispensing a second Temple in the State, to be located in such proximity to the St. Paul one, was the cause of dissension and animosity in that Jurisdiction and after considerable effort on the part of all concerned both in the State of Minnesota and the Grand Orient, to conciliate matters and promote harmony, and finding it impossible to do so, I requested Illustrious Noble Schlener of Minneapolis to discontinue the exercise of his authority until a decree should be issued by the Imperial Council, whereby all misunderstandings, it is to be hoped, might be equitably arranged and harmony prevail."

Later when the subject of the two Temples was reported by the Committee on Charters and Dispensations, it was found that the Committee had disagreed. The Committee's recommendation was that the Imperial Council hear the representations of Nobles from both Temples. Noble William H. Wright spoke for Osman and Noble Caleb H. Benton for Zuhrah.

The Imperial Council resolved that charters be granted both Temples.

In retiring from his office of Imperial Potentate, Walter M. Fleming who had "fathered" the Order for so many years must have derived a satisfaction of personal accomplishment which is granted to few men. He was able to say:

"As regards the Imperial Council, the financial outlook, I am happy to state, is in far better condition . . . The serious struggle to maintain existence which it has undergone for several years past has ended. Health and stability have been the result of long and careful watchfulness, the vicissitudes of early life have been successfully tided over and it now stands upon a foundation which promises to be a lasting and reliable one. The revenues of the Imperial Council are assured if the Temples of its creation prove loyal to the Parent."

"The popularity of our already great Order is yet in its youth. Its increasing extension of territory is assured."

Two years later (1888) the Shrine began its first work of organized charity. Only a few months after Morocco Temple was chartered at Jacksonville, Florida, a plague of yellow fever swept over the city. For a time it seemed that the community would be almost depopulated.

Officers and members of Morocco, combining with the Knights Templar, organized themselves into a Relief Corps. Illustrious Noble Baldwin, a physician and the Recorder of Morocco Temple, was one of the victims of the epidemic. His associates, Mallett, Ely, Dunn and McLain carried on the work. Commanderies, Temples, Lodges and Individuals contributed generously to the relief funds.

In the same address in which the Imperial Potentate recounted the Shrine relief in Jacksonville, he announced that the Imperial Council had given five hundred dollars to the relief of those who had suffered from the Johnstown flood at Johnstown, Pa. Many of the Temples also voted contributions from their treasuries.

This idea took root and grew so that in 1895 this constituted a part of the address of the Imperial Potentate:

"During the year of 1892, while Imperial Potentate, I called the attention of each Temple to the virtue of Charity, as well as Hospitality, and suggested that each Temple make a special effort to alleviate the poverty and distress of the worthy poor in their different Oases. This bore good fruit and I had the pleasure of so reporting to the Imperial Council in 1893. During my present official year I again requested each Potentate to enlist the noble-hearted members of his Temple and engage in some special charitable work during the winter, in promoting the universal brotherhood of man, either by kindly encouragement or reasonable charity to those who needed it, that the name of the Mystic Shrine might become as a sweet perfume in each Oasis. The result exceeded all expectations. In addition to this magnificent record of effort, there have been many cases where relief was afforded to unfortunate members of our own Order and their families, but these deeds, while beautiful in themselves, are not emphasized because they are of our own and entitled to help."

"The sum total expended for Charity under the auspices of our subordinate Temples, and in the name of the Order of the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine amounts to \$14,087.30. When carping criticism or captious comment derogatory to the Shrine is made by newspapers or by individuals, let us point to our charitable deeds to God's poor, who hath no claim upon us save that of common humanity, and say, 'This is the answer of the Shriners of America.'"

# THE SOUL OF THE SHRINE

By Albert Richard Wetjen

[A CORRECTION]

In the first issue of the Shrine Magazine, pages 12 and 13, there appeared two photographs of a little boy, one showing his pathetic condition when he entered a Shriners Hospital for Crippled Children and the other the miracle that had been wrought by treatment.

In the caption it was stated that he was a patient in the St. Paul-Minneapolis hospital.

The truth is that he was a patient in the Portland hospital. The editor apologizes to those wonderful men and women—all of them—who are responsible for the Portland hospital, and he asks forgiveness for his mistake.

He is proud of having published the photographs—nothing in the first issue created so much comment—but greatly disappointed that credit was not given to whom it belonged.

**I**HAVE been in many hospitals. They're cold, impersonal places smelling of iodoform and bandages, and they are mysteriously places of pain. They look more like jails or barracks than houses to relieve suffering humanity. You'll know what I mean if you've ever been sick or had a friend to take flowers to. This Shriners Hospital for Crippled Children at Portland, Oregon, isn't like that at all. I went to look at it rather as a skeptic. I came away an enthusiast. I had no idea that anything like it existed. I had no idea that Shriners were interested in anything save having a good time. I was wrong. I apologize.

The first thing I discovered was that Shriners take their hospital seriously. It isn't a hobby or plaything to them. They believe in it, they are perfectly sincere about it too. They are immensely proud of the work they are doing and every one from the Chairman of the Board of Governors down to the newest Noble was willing to sacrifice a day or more to show me through that hospital.

You approach it up a winding pathway between exquisitely kept grounds and it looks more like a millionaire's home than an institution. Once through the porch and inside you step on good carpets and there is an air, a sort of atmosphere of contentment and peace. No hospital smell, no cold gloomy corridors. Plenty of light and air. I could perceive almost at once that scrupulous cleanliness had been achieved without making that cleanliness so blatantly obvious you would be afraid to breathe freely for fear of contaminating the place. You know what I mean. The sort of homey cleanliness you get in your own house. I had quite a shock when I was introduced to the superintendent.

I don't know whether you have the same ideas on this subject as I have, but I have always associated superintendents and matrons with iron-jawed, grim and middle-aged women of terrifying efficiency and rather awe-inspiring coldness. But Miss Letha Humphrey is a slender, brown-eyed young woman with an amazingly sympathetic smile. The children simply adore her. And she adores children. More than that, all of the six graduate nurses and the fourteen attendants seem to adore children. Why, right in the corridor I saw a small typed notice that ran like this: "Attention. Anyone desiring pictures of Patsy and the other children please leave your orders in the laboratory immediately."

I thought that was a strange notice to find in a hospital. But inquiry elicited the information that there is such a general interest displayed on the part of the nurses and attendants that there is a constant demand for pictures. Perhaps you don't think that's significant. I do. When [Continued on page 76]



## THE IMPERIAL COUNCIL OFFICERS

1926-27

DAVID W. CROSLAND, Alcazar  
Imperial Potentate  
C. M. DUNBAR, Palestine  
Imperial Deputy Potentate  
FRANK C. JONES, Arabia  
Imperial Chief Rabban  
LEO V. YOUNG WORTH, Al Malaikah  
Imperial Assistant Rabban  
ESTEN A. FLETCHER, Damascus  
Imperial High Priest and Prophet  
BENJAMIN W. ROWELL, Aleppo  
Imperial Recorder  
WILLIAM S. BROWN, Syria  
Imperial Treasurer  
THOMAS J. HOUSTON, Medinah  
Imperial Oriental Guide  
EARL C. MILLS, Za-Ga-Zig  
Imperial 1st Ceremonial Master  
CLIFFORD IRELAND, Mohammed  
Imperial 2nd Ceremonial Master  
JOHN N. SEBRELL, Jr., Khedive  
Imperial Marshall  
DANA S. WILLIAMS, Kora  
Imperial Captain of Guards  
LEONARD P. STEUART, Almas  
Washington, D. C.  
Imperial Outer Guard

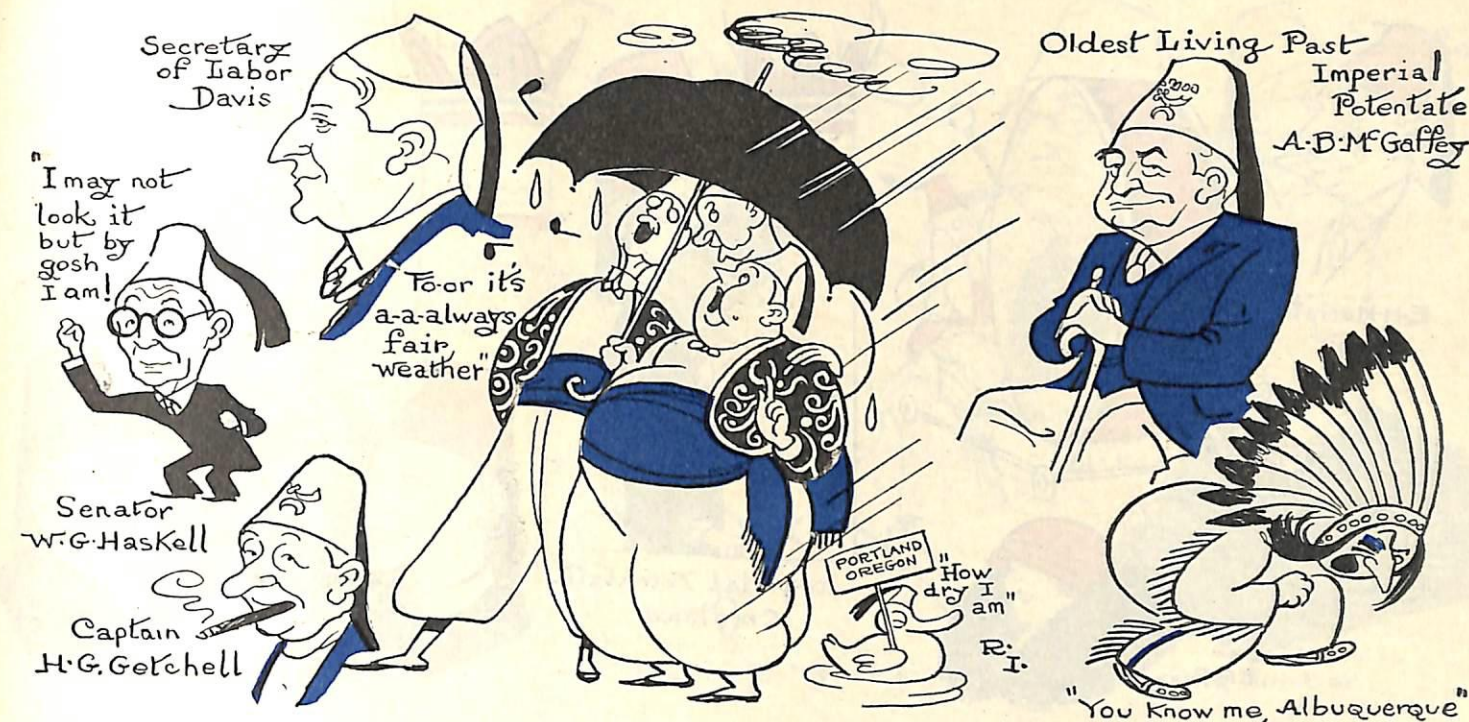


Portland's Shriners Hospital for Crippled Children is a sort of Happy Hunting Ground for the little patients.

The rear of the Portland Shriners Hospital where the children take their daily sunbaths.

The children are allowed as much freedom in play as their little crippled limbs will permit.





IMAGINE if you can the biggest Titan of them all in playful mood. Having robbed the largest paint factory in the world, with all the open cans under his arms he frolicked over the city of Philadelphia, leaping from roof to roof. Down the sides of the buildings he spilled rose madder and sap green. Across the front of grand stand and public buildings are smears of ochre and vermilion. On banner and bunting are dabs and splotches of red, white and blue. To this color riot add all the tulips of Holland nodding and swaying in a summer breeze, and you see the nodding swaying fezzes of the hundreds of thousands of Nobles pushing and jostling good-naturedly through the streets, while myriads of bandmen and patrolmen march and countermarch.

Think of a thousand military bands booming Sousa marches; against them in the ever diminishing distance the bumble bee drone of the kiltie bagpipers. To the shrill voice of the musette in oriental bands add the thud of the drums and the shrill piping of the life and drum corps.

A thousand bell hops and rooming clerks in hotels run around like demented red ants on a hot rock. Taxis of every color of the rainbow scoot hither and yon like potato bugs when the gardener sprays the plants.

William Penn smiles joyously with marble lips, Benjamin Franklin applauds with bronze hands as he leans off the half dozen pedestals he surmounts at the grin on the face of Mayor Past Imperial Potentate Freeland Kendrick as he says, "Lu Lu Greets You."

Take all this mixed metaphor and exaggerated comparison and multiply it by a thousand and it will yet be too small to give a true picture of the Imperial Council Session on its first day.

The Caravans had wended their way over the hot sands of various and sundry deserts to this sacred city. Nobles from Honolulu yelled joyously at friends from Montr.al. Nobles from Miami hugged Nobles from Winnipeg.

Things happened so rapidly and so joyously it is difficult to know where to begin to tell about it. Did brotherly love prevail in this City of Brotherly Love?

But to leave glittering generalities for chronological sequence especially as descriptive adjectives get scarce.

The first thing to strike a visitor on entering the city was of course Broad street. This most famous of Philadelphia's streets was turned over to the Shrine entire. No automobiles were allowed on it but instead it was thronged with women dressed to thrill and Shriners dressed to kill. Overhead were festoons of many colored electric lights and on either side the tall obelisks of ancient Arabia turning this broad street into what would seem at first glance to be an avenue to the tomb of some ancient Egyptian king. Instead of that however it came to an end in the office of His Honor, Past Imperial Potentate Kendrick.

To tell about the first day—Monday—one must first tell about the Sesquicentennial. You will recall that in this village in 1776 there was a document drawn which was the bone and sinew

## With the SHRINERS

### They Demonstrate Once Business

By Roe Fulkerson

on which this country has grown. The signing of the Declaration of Independence and the ringing of the Liberty Bell in Independence Hall was celebrated a hundred years later by a centennial and some of our old timers who fought with Bryan in the Silver War and voted for Billy Melish the first time he ran for Imperial Potentate were here at the time.

A sesquicentennial is to a centennial what a demitasse is to a regular man-sized cup of coffee or what a half-fried chicken is to a roasted whole one. It is just as good but only half the size and that's what Philadelphia is staging here now. They are allowing the Shrine to open the Sesquicentennial for them and the Shrine has the openers.

The parade on Monday morning was of course down Broad street and it was a short but impressive procession of gentlemen headed by a cordon of mounted police. Why do police go in cordons anyway? But they headed this as they head all other processions. Then of course came the beautiful soldiers. The soldiers were in companies and battalions, not in cordons. Next were the distinguished guests. If any nation had decided to do any funny business in Washington this particular Monday would have been a good time, for all the diplomats from Europe, Asia and Algebra were in the parade and were welcomed in due and ancient form at Independence Hall.

The procession went down to Independence Hall where the Mayor explained to all the visitors how welcome they were, and then Imperial Potentate Jim Burger told the Mayor how glad we all were to be here and everything was all jake from that time on.

The other events of the day were golf tournaments at all the country clubs, baseball at all the ball parks in both the morning and afternoon with patrol drills as an extra attraction at each game, and a regatta on the historic Schuylkill.

At high noon, daylight savings time the Records Association met in "solemn" session at luncheon in the Bellevue Hyphen Stratford and did what ever Records Associations do when they meet in "solemn" session at luncheon.

Then there was the luncheon to the Imperial Council officers, Representatives and their ladies also at the Bellevue Hyphen Stratford. This was one of the very nicest functions of the session.

This brings us around in natural sequence to politics. There

## at PHILADELPHIA

### More the Perfect Blend and Pleasure

Illustrations by Rea Irvin

is or are no politics in the Mystic Shrine. Far from it. But it happens that there are men in at least fifty-seven different Temples of the Mystic Shrine who have lightning rods sticking up above their fezzes and are hoping that lightning will strike and if so it will find them in receptive mood.

The Nobles of these Temples have a way of collaring representatives and talking them half to death on the merits of these favorite sons. Literally hundreds of button-holes have been pulled out by these button holers for the several different men who find themselves in a receptive mood for the one office available—that of Imperial Outer Guard.

"Came the night" as they say in the movie captions. At seven o'clock the Imperial Council Officers opened the Sesquicentennial. They went out to the grounds and there were the usual number of speeches in which man after man simply oozed eloquence from every pore and pimple and the audience was jointly and severally as happy as fish in a furnace. Everybody was as "solumn" as a barber shaving a corpse but at last it was over and every Noble went to work on that Shrine theory that it is foolish to waste eight out of twenty-four hours in sleep.

Then they danced everything from the stately minuet to the joyous Charleston.

While all this was going on in the hotels the Nobles of Lu Lu were putting on a Ceremonial at the Metropolitan Opera House and because of the sheer gorgeousness of the first section and ingenuity of the second neither the visiting Nobles nor the candidates will ever forget the occasion. It was done in Lu Lu style which means it could not have been improved.

Through all this the public was dancing to half a dozen bands situated along the "Arabian Way"—the temporary name of Broad street, and the Imperial Council officers were being entertained at a reception at the Municipal Auditorium.

At an Imperial Council Session it is difficult to determine just when one day ends and another begins. But it would seem that Monday ended along about a couple o'clock on Tuesday morning. It is a bit unfortunate that the Shrine was not originated earlier. If it had existed back in the days when the high gods reveled on Mount Olympus of course Jupiter Pluvius would have been a member and would have been more considerate of Philadelphia. All day leaden clouds and an occasional shower had tried in vain to dampen the enthusiasm of the Shriners.

At the hour mentioned a Shrine quartette consisting of three men and a tenor with a voice like a tan-yard dog, seated themselves on the steps of a brown stone house in the residential section and began a song with a thousand verses. The tenor sang the verse and the quartette swung in on the chorus. The one remembered verse was—

"There was a woman in our town  
She in our town did dwell  
She loved her husband mighty, mighty good  
And another guy twice as well.

Chorus  
Didn't it rain, rain, rain?  
Didn't it rain?  
I'll tell the dampened cockeyed world  
It rained!"

At the end of the thirtieth verse a dignified butler came to the door of the house and said quietly:

"I say, could I bring you gentlemen some umbrellas perhaps or a bit of lunch or maybe you would like chairs?"

"Bill," said the tenor, "I believe this guy is gittin' sarcastic."

"I'm afraid so," said the bass in his low down voice. "Let's go home and go to bed and shut off their music, darn 'em."

They did. There were others who didn't. In the early morning it was difficult for even the careful observer to determine whether a man in evening clothes was a waiter coming to work or a Shriner going home from a party.

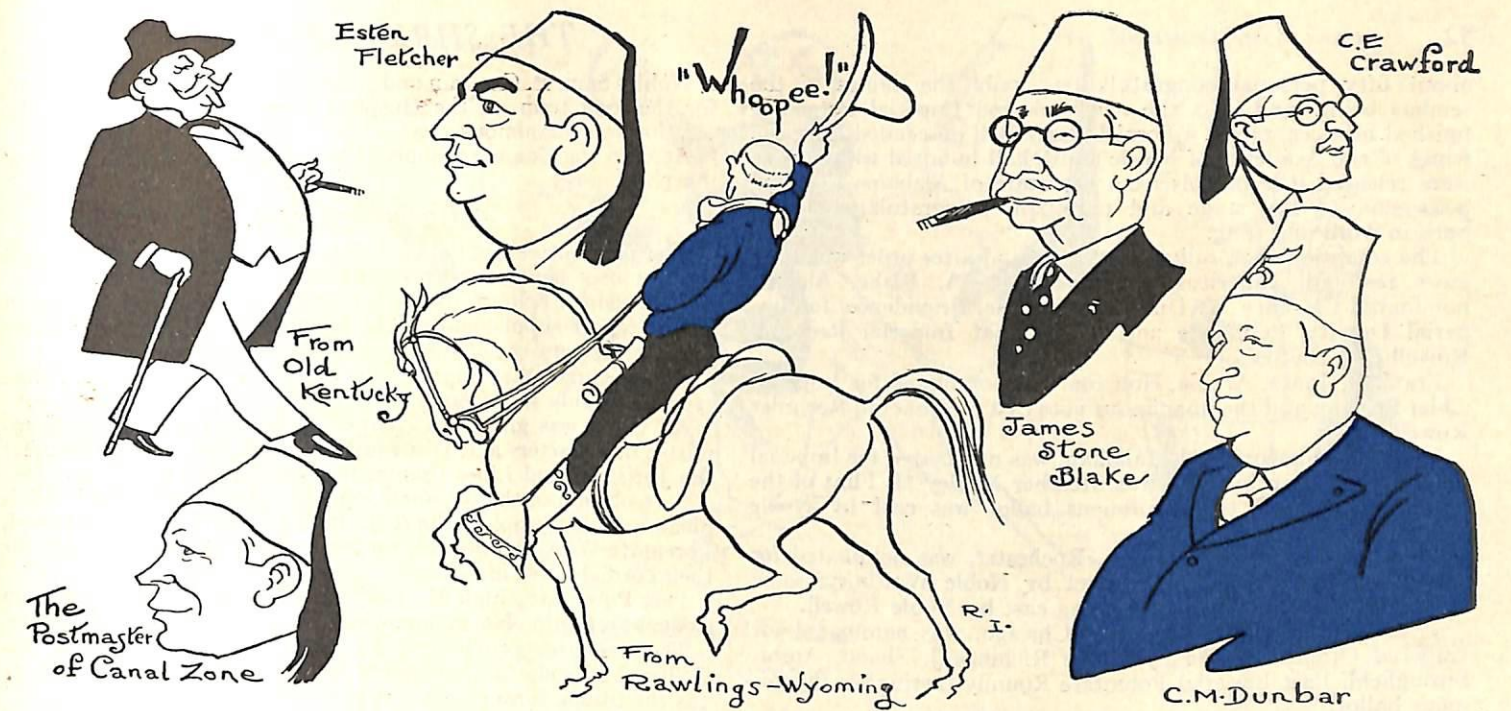
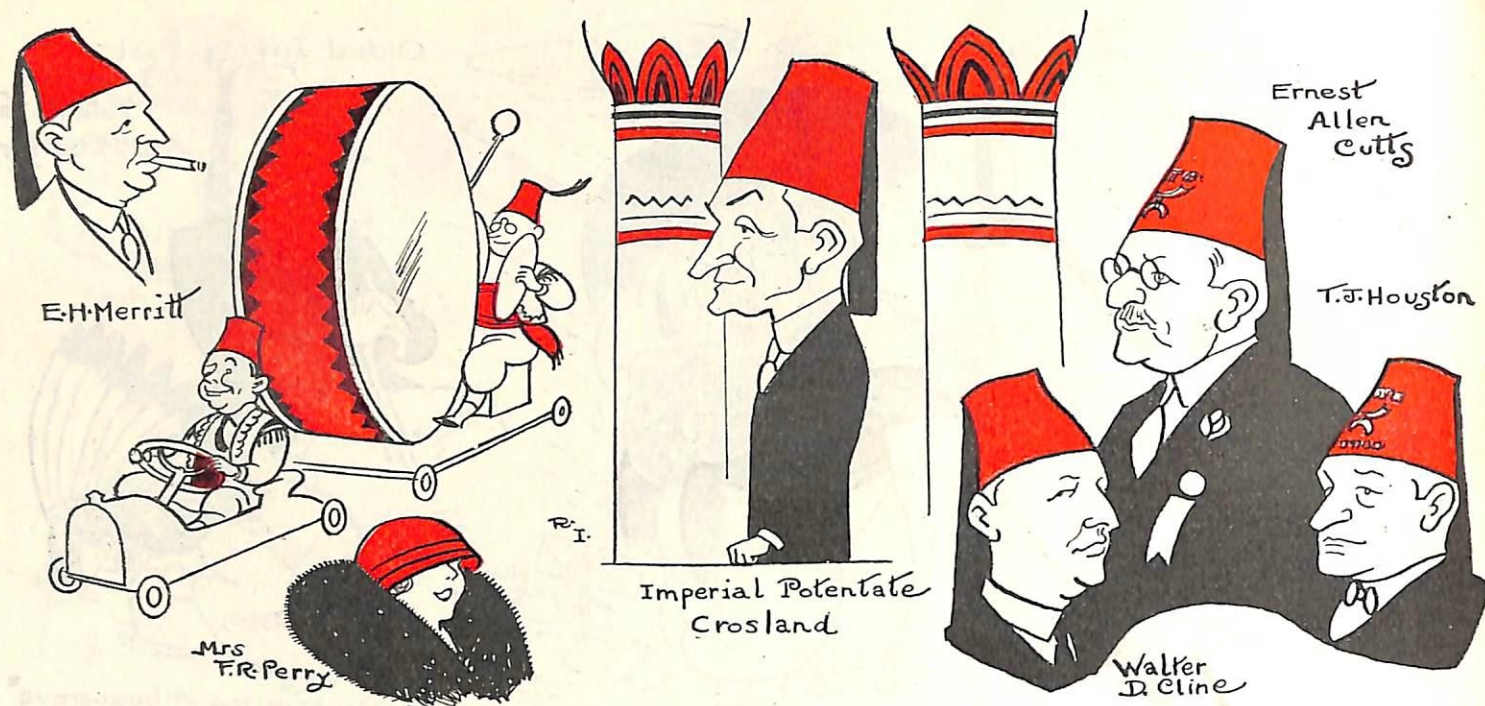
At eight o'clock in the evening Lu Lu Temple put on a vaudeville show de luxe at the Metropolitan Opera House which they own and use as a mosque. It was a show of high quality and great length and the only admission required was a Shrine card.

Taken by and large Tuesday was a neat day. Every man of Lu Lu Temple was happy and busy as a one armed man buttoning his glove, and every visitor was sold forever on Lu Lu hospitality. Lu Lu efficiency and Lu Lu patience.

Did you ever see a Turner sunset and do you recall the pigments used in it? Have you ever seen one of Lucien Powells pictures of the Grand Canyon, and do you recall that palette? Have you ever seen a tortoise shell cat have a fit in a blue enameled pan of tomato catsup? If anything these comparisons are too mild to express the color display of the uniformed units of the parade on Tuesday morning. A flock of peacocks spreading their tails in the midst of a fireworks factory exploding would be drab in comparison.

For years the writer hereof has made a deep study of bass drums. After seeing the morning parade of the Mystic Shrine it cannot be questioned that it has been a fine season for bass drums. Never was the crop so plentiful and never have they come so large. The old time brass band had one bass drum carried by a perspiring dorky. Bands now have them like aces in pairs, in trips and one band had a battery of four of them.





## The Imperial Council's Fifty-Second Session Day by Day Proceedings

By J. Harry Lewis

### THE FIRST DAY

The opening exercises were of the briefest, due to the length of the parade and the lateness of the hour when the review was ended. Prayer by the Rev. Mr. Lower was followed by an address of welcome on the part of Hon. W. Freeland Kendrick, Mayor of Philadelphia and Past Imperial Potentate; Illustrious Potentate Wm. J. Highfield, Lu Lu Temple, Philadelphia, to which Noble Burger responded and then business was proceeded with, the report of the committee on Credentials being the first order.

The Mileage and Per Diem Committee recommended that \$15 per diem and 15 cents per mile by the nearest route one way be allotted the Representatives and the recommendation was adopted.

Chairman Thad Landon, Ararat, Kansas City, presented some resolutions governing the acts of the Imperial Council pending its acceptance of the Charter under which it now operates. These approved all acts done up to that time and such as should be done until the adoption of the permanent laws, the discussion of which was next proceeded with.

The most important piece of legislature for the day was the making of all Imperial Council officers Representatives at Large, with no need for further election at the hands of their Temple. This, however, does not reduce the number of Representatives to be elected by such Temples as have an officer in line.

The classification of Honorary Life Members and Permanent Representatives was clarified.

The salary of the Imperial Recorder was increased from \$3000 to \$6000 per year and that of the Imperial Treasurer from \$2500 to \$5000 per year.

A resolution was introduced calling for the appointment by the incoming Imperial Potentate of Committee to report on the advisability of establishing permanent headquarters for the Order, said committee to consist of five Representatives and the Imperial Potentate and the Imperial Deputy Potentate.

A second resolution calls for the appointment of a committee to revise the ritual with a view to better co-ordination of the first and third sections.

Both these committees are to report at the next session.

### THE SECOND DAY

Secretary of Labor, James J. Davis, Syria, Pittsburgh, made a very appealing address, dwelling on the work of the Hospitals.

great originality on the part of the management for never before in the history of processions has one been led by a cordon of police. That is to say not many of them.

After the police came Shriners. Shriners fat and Shriners tall, Shriners thin and Shriners short. Shriners dressed in every color of the rainbow and decorated with electric lights of every size and description.

Temple after Temple in its best bib and tucker, band after band playing its most martial music, group of chanters after group of chanters singing their sweetest, group after group of war veterans who make up the guards of the various Temples and oriental band after oriental band swung along under the electric lights which festooned the line of march. Many Temples supplied their own lighting by batteries concealed in horns, drums and the clothing of the nobilities. These private electric light plants showed up names of Temples, slogans of cities and emblems of the order and added much to the general light effect of the parade.

"The best ever," said Imperial Potentate Burger. "Never saw it equal," was the consensus of opinion of the Imperial Council officers.

WHEN the procession was finally over the dances started. At every hotel the ballrooms were crowded with circling couples and for once the grandeur and color of the ladies costumes were outdone by the uniforms of the men. Happy groups filled the Bellevue Hyphen Stratford, the Ritz, the Sylvania, the Adelphia, the Ben Franklin, the Pennsylvania and the Walton. Here Shriners and their wives danced until long after midnight. In the street along the Arabian Way the public tripped joyously to the music of the Shrine bands and every man, woman and child seemed to be filled with that joy known so largely by Shriners.

At three o'clock in the morning a lost bandsman wandered alone down the Arabian Way. He carried a huge tuba which looked like the entrance to a tunnel under the Hudson River. He was complete master of his big Umpah-umpah horn and in short puffs from his well filled lungs he expressed the sentiment of the whole city. Stopping now and then to refill his lungs he shook the windows of the adjacent hotels with his own rendition of that classic:

"This is the end of a perfect Day."

Thursday was a less interesting day from the viewpoint of the outsider and by far the most interesting to the dyed-in-the-wool Shriner. The crowds were thinning down on the streets, porters were looking up trains, separated parties were getting together for the long trek home.

Every man went home happy. Everyone was singing "Lu Lu I love you" and meaning it. The convention has passed into history with no criticism of anything. The host city took care of the meeting in fine shape. Philadelphia is to be congratulated, Lu Lu Temple is to be congratulated. Al Ladner is to be congratulated and the Shrine is to be congratulated.

Bass drums are no longer carried in the old way. Some musicians who play a bass drum ride the drum. Others are motor driven, yet others are on wheels and are pulled by perspiring Nobles. The bass drum was once a despised instrument but it is now a work of art. On its sides are painted pictures of knights in armor kissing the hands of beautiful women, ensigns of the Shrine, and one of them had the entire range of the Rocky Mountains from Lake Louise to Tia Juana painted on it.

But to get back to the parade. The bands played and the Chanters sang Maryland, my Maryland, The Maple Leaf Forever, Old Kentucky Home, Dixie, We're from I-o-way, and all the other state songs.

Wednesday followed Tuesday in Philadelphia as it does most places. On the band stands erected in the middle of the Arabian Way Shrine bands spelled each other and spellbound the public. The crowds made the day Visiting Day and the "Do you remember whens" laughed over the remembrance, laughed over each other and hobnobbed in hotel rooms, lobby and streets. There was nothing in particular scheduled for the day save the session of the Imperial Council where serious minded Representatives sat in solemn session and adopted serious reports having to do with the future welfare of Shrinedom.

Crowds are mobs or parties according to the horse power of the hallucination which brings them together. Philadelphia on Wednesday was a party. Brother Love, the slogan of Philadelphia, was prevailing to a marvelous degree. The sun shone, the uniforms and jewels gleamed and all morning things were humming like the bee business.

Three o'clock in the afternoon made a big change. The streets emptied of their throngs, stray bandsmen stopped soloing on every corner, chanters began to finger their larynxes or whatever is the plural of a single larynx. There was an air of expectancy. Every one was either taking a nap, oiling a slide trombone or chalking a pair of white shoes in preparation for the big night parade.

THEN came the hurried dinner, the marshaling of the bands, patrols and chanters and the big party was almost ready. Ladies dashed madly around hotel corridors borrowing lip sticks and gentlemen hunting some Noble who had an extra set of studs suitable for evening wear.

The Formation was at Broad street and Oregon avenue, south on Broad street, past the Stadium, then via Packer street to Tenth thence to Broad street. Noble Clifford Ireland was the Grand Marshall than which there could have been no grander. Cliff was there!

All the streets along the way were lined with wildly enthusiastic Shriners and the population of the Quaker City lined the curb stones, grand stands and house-tops to see this the biggest pageant of the year in Shrinedom. No organization in North America can begin to touch the spectacle for grandeur.

The procession was led by a cordon of police. This showed

Temples were disbarred from further creation of life members for distinguished or meritorious service.

The authority of the Board of Trustees was enlarged to acquire hospitals already erected.

The Shrine Magazine was endorsed.

All bonds placed on officers of the Imperial Council were ordered paid by that body.

An oversight which did not prohibit the soliciting of votes on the part of a candidate for Representative was remedied, the same penalties to apply as for the same offense in connection with any other candidacy.

The committee on Revision had inserted a clause prohibiting the issuance of dispensations for Ceremonial Sessions beyond the jurisdiction of the Imperial Council. This was stricken out.

The amendments offered looking toward an easier construction of the anti-gambling laws were overwhelmingly defeated.

The restrictions on granting new dispensations for Temples were increased from 600 to 1000 signatories, and increasing the protection offered existing Temples by prohibiting such dispensations when reducing the membership of Temples in the same territory below the 2000 mark. This automatically increased the requirements to 1000 before a charter can issue to a Temple under dispensation.

Membership may be reinstated in a Temple issuing a demit by a majority vote of the members, in place of subjecting the applicant to the ballot. This applies exclusively to cases where the demit is placed in the same Temple as issued it.

A law was passed requiring that a resolution involving a change of law shall not be acted upon the same day as received.

No future assessments shall issue without thirty days notice and reference to the Temples.

The report of the committee on Revision was adopted as a whole except that part relating to jurisdictional lines, which was later approved with amendments in conformity with the decisions of the Committee on Jurisdictional Lines.

Elections were next in order and Honorary Life Member A. E. Cameron placed the name of D. W. Crosland in nomination for the office of Imperial Potentate, moved that the nominations be closed and that the unanimous vote of the Council be cast by Past Imperial Potentate William B. Melish.

Then came turmoil in large and satisfying quantities. Alcazar Band of Montgomery had been waiting in the gallery from 9 o'clock in the morning until 3.55 in the afternoon and on the announcement of the vote broke into "Dixie" and the Imperial Council caught the contagion and joined in the celebration.

Potentate Crenshaw, Alcazar, then took the stage with a bundle of telegrams of congratulations from the President and City Commission of Birmingham, Alabama; the Kiwanis Club of that city; the Rotary Club; Grand Secretary Eastern Star of Alabama; Father Patrick Turner; Hugh Meehan, Grand Knight, Montgomery Knights of Columbus; Merpaca Shrine Club; Noble Crosland's office force; president and secretary of the Montgomery Chamber of Commerce; Sheriff Leon Schwartz; and



about fifty personal congratulations, only the names of the senders being read. As the newly elected Imperial Potentate finished his acceptance, a floral Liberty Bell descended from the wings of the Academy of Music and a half hundred white doves were released, the patrols from the state of Alabama assumed possession of the stage and personally congratulated Dave, both in word and song.

The reception took fully a half hour and after order was once more restored, Emeritus Member James A. Blake, Aleppo, nominated Clarence M. Dunbar, Palestine, Providence, for Imperial Deputy Potentate and moved that Imperial Recorder Rowell cast the ballot.

Frank C. Jones, Arabia, Houston, was nominated for Imperial Chief Rabban and the unanimous vote cast by Imperial Recorder Rowell.

Leo V. Youngworth, Al Malaikah, was nominated for Imperial Assistant Rabban by Emeritus Member Motley H. Flint of the same Temple and the unanimous ballot was cast by Noble Rowell.

Esten A. Fletcher, Damascus, Rochester, was nominated for Imperial High Priest and Prophet by Noble Westbury, same Temple, the unanimous ballot being cast by Noble Rowell.

Thomas J. Houston, Medinah, Chicago, was nominated for Imperial Oriental Guide by Noble Richings J. Shand, Ansar, Springfield, Past Imperial Potentate Roundy casting the unanimous ballot.

William S. Brown, Syria, Pittsburgh, was nominated for Imperial Treasurer by Past Imperial Potentate William B. Melish, who also cast the elective ballot.

B. W. Rowell, Aleppo, Boston, was nominated for Imperial Recorder by Past Imperial Potentate A. B. McGaffey, who cast the unanimous vote.

Earl C. Mills, Za-Ga-Zig, Des Moines, was nominated for Imperial First Ceremonial Master by Noble W. A. McKay, Khartum, Winnipeg.

Clifford Ireland, Mohammed, Peoria, was nominated for Imperial Second Ceremonial Master by Past Imperial Potentate E. J. Jacoby.

John N. Sebrell, Jr., Khedive, Norfolk, was nominated for Imperial Marshal by Noble James H. Price, Acca, Richmond.

Dana Williams, Kora, Lewiston, Maine, was nominated for Imperial Captain of the Guard by Noble Les Walton, Abou Ben Adhem, Springfield, Missouri.

In each of the above cases the unanimous vote of the Imperial Council was cast.

For Imperial Outer Guard the following nominations were made:

Noble Leonard P. Steuart, Almas, Washington, D. C., by Past Imperial Potentate C. V. Dykeman.

Noble Albert H. Ladner, Jr., Lu Lu, Philadelphia, by Noble Thad B. Landon, Ararat, Kansas City.

Noble Henry C. Heinz, Yaarab, Atlanta, Georgia, by Noble John B. Orr, Mahi, Miami.

Noble Clyde I. Webster, Moslem, Detroit, by Noble Wm. J. Murray, same Temple.

Noble Hugh M. Caldwell, Nile, Seattle, by Noble George Filmer, Islam, San Francisco.

The first ballot showed no election

Steuart	293
Ladner	96
Heinz	54
Webster	45
Caldwell	119

Nobles Webster and Heinz withdrawing, the second ballot stood:

Steuart	359
Ladner	79
Caldwell	148

Nobles Ladner and Caldwell withdrawing the election was made unanimous on motion of Noble Ladner, seconded by Noble Caldwell, who were appointed a committee to escort Noble Steuart to the stage for acceptance.

Committee on Emeritus members reported Past Potentate James R. Johnson, Omar, as eligible and he was elected.

A recommendation for Captain A. M. Shuey, Zuhrah, Minneapolis, and Alex Gilliland, Syria, Pittsburgh, for emeritus membership was adopted.

Noble William A. French, Sudan, New Bern, North Carolina, reported on Jurisdictional lines, and the recommendations made were adopted except in the case of Minnesota, which was referred back to the committee for further consideration.

## THE SHRINE MAGAZINE

Nobles Sam. P. Cochran and James R. Watt were renominated for the long term on the Hospital Board of Trustees and the election was unanimous.

At 6-20 the Council adjourned to meet at 9 o'clock Thursday morning.

### THE THIRD DAY.

The Committee on Public Safety reported that not a single infraction of law had been reported.

Chairman Cochran, board of Trustees, hospitals, made a verbal report supplementing the printed one, asking for suggestions for betterment of service on the part of his committee.

The George Washington Memorial Association committee reported highly satisfactory service.

Ali Ghan was granted a charter on recommendation of Committee on Charters and Dispensations, with instructions to meet the Jurisdictional Lines Committee, for proper agreement.

A resolution of thanks was adopted to the citizens of Philadelphia; Lu Lu Temple, Albert J. Ladner, Jr., Director-General, Potentate Wm. J. Highfield, Lu Lu, and the ladies of the city for their cordial entertainment.

Past Potentate Hugh M. Caldwell, Nile, Seattle, presented an eloquent report on Necrology, which was adopted by a rising vote.

The resolution providing for a committee to report on advisability of establishing permanent headquarters was approved, as was the calling for a committee to revise the ritual.

The Committee on Finance and Accounts reports that all books of officers and committees had been audited by the certified accountants and found correct and moved the adoption of the various financial reports, which motion prevailed.

They also provided for the payment of mileage and per diem to the Imperial Treasurer's assistant, and reported the following budget for the coming year:

Imperial Potentate's contingent fund	\$12,000
Private secretary expense and salary	5,000
Imperial Treasurer	5,000
Treasurer's contingent fund	600
Imperial Recorder	6,000
Recorder's assistant	3,000
Clerical hire	1,000
Office rent	500
Premium on surety bonds	500
Recorder's contingent fund	1,000
Printing	15,000
Engrossing	5,000
Badges 1927 session	1,500
Headquarters expense 1926	1,000
Hotel Committee 1927	1,000
Instituting new Temple	1,000
Flowers for funerals	200
George Washington Memorial Association	30,000
Certified public accountants	5,000
Traveling expense for same	2,000
Expense standing and special committees	3,000
Incidental expenses	1,000

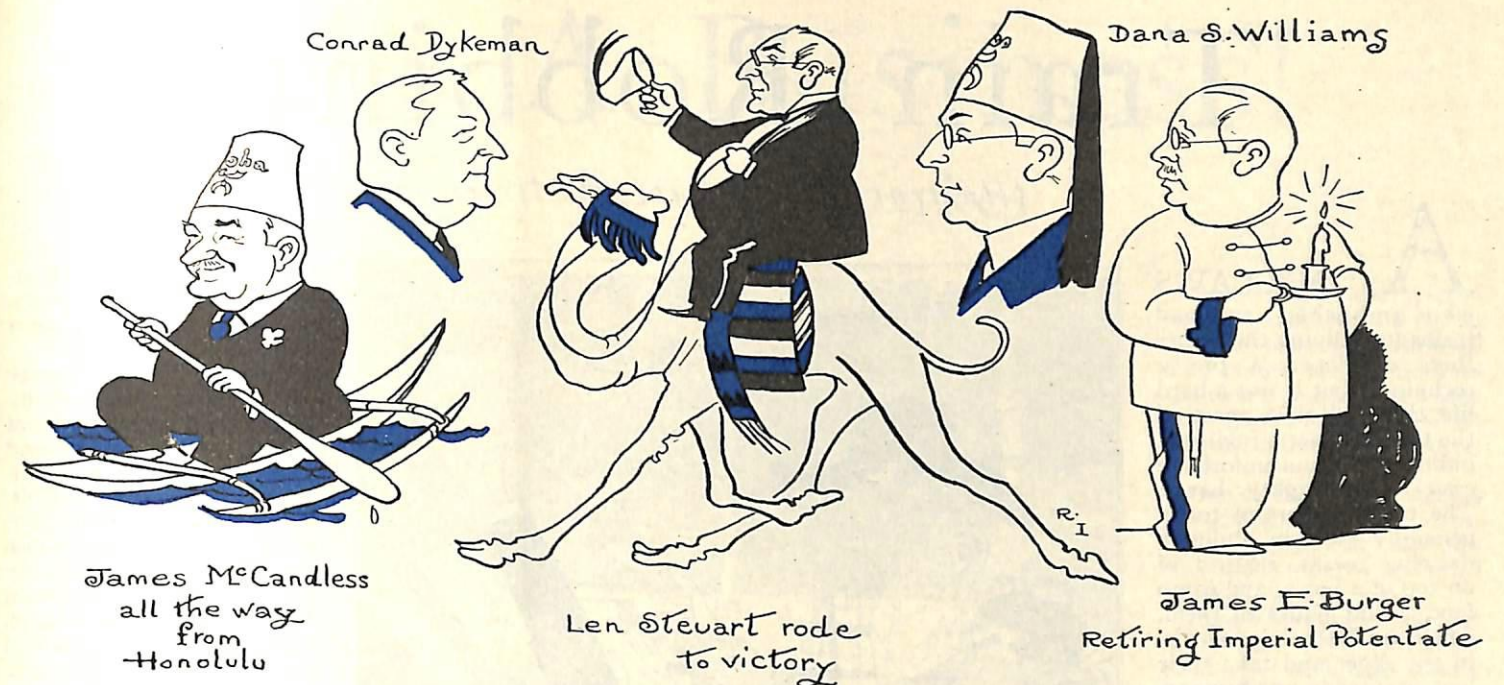
The committee further reported the probable fatal illness of a long-time member of the committee—Noble Herman Rehborn—and moved that flowers be sent him, that appropriate resolutions of tribute and sympathy be prepared and forwarded and that his check for mileage and per diem be sent his wife. So ordered.

The Committee on Revision of the Laws was discharged with a personal tribute from the Imperial Potentate and a vote of thanks from the Imperial Council.

Past Potentate Gerald D. Bliss, Abou Saad, Canal Zone, presented a Panamanian flag which was accepted by Noble Burger on behalf of the Imperial Council.

The committee on Jurisprudence and laws reported the 34 decisions of the Imperial Potentate to be in conformity with the law and recommended their approval. So ordered.

Past Potentate E. H. Merritt, committee on flag design, reported that contracts had been entered into with the following manufacturers for the manufacture and sale of the official flags at stipulated prices: Annan & Co., New York; Ihling Bros. & Everard, Kalamazoo; Pettibone Bros. Mfg. Co., Cincinnati; The Lilley Co., Columbus; De Moulin Bros. & Co., Greenville, Ind.; Craddock Co., Kansas City; Gelhaar Co., Kansas City; Smith-Ramsay Embroidery Company Philadelphia; Ames Sword Company, Chicopee; Henderson-Ames Co., Kalamazoo; Ward-Stilson Co., Anderson, Ind.; Cincinnati Regalia Co., Cincinnati, which list was ordered printed in The Shrine Magazine.



Noble Fred O. Wood, Official Magazine Committee, was introduced and spoke on the future of the Magazine.

Noble John A. Morrison, feeling unable to continue on the Publication Committee, nominated Julius P. Heil, Tripoli, Milwaukee, and he was elected for the five-year term.

Past Potentate John T. Buckbee, Tebala, Rockford, introduced Noble Rodney Brandon, general manager of Mooseheart, who made a most eloquent and appealing address on the responsibilities to children.

The Committee on Appeals and Grievances reported in favor of closing the suspension against one Noble and continuing the extension against another Noble for another year as punishment for transgression of the law against canvassing for votes for a candidate for office. The report was adopted and the recommendations accepted.

Reconsideration was had of the rule passed the day before calling for a day of interim before acting on any amendment.

Past Potentate Scott Henderson, Afifi, Tacoma, discoursed on the trip to the Orient, the objections that had been made and the manner in which they had been met.

The power of the Imperial Potentate was enlarged to embrace the right to issue dispensations for Ceremonials in foreign countries. The Representatives from Kosair reported that they had met and would continue to meet the suggestions of the Imperial Potentate as to their financial status and asked that they be permitted to work out their own problems. Concurred in.

A motion was made and lost which would compel notice of any future assessment made by the Imperial Council to be filed at least sixty days prior to its being acted upon and all Temples and Representatives to be notified at least thirty days before action was taken.

A motion to increase the hospital assessment from \$2 to \$3 was lost, it being deemed ill advised to take such action right at this time.

Time and Place Committee reported Atlantic City, June 14, 15 and 16 as the selection for 1927. Concurred in.

The officers were next installed by Past Imperial Potentate Wm. B. Melish, and two magnificent baskets of flowers were presented by Mahi, to Imperial Potentate and Mrs. Crosland.

The following committees were announced:

The newly installed Imperial Potentate pledged twelve months of undivided effort to the promotion of the best interests of the Shrine and assured the Nobility that their convenience and not his was to be consulted on all matters involving personal attendance.

Jurisprudence and Laws—Albert H. Ladner, Jr., Lu Lu, Philadelphia; Wm. B. Melish, Syrian, Cincinnati; Albert B. McGaffey, El Jebel; B. S. Gaitskill, Mirza, Pittsburg; Thad. B. Landon, Ararat.

Finance and Accounts—Lou B. Winsor, Saladin, Grand Rapids; J. C. Burger, El Jebel; T. S. Rishworth, Osman; Harry E. Sharrer, Orak; John S. Fouché, Alhambra, Chattanooga.

Imperial Council Headquarters—David W. Crosland, Alcazar; Clarence M. Dunbar, Palestine, Providence; Frank C. Jones, Arabia, Houston; Wm. S. Brown, Syria, Pittsburgh; B. W. Rowell, Aleppo, Boston.

Dispensations and Charters—George F. Olendorf, Abou Ben Adhem; Thomas P. Bradley, Aad, Duluth; W. F. Taylor, Khartum, Winnipeg; O. W. Burdatts, Osiris, Wheeling.

Jurisdictional Lines—Wm. G. Speed, Boumi, Baltimore; George T. Matthews, Moolah, St. Louis; Richings J. Shand, Ansar, Springfield; Wm. A. French, Sudan, New Bern.

Establishment of Magazine—David W. Crosland, Alcazar, Montgomery; James E. Chandler, Ararat, Kansas City; Clarence M. Dunbar, Palestine, Providence; Fred O. Wood, Ararat, Kansas City; Arthur H. Vincent, Medinah, Chicago; George Filmer, Islam, San Francisco; Julius P. Heil, Tripoli.

Permanent Headquarters for the Imperial Council—C. V. Dykeman, Kismet, Brooklyn; E. J. Jacoby, Murat, Indianapolis; J. J. Thomas, Aladdin, Columbus; Newton A. K. Bugbee, Crescent, Trenton; W. F. Seber, Oriental, Troy.

Revision of Ritual—James H. Price, Acca, Richmond; Lee E. Thomas, El Karubah, Shreveport; Thos. S. Currie, Karnak, Montreal; Victor Wankowski, Al Bahr, San Diego; James T. Rodgers, Kalurah, Binghamton.

The Imperial Potentate and Deputy Imperial Potentate are members of each of the above committees.

The meeting was then adjourned.

### MEETING OF THE RECORDERS.

The meeting was opened with Recorder Leslie H. Swan in the chair, following a dinner served in Lu Lu Temple rooms. Imperial Potentate Burger was introduced by Past Imperial Potentate Phil C. Shaefer and spoke in his usual happy vein. Potentate William J. Highfield, of Lu Lu Temple, welcomed the visitors.

President Swan read his report which was referred to the proper committee and adopted. Secretary-Treasurer W. M. Colley, Kerbel, Knoxville, reported a surplus of \$7246.58. The report was referred to the finance committee and adopted and spread on the minutes. The Committee on Necrology paid a glowing tribute to Recorders E. C. Way, Damascus, and George A. Fitch, Al Malaikah, Los Angeles.

Noble Deane R. Lynde, Ararat, Kansas City, circulation manager of The Shrine Magazine, addressed the meeting on the matter of cooperation for efficiency in his department. A committee was appointed consisting of Recorders Joe H. Muenster, Ben Hur, Austin; F. Lawrence Walker, Almas, Washington; and Arthur J. Kelly, Ararat, Kansas City, Missouri, to prepare a questionnaire to send to all recorders asking for suggestions for the efficiency of the delivery of the magazine.

Election of officers resulted in Walter T. King, Osman, St. Paul, President; Fred W. DeLaney, Mahi, Miami, First Vice-President; Frank B. Lazier, Nile, Seattle, Second Vice-President; George E. Keppler, Arabia, Houston, Third Vice-President; W. M. Cooley, Kerbel, Knoxville, Secretary-Treasurer.



# Train Robbing

Illustrations by George Clisbee

# —As A Business!

By Boyden Sparkes

**AS** OUTLAWS who ambushed railroad trains for a living the James Boys developed a pretty technique, but it was a hard life they led since most of the time they were fugitives, hiding in uncomfortable caves or draughty barns. The train robbers of today generally ride in Pullman drawing rooms, instead of on top of a horse; and camp food would nauseate them. They eat Delmonico steaks in the diner and take their loot as steadily as a business man takes profit from an industry that has no dull season.

The train robbers of today are card sharks, and they will get you if you don't watch out. You think not? Listen!

My friend lives in Atlanta, Ga. He was a captain of infantry in the A. E. F. Since then he has held stern jobs in the oil fields of West Virginia and the metal mines of Nevada.

He had reached a stage in his development where, as he expresses it, he felt he "could recognize the fast ones"—when he came East for a vacation with a bank roll that contained about \$800. After a brief stay in New York there was only \$700, and with golf clubs and shiny new luggage and smart clothes, he caught an early afternoon train of the Pennsylvania Railroad for Atlantic City. Easing himself into a soft seat in the chair car, he began to read a newspaper.

"While I was reading," he told me recently, "a young fellow, affable and with a cultured manner, interrupted my reading to ask if I cared to play cards. What he said was: 'I beg your pardon, but would you join us in the drawing room in a little game of bridge?' We have another hour or so and we want to kill the time."

"I THANKED him but refused. I told him I preferred to read for a while longer. Then I qualified my refusal by saying if he hadn't found a fourth by the time I was finished I'd be glad to take a hand."

"Righto," he agreed pleasantly. But the instant I laid my paper down he reappeared. His manner was now wistful. He had been unable to find a fourth player.

"I'll play," I told him and followed him down the aisle to the drawing room as he tossed over his shoulder a few sentences calculated to put me at my ease. He said that he and a companion were going down to Atlantic City for a week. He apologized for the third man, asking me almost timidly if I minded playing with this 'salesman fellow.' The tone of his voice hinted that if I minded he would understand perfectly, since he, my host, couldn't vouch for the fellow.

"At the door of the drawing room my guide and host whispered that we would only play for small stakes—a tenth of a cent a point. I knew at that price I couldn't lose much even though I



☞ Jesse James was a Piker—

played against Mr. Whitehead or Mr. Foster or the late Mr. Elwell—and me a dub.

"My courtly acquaintance shoved baggage out of my way with a fine gesture of hospitality and introduced me to his traveling companion, a man somewhat older, about forty I should say. He had the bearing of those who spend part of each day standing at parade rest in the lobby of the Hotel Astor. Times Square was stamped on him like a hall mark. The other man, the one for whose presence my acquaintance had apologized, was brusque and hearty."

"Well, we played one rubber of bridge, after which the salesman yawned and said that bridge bored him. He said he would like to play a little cheap stud poker. Now I have played stud in army training camps, in the field, in mining camps, in the oil fields. I think I'm pretty good. I don't think too highly of a pair of tens. I don't try to fill an inside straight when I play draw poker, and besides I like poker."

"The deal went around the table several times and then I began to get what I hoped would be—oh, pretty, pretty—a heart flush. The salesman had two jacks showing and seemed to be-

lieve in them. As I filled my flush he got another jack. He might have had another jack in the hole, but he did not. I won about \$18 or \$20 and since I was winning I did not feel like objecting to the betting arrangement—table stakes. No limit had been set."

"The only thing I could have objected to in the game was the incessant chattering. The young man who had invited me to play had a fund of anecdotes. When he wasn't telling a story the salesman was. I like to play quietly so that I can keep my mind on the cards, but I had a difficult time trying to do that with those men. The older man, the Times Square habitué, kept getting up and squeezing past me to get a drink or a cigar or to hail the porter. There were many distractions, but nevertheless I was winning, and a winner rarely feels like being touchy. It is the loser who protests about such annoyances."

"AFTER four or five more hands I got another good start, aces, back to back. It was between the salesman and me once more and I trailed along seeing each of his raises. When we had our five cards I had a full house, built with my pair of aces and three tens. The salesman had kings and deuces showing. Since my chattering acquaintance had had a king showing when he 'folded' I felt that my chances were extraordinarily good. After all there are only four kings in a deck. There is a hypnotic power in a good poker hand. I itched to reach out my arm and haul in the more than \$700 pot, about half of which was the thickest half of my vacation bank roll."

"Then the salesman called. When we flipped over our hole cards he exposed a third king and reached for the money. By

that time the train was slowly rolling into Atlantic City.

"The two occupants of the drawing room seemed so distressed they would have made me feel guilty except that I kept telling myself I'd been a long time saving that money."

"Really, old man," consoled my cultured acquaintance, "I'm more sorry than I can say. All we meant to have was a mild game!"

"While he talked the salesman disappeared, with my money, into another car."

"Uhh," I said. "Goo-bye." I suppose I should have turned crusader and clouted them with a fist or a heavy suitcase or that little one-legged table that the Pullman company provides. But I didn't. I could not decide whether I had been gypped."

"And that's why I swallowed my Adam's apple a couple of times and charged it up to experience."

There you have it: a perfect example of present day train robbery. It is going on constantly. My friend's experience conformed to a pattern that is familiar to those railroad executives who occupy posts that compel them to listen to the complaints of passengers who lose and squawk. It is a familiar story to all railroad police."

One of these, an old detective who remembers when the country men—and the city men—bought gold bricks, says that the pickings on the railways of the United States are so good and so free from danger that most of the old transatlantic steamship card sharpers have abandoned the sea and have taken to riding in Pullmans, keeping in the currents of seasonal travel, between the North and Florida in the winter; on the routes to Maine, the Wisconsin Lakes and similar resort sections in the summer."

NOT long ago the Pullman company undertook to assemble the rogues' gallery photographs and the records of some of these sharpers in order to train their conductors and porters to recognize them. But the best card sharks don't have police records so that other protective measures were necessary. Consequently the passengers riding Northward from Florida and other Southern winter resort sections have been presented with small cards that were captioned: "Warning." The legend beneath this read: "The Pullman Company calls the attention of its patrons to the fact that 'Card Sharks' and 'Con Men' have started their campaign on railroad trains."

"Passengers can protect themselves by refusing to play with strangers."

Still the suckers fall. Conductors and porters who have personally warned passengers of the suspected presence of card sharks have been told to mind their own business, and in a number of cases the wise bird, after being warned, has been trimmed. Just why this is so is involved with the undeniable fact that the average male has a card ego that invites his downfall."



—compared to the Pullman Shark!

Occasionally the victim pays his losses with a check. That is where the drop-off man comes in. Sometimes the victim has not even seen him. He is a fourth and silent partner in the crooked enterprise."

One of the sharks accepts the check and then, seemingly, is smitten with an excess of sympathy and good fellowship."

"Look here, old man," he says, "we never intended to play for such high stakes. Forget it."

There is a hasty and dramatic tearing of paper. Tiny rectangles of paper are thrown into the cuspidor and the victim takes a deep breath of relief."

When he finds on the first of the month that his bank has paid that check he had supposed was destroyed in front of his eyes he is amazed and chagrined. Many card sharks are always equipped with blank checks. It is no trick at all for their skillful fingers to palm the check and tear up a blank."

At the New York police headquarters a detective of the gambling squad offered recently to show me how easily a crooked card player can stack a deck. I went out to a cigar store, at his suggestion, and bought a new deck. He told me to open it and count the cards."

As usual they were arranged each suite in sequence from ace to king."

"Now cut them," he instructed. "Now cut them again." I obeyed each time and then cut them again for luck. Then he dealt seven hands, apparently by accident failing to give himself cards twice on the second and fourth rounds. He corrected this mistake at the end of the deal."

"Now pick up your hand," he said.

I had a full house.

"Pick up another."

That was a full house also, and so were the others except his.

"I don't like some of mine," he said, "so the dealer will draw four cards." He did so, and then he showed me his hand. He had a straight diamond flush, king high. It seemed like magic."

"THAT one," he said, is a little crude, but it will work sometimes. You can do it nine times out of ten if you use a new deck without shuffling it. Let it be cut as much as you please. Miss your own hand on the second and fourth times around. Then take for yourself the next five cards. You'll get a straight flush."

"But how could a gambler avoid being 'called' for a misdeal after he had missed himself twice on the deal?" I asked the detective, "and for his failure to shuffle?"

"Oh," he said, "by diverting attention from himself with the assistance of his pals in the game. It all calls for practice and a good, hard-working shark spends hours and hours practicing. That is what makes him a shark."





International News Reel

## College MIGHT Have Ruined Him!

By Fred C. Kelly

SOL BLOOM, member of Congress from a New York district, has been one of my heroes ever since I learned that it was his job to select the shows for the Midway Plaisance at the Chicago World's Fair, back in 1893.

Not only did Sol Bloom, while superintendent of construction, have the say about what attractions should appear on the Midway, but being by instinct a showman himself, he helped to make them successful. He personally wrote the music to the hoochee-coochee song that accompanied the gyrations of the oriental muscle-dancers. Prior to the World's Fair, he had been a music publisher and when he beheld the weird abdominal syncopations of the imported dancers, his professional sense told him that the rhythm should be translated into musical symbols, set on paper. As the girls wriggled, he jotted down neat little quarter notes and half notes on the back of an envelope. Thus was the dance preserved for posterity.

But that is by no means Sol's only claim to consideration. He would be a fascinating specimen for a biologist or philosopher to study with a view to comparing the advantages of heredity and environment as aids to success. We hear of men who haven't succeeded because they never had a chance. Others have had opportunity thrust upon them. Still others, comprising a much smaller group, never had a chance but get along well anyhow. In this third group we must classify Sol Bloom. Whatever opportunities he ever had in his life he had to create for himself right out of the air.

If you're enough of a philosopher, you'll wonder: "But how did he acquire the ability to make his own opportunities while other men can't even seize opportunities shoved into their paths?" The only plausible answer is that he must somehow have been born that way.

"Are you a college man?" I once asked him. (Since college

doesn't always show on a man, the only way to know is to ask him.)

"No," he replied, "I never attended any kind of school."

"Not even the primary grades?"

"I was never in a school-house in my life."

"Who taught you to read?"

"I was never taught."

"How did you learn?"

"Oh," he laughed, "I must have picked it up. I can remember reading signs and looking for familiar words in other signs."

Imagine that! Never in school and never had a teacher, yet here he is a multi-millionaire, in Congress, and most of his intimate associates would be called highbrows.

SOL was born in Illinois but grew up in California. One of his first jobs was ushering and passing programs in a theater. He began to wonder how much it cost to print the programs. This curiosity led him to become a successful publisher of theater programs and that in turn was a stepping stone to publishing songs. It was while he was in the song publishing business that occurred one of the important events of his life. A charming young woman from California met him at a social gathering in Chicago. Learning that he was a rising young music publisher, she confided to him that she had written two or three songs through which she hoped to gain fame or fortune or both. Would he be interested?

Next day the young woman called by appointment at his office and Sol agreed to listen to her songs. He then called upon her a number of times trying to make up his mind whether the songs were as good as they sounded on her piano. Finally he said to her: "Frankly, I'd far rather marry you than publish your music."

They compromised on his becoming her husband rather than her publisher. But they were no sooner married than she began to coax him to publish her negro songs anyhow, just that she might say she had songs published. And, lo, her songs went over big. A march called "One of the Boys," and a coon song, "Neath the Spreading Chestnut Tree," became real hits.

I offer this bit of evidence that even a smart fellow sometimes has poor business judgment and should be willing to take advice from his partner.

His music publishing led Sol to become interested in one of the earlier models of phonograph. He conceived the idea of selling phonographs by mail. He would ship a machine on approval to anybody that he thought could be trusted. His method of determining which ones could be trusted indicates that originality in thinking processes isn't necessarily acquired in school-houses.

When he received an answer to one of his advertisements, he simply wrote back a form letter which said: "By way of financial reference please send the name of your family physician."

If the correspondent sent the name of the family physician, Sol shipped him a phonograph without even bothering to write to the physician.

He had simply taken into reckoning that average people are inclined to be slow about paying the family physician. If they owe a lot of bills, they settle with him last of all. Hence, if they do not owe the doctor, it is because they don't owe anybody.

FROM Chicago, Sol came to New York where he began to dabble at real estate and building construction. Soon he was in it on a big scale. He was one of the first to realize that because New York will always be the great national playground, there is scarcely any limit to the number of theaters it can support. He built several theaters at the outskirts of the theatrical district. Now they're right in the center. His real estate operations have made him prosperous. Wolves seldom howl at his door.

Sol Bloom smokes cigars almost constantly. I was talking with him one Friday night when he suddenly extinguished a cigar only half smoked and threw it aside. My curiosity was aroused and I asked for an explanation.

"You know," he said, "I'm an orthodox Jew, and it is now midnight, the beginning of the Jewish Sabbath. When I was a youngster I promised my mother that I'd never smoke on the Sabbath. I've always kept the promise."

Much as he and I might differ on religion, I felt admiration for a man who thinks promises should be kept.

I doubt, though, if Sol is entitled to much credit for starting poor and obscure and rising in the world. His success is due to native shrewdness and that trait was born in him, just as definitely as the color of his eyes.

But he is interesting, generous, decent and lovable.



(When Agatha woke me at dawn I was amazed to find her all dressed.)

R-M-B

## The FEMININE Touch

By Corey Ford

Illustrations by R. M. Brinkerhoff

### The Better Half of a Fishing Expedition

GEORGE and I both agreed that we married men would be better off for a day away from our home-fires now and then. Just to prove that we still could make out perfectly well by ourselves, said George. Get along without the feminine touch, I added. Show our wives we can take care of ourselves, explained George. "The better half!" I chuckled. "You said it!" George agreed. "Ha ha ha!"

"George will call for me in the car about six tomorrow morning," I mentioned casually to Agatha that night. "We're going to try a little fishing. Don't bother, I can get everything ready."

"Have you packed any lunch?" she asked. "Oh, I'll slap something together in the morning," I said easily. "Are my rods in the attic?"

My rods were not in the attic. An hour later Agatha found them in my bureau. Whoever it was had hidden them there I shall never know.

"And have you your trout basket?" asked Agatha.

Oddly enough, I did not have my trout basket. Nor my waders, now that Agatha mentioned them. No, come to think of it, nor my bait-can either. They were all in the attic, I explained.

When I came down from the attic, storming about whoever

it was that always mislays everything I own, I found them all laid out on the bed, and Agatha busy in the top of my closet.

"You'll want your knapsack, of course," she called down, "and your fly-hook? And your heavy-socks?"

"I'll be in the library," I replied. "Don't bother about the rest. I've got everything I need."

"Then you don't need your reel and fish-hooks?" asked Agatha innocently, as I started downstairs for my newspaper.

Agatha woke me up at dawn the next morning. I was a little startled to see her fully dressed.

"What in thunder are you getting up for?" I inquired. "I can do everything myself all right. Now you go right back to sleep."

"You'd better wear your heavy-weights," she replied. "I've laid them out on the chair. Will a half dozen sandwiches be enough?"

"Don't forget to put in the salt and pepper!" I shouted, as she disappeared toward the kitchen. . . . These women are apt to forget everything. By Jove, if it wasn't for the men, they wouldn't know how to take care of themselves. The better half!

"Oh, Agatha!" I shouted suddenly, "where's my fishing-coat?"

"Down here," she called. "Have you got your pipe?"



("Beginner's luck," said George, as Edna reeled me in with profuse apologies. "I'll wager he weighs a hundred and fifty pounds if he weighs an inch. And you caught him, Edna.")



"Of course I have my pipe!" What did she take me for, anyway? A fisherman forgetting his pipe! "It's in my pocket—that is, it ought to be right here . . . now, who the devil . . . ?"

"Here it is on your smoking-stand," called Agatha.

The telephone rang just as I was sitting down to breakfast.

"For you, dear," said Agatha.

I lifted the receiver impatiently. "Hallo . . . oh, you, George? Yes . . . but . . . well, maybe you're right. I guess she can; wait a bit, I'll ask her . . ."

"Agatha, George says his wife thinks she'd like to go along with us, and wants to know if you wouldn't want to make it a foursome?"

"I'd love it," glowed Agatha.

"Do you suppose you could get ready in time?" I asked.

"I am ready," said Agatha demurely. "I laid all my things out last night."

"You what?" I gasped; and then turned mutely to the telephone. "George, she says she'd be glad to . . . eh? About nine? Isn't that a little late for fishing? Oh, she can't; I see . . . all right, old man. We'll be ready then."

"And by the way," I added weakly, "Agatha wants to know if you'll bring along that extra pack of cards." I hesitated.

"And don't forget your knitting needles," I barked, and slammed down the receiver.

WHAT with packing in the luncheon and the folding card-table and the camp-chairs, and then going back for the Thermos bottle, and then going back again to lock the door, we finally got started about ten. It was a fine May morning, the kind it always is in stories. The air was soft and warm, the trees were alive with birds, and every stream we passed seemed fairly bursting with fish. George and I cast despairing glances as we dashed by pools that fairly whimpereed for our hooks.

We had originally intended to head straight for a brook where we used to fish; but Edna—George is the kind of man who marries an Edna—set her foot down upon this proposition at the outset.

"I won't go a step into that country," she declared. "It's full of nasty bugs and snakes."

"But you've never been there," reminded George meekly.

"I don't care," she announced with finality. "The Wilkins live over in that direction, and I don't want to meet them."

"We'll just jog along till we find a place to have lunch," Agatha decided happily. "There's nothing like eating out-of-doors."

The sun was high overhead when we came in sight of an attractive stream, full of luscious shady holes and an easily sloping bank, with plenty of room to cast. I halted by the side of the road. "Here we are," I announced. "Just the place."

"Oh, no," said Agatha. "No trees, dear; and look at that horrid sign-board. Let's go on a little farther."

We jogged on down the highway; the stream dwindled and passed away. It was an hour later before I discovered another stream that seemed to possess any piscatorial possibilities whatsoever. "Just the spot," declared George.

"I know, but it's so public," complained Edna. "I'm sure we can do better than that." And so we went ahead again.

"Here, for example?" I asked presently.

"But look at all that paper and rubbish," said Agatha, as we whirled by. "Here we are!" she shouted.

"Where?" I inquired.

"Back there," she explained. "A nice little road . . . Never mind, we'll pass another pretty soon."

Still we rode on. "How about this hillside here?" asked Edna.

"No water," I muttered, bending over the wheel.

We rode on for an hour. "Here?" I inquired without stopping.

"Snakes," said Agatha, and we sped by.

"Here?" Edna suggested tentatively a little later.

"Mosquitoes," muttered George without glancing up.

At three o'clock we surrendered. We bumped across a flat, ploughed field, covered with rocks and rubbish, and halted under a solitary and very scraggly elm. The ground was littered with Lily-cups and sardine-cans. The view consisted of one brick factory in the distance; and the nearest stream was a muddy trickle half a mile away. We gulped our lunch in silence; and then, as George and I leapt for our rods and tackle, Agatha delivered her *coup de grace*.

"Edna and I are coming with you," she declared.

"Now, dear," I spluttered, "you ladies had much better sit right here quietly and play cards. We'll be back in an hour. It's hot and sticky, and you'll fall in the water," I rushed, "and besides, you've never fished before . . ."

"All the more reason why I should learn," said Agatha decidedly.

"On my rod," I moaned.

Agatha's eyes filled with tears. "You never want me to go with you," she quavered, "and I do so want to be a help-mate . . . and go wherever you go . . . just a real pal . . ."

"Oh, come ahead!" I roared. "Who said I didn't want you? There," I comforted, "there, dear. Of course you're coming. Eh, George?"

"Sure," said George glumly.

I will admit that Agatha proved an apt pupil. She looked on in silence while I assembled my rod, locked on my reel and threaded the line carefully through the guides. She even refrained from any comments when the line slipped back through the guides again as I fished in my pockets for the leader. And her eyes were wide with wonder as I knotted the gut at last, and reached for my fly-box, which she was holding.

"Here's a pretty one I've picked out for you," she suggested.

"Parmachene Belle? No, dear," I said gently, "not on a day like this. Better try a dark Cahill, I think," professionally.

"Eh, George?"

"Hare's Ear," muttered George sullenly, who was explaining his own tackle to Edna with a sort of glowering patience.

"I should think my nice red one would be much more attractive," pouted Agatha, pinning it in her dress, as she followed me to the nearest pool.

"The first thing in fly-casting," I explained, as I handed her the rod and showed her how to grip the handle, "is a quick recovery. And of course you must aim to imitate the natural fly on the water."

"With all my good clothes on?" interrupted Agatha indignantly.

I ignored her. "Remember to use your wrist; and let the rod do the work—there! . . . just a moment dear," I murmured, "while I untangle your line from this alder behind you. Now, try again. And watch that alder!" She did.

"What happened?" asked Agatha. "Did I catch something?"

"This time it was a maple," I explained, studying the overhanging branch directly over the heart of the pool.

"I couldn't see the darned maple, anyway," pouted Agatha. I waded gingerly out into the middle of the pool. "I was watching that alder," she called after me.

"Now I'm going to try," smiled Edna, as I balanced precariously on my toes and reached for the overhanging branch. "Let me have your rod, George . . . is this right?—Oh!"

Something bit me suddenly on the ear; I let go the maple branch, Agatha screamed, Edna yanked her line suddenly and embedded the hook for all time in my coat collar. I staggered, slipped, floundered with a mighty splash; and then rose and made my way back dripping to the bank amid an ominous silence. Edna reeled me in with profuse apologies.

"Beginner's luck," murmured George, regarding me soberly.

"I'll wager he weighs a hundred and fifty pounds if he weighs an inch. And you caught him," he gloated, removing the barb from my collar. I walked on, Agatha following.

Beside a tiny pool I paused, unwound a length of line, and tied a hook on to the end. I kicked over a rock, found her a helgrammite, and baited the hook for her; then I handed it to her.

"George and I," I announced decisively, "will be back in a couple of hours."

FOR once Agatha and Edna had no other suggestion . . .

Not that it would have made any difference if they had. For the rest of the afternoon we fished that stream, flailing the water with our flies till our arms ached. At length, when our patience and most of our flies were exhausted, we returned empty-handed to the pool where we had left the ladies, our faces long and dark. Agatha looked up sparkling as we approached.

"Look, dear," she cried, holding up a four-pounder, while Edna displayed another almost as large. "Your nasty bug fell off, so I just put on this nice red fly I had in my dress. I knew they would like it. What," she asked demurely, "did you get, dear?"

I gaped in silence.

"Aren't you glad now we came along?" she urged quietly.

"Don't you think I'm a regular help-mate, dear . . . a real pal . . . ?"

Yes, George and I are planning to take a day off together some time soon. Just to prove that we can still make out perfectly well by ourselves, says George. Get along without the feminine touch, I add. Show our wives we can take care of ourselves, explains George. "The better half!" I chuckle. "You said it!" George agrees. "Ha ha ha!"

# ANNOUNCING

## The

# Burroughs

## Portable

# Adding Machine



Adds to \$1,000,000.00

Standard visible keyboard.

Right hand control.

Slightly larger than a letterhead.

Easily carried from counter to office, desk to desk, or business to home.

Backed by Burroughs nation-wide service.

In eight months, 22,326 Burroughs Portable Adding Machines have been sold. These machines are giving such satisfaction that re-orders are coming in daily. For demonstration of this machine call the local Burroughs office or write to—

BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINE COMPANY  
DETROIT MICHIGAN

22,326 BURROUGHS PORTABLE ADDING MACHINES ALREADY SOLD



## SHRINE NEWS

## SECRETARIES TO THE IMPERIAL POTENTATE

Noble Ollie C. Humphrey has been appointed Official Secretary to the new Imperial Potentate. His address is P. O. Box 505, Montgomery, Alabama. Noble Humphrey has been Recorder for Alcazar Temple since 1917. George T. Smith has been appointed Assistant Secretary. He is said to be the youngest thirty-third degree Mason in Alabama.

## ONE OF CANADA'S FINEST

Past Potentate W. A. McKay, Khartum, Winnipeg, is one of the best known of the Cannucks in the Imperial Council. Billy, as he is known and called by everybody, presented a Canadian flag to the Imperial Council that the two great flags of North America might intertwine at meetings of that body. Noble McKay was taken seriously ill at the Des Moines session of the Council and received such splendid attention at the hands of the Nobility of that city, especially from Imperial Second Ceremonial Master Earl C. Mills that he insists upon placing Noble Mills in nomination for his advance in line each succeeding year.

## MAYOR AN' EVERYTHING

Past Potentate George L. Baker, Al Kader, Portland, Mayor of that charming city of roses, Chairman of the Board of Governors of the Hospital and with a finger in every Masonic pie that is baked. In addition to the few things enumerated above, Mayor Baker dips into the insurance and theatrical business, and most successfully. George has represented Al Kader in the Imperial Council on frequent occasions.

## FATHER AND SON DOUBLE

The Masonic history of Nobles R. M. and E. L. Johnson has probably never had a parallel in Masonic annals. Both have occupied the same chairs in each and every Masonic body to which they belong, both being Past Masters, Past Commanders, Past Commanders-in-Chief and Past Potentates and always of the same Lodge. Noble R. M. Johnson, however, has one job the best of sonny, that of Grand Treasurer and Treasurer of his local bodies—positions he has held for many years and will probably continue to hold so long as he will accept. Past Potentate R. M. Johnson is in his eighties, but attends most of the functions of Medinah, Chicago, and the other bodies with which he is affiliated.

## PLAYS ALWAYS ON FIRST

Past Potentate J. H. Rowland, El Karubah, Shreveport, was the active worker who put through the dispensation for that Temple, was its first Potentate—a position he held for

eleven years—and is now the Recorder, as well as Secretary of the Scottish Rite Bodies and Chairman of the Hospital Governors. When a hospital was granted Shreveport, James hustled around and found the acreage that was desired and, on approval of the Trustees, purchased the same and presented it to the Corporation. On the ground was one of those old southern mansions—large, airy rooms, with ceilings reaching into the mountains. This Jim converted into a temporary hospital, put the surgeon to work and turned out the first case, though his allotment was about fourth on the list. He couldn't quite achieve the first dedication or the first work in a real hospital, but he certainly has to his credit both the first case and the first discharged patient. He is a Past Grand Master and at present is in the Grand Commandery Line.

## HE'S A BUSY LITTLE BEE

Past Potentate Gerald D. Bliss, postmaster at Cristobal, C. Z., was about the happiest mortal at Atlanta when it was announced that a dispensation would be granted for a Ceremonial at the Canal Zone. Gerald has been Representative from Abou Saad a number of times, is known to everybody who is a regular at the sessions and just can't be made to stay still.

## THE OLD RELIABLE

When Captain W. B. Farrar gets into harness the boys know there is work ahead. He has captained the Patrol of El Karubah at Shreveport since its organization and that dates about two days after the dispensation was granted. Cap is a veritable Old Wheel Horse, active in all the Masonic bodies, wanting no office and seeking none and elected without opposition whenever his name is mentioned, regardless of the body or the post. In civic life he is the guiding hand of the destinies of a large grain commission house.

## THE IMPERIAL POTENTATE GOES TO CHURCH

They landed Imperial Potentate James C. Burger in church at Portland and the service was conducted by Rev. O. W. Taylor, Potentate of the Temple.

## ACTIVITIES OF THE TEMPLES

Islam, San Francisco, initiated 76 candidates at Fresno. Street parade, patrol drill, band concert, barbecue. Ceremonial and automobile trips engaged attention.

Ben Ali, Sacramento, is credited with having put on the most largely attended dance ever held in Stockton. The Arab Patrol of Stockton was host.

Murat, Indianapolis, has inaugurated a new finance plan which will clear the Temple of debt within five years.

El Hasa, Lexington, has revived the local magazine known as "The Prophet." A Ceremonial was held at Clyffside and a class of fifty initiated.

Salaam, Newark, has chartered a boat for a cruise to Halifax leaving New York August 25th, returning to the same port August 30th.

Medinah, Chicago, put on an entertainment for the youngsters under sixteen years of age, at which the band from the Masonic Orphans' Home put on a concert. There was a dog and pony show, clowns, giants, dwarfs, balloons, ice cream, cakes, candy and noise makers.

Moolah, St. Louis, has chartered the Steamer J. S. for its annual moonlight excursion, the date set being July 27th.

El Zagal, Fargo, boasts the existence of live Shrine Clubs at Bismarck, Carrington, Dickinson, Ellendale, Enderlin, Hankinson, Hope, Jamestown, LaMoure, Lidgerwood, Lisbon, Mandan, New Rockford, Oakes, Page, Forman, Valley City and Wahpeton.

El Zagal, Fargo, held its summer Ceremonial June 26th at Badlands, following an over state Pilgrimage. El Zagal has an innovation in the form of a Persian lunch.

India Temple, Oklahoma City, is very proud of its Master Mason Degree team which is serving officially all over the state. It is composed of Nobles Charles F. Stewart, Earle C. Flesher, John P. Slaughter, James I. Phelps, Ross Wildman, A. Elmon Musrush, Tom B. Reed, Leslie H. Swan, Claude M. March, William O. Wallace, Donald W. Osborne, Earl C. Stenz, Clarence Brain, Earl N. Swan, Edgar L. Burton and James A. Sinex.

Damascus, Rochester, has added an additional subscription of \$100,000 to its original subscription of \$100,000 toward the Masonic Temple in that city, the total cost of which is estimated at about a million and a half.

Pyramid, Bridgeport, entertained with a successful Mardi Gras performance, 100 members of the Temple being in the cast. A dance followed the performance, at which favors were distributed. [Continued on page 64]

## WHAT'S NEXT IN FLORIDA?

[Continued from page 15]

buying market could not, by any possibility, be entirely discounted and provided for in advance so that the shock of the drop would be imperceptible.

"Real estate selling in Florida has, in general, changed from a bookmaker's basis to an investment basis. That tells the story in a single sentence. We have entered upon what I think is best termed a period of digestion. It is a time in which those having a genuine interest and faith in Florida and its attractions for winter or year round residence are being separated from those who know nothing and care nothing about Florida.

"This means farewell to thousands of binder boys whose only contribution to the welfare of this state has been some hotel bills, a lot of advertising which has created an unnecessary amount of hostility on the part of the press in other states and a false impression of the attitude of the men of really constructive vision who are putting their lives and millions of dollars into the permanent development of this state which will be justified by every year of the future.

"There's another good name for what I have called the period of digestion; it is the era of building. I am speaking carefully when I tell you that this season will see a volume of actual building vastly greater than that of any preceding season. I refer to the building of houses, of private estates, of hotels, of warehouses, theaters and business structures of every sort, as well as steam and electric railways. More than fifty million dollars—probably nearly a hundred million—will go into building in the Miami district this year.

"THERE is one feature of the situation which is not commonly appreciated, I think, even by the real estate operators: I refer to the fact that, up to this time, the home people here have been almost wholly overlooked as sales prospects. Our attention has been absorbed by the incoming strangers from the North and the native has been neglected. From every business viewpoint this has been a shortsighted policy.

"The man who already belongs here is going to play a title rôle in this season's real estate show. In fact he is already doing so. The established resident is the conspicuous purchaser of high-class residence property in the market today. Hundreds of owners of truck farms and citrus groves have been swept into great wealth by the tidal wave of development and speculation. They are now ready to adjust themselves to their changed circumstances and to buy lots and build homes in the best sections.

"Again, it must be remembered that the older residents here have made money in their businesses, callings and professions independent of what the increased value of their real estate has brought them. Lawyers, doctors, dentists, engineers and professional men of every sort have had their incomes immensely increased by the tide of strangers which the speculative era brought here. They had the advantage of being entrenched when the flood came and that was a great help.

With one voice the home folks in the North greet me with the question:

"Do you think the bottom has dropped out of Florida?"

The best answer I have been able to give is this:

Until I went there I didn't know there were so many middle-aged people in the world. And I didn't know, either, where a lot of my acquaintances of other years had gone to; but I know, now. They called on me in Florida; said they had bought and settled because they'd reached the time of life when the northern winters didn't fit them any more. They had made enough to live on in a modest way and so they'd bought a little [Continued on page 62]



*He detects the slightest trouble*

If you go to your dentist at least every six months for a thorough inspection of your mouth he can prevent serious teeth decay and detect the first trace of dangerous gum infections. It is better to see him in time than to suffer needless pain and take chances with your health.

## Pyorrhea robs FOUR out of FIVE

According to dental statistics, pyorrhea steals into the mouths of four out of five men and women after forty. You can tell pyorrhea's approach by tender, bleeding gums. Go to your dentist at once for treatment and be sure to use Forhan's for the Gums night and morning.

If used regularly and in time, Forhan's prevents or checks pyorrhea. It contains Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid which dentists use in combating pyorrhea's ravages. It firms the gums and keeps them pink and healthy.

The entire family should begin to use Forhan's today. Besides safeguarding the health it cleanses the teeth perfectly.

You owe it to your health to make Forhan's a regular daily habit. At all druggists 35c and 60c in tubes.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.

Forhan Company, New York

# Forhan's

## FOR THE GUMS

MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE . . IT CHECKS PYORRHEA



(Past Potentate, W. A. McKay, Khartum, Winnipeg, Canada.



(Father and son, R. M. and E. L. Johnson, Medinah, Chicago. Both have been Past Masters, Past Commanders, Past Commanders-in-Chief and Past Potentates.



(Past Potentate, J. H. Rowland, El Karubah, Shreveport.



## WHAT'S NEXT IN FLORIDA? [Continued from page 61]

place and settled down to enjoy a lot of sunshine, considerable play and a very little work. The invariable justification which they offered was this: 'You know when we get along in years a bit we begin to want things soft.' If you can stop middle-aged people from getting that way then the bottom will drop out of Florida real estate—perhaps. But it looks as if there would be a reasonable demand for it so long as northern people in middle life and comfortable circumstances insist on developing an appetite for June in December and like to be lazy and take things easy.

Then there are the young people with plenty of money who are down from the money capitals of the North to let loose and prove to an envious public that playing and spending are games for experts. They seem to be as numerous as sea gulls and as conspicuous as flamingoes and in their train they draw numerous flocks of ambitious imitators. These are the boys and girls who put the spray-plumes behind surf-rafts and sea-sleds and make the bathing beaches something for Florence Ziegfeld to envy. The "world's greatest winter playground" suits them right down to the sand and

their reaction to what the advertising folders term the "tropic abandon of the scene" is one hundred percent strong. The South Sea Islands, I fancy, could show nothing more tropical or abandoned.

UNLESS anxious parents, beach censors and prohibition enforcement officials are able to invent something that will set the vaunted Spirit of Youth back about fifty years, I can't imagine that our gilded youngsters are soon going to tire of this winter playground. It seems almost perfectly adapted to their purposes and it is difficult to imagine that they will drop out of the regular winter migration so long as the supply of money holds out, the Gulf Stream keeps its accustomed course and the free and unlimited coinage of Florida Sunshine continues as of old. They are quite as certain to keep up their winter migrations as middle-aged people of moderate means are to settle in Florida because they wish to escape the rough treatment of colder climates where existence, even without work, is much harder work than where relaxation is respectable.

There is still another large class to which Florida makes an irresistible appeal—the lovers of outdoor life, the sportsmen rather than the sports; those who find keener zest in landing a sailfish, a tarpon or a shark than in hooking a bathing beach beauty or a title; those who hunt feathered warblers with glass and camera, collect butterflies and moths, study tropical vegetation and make surveys of the curious landscapes of the submerged coral reefs. For the outdoor enthusiast—whether his passion is swimming, boating, fishing, collecting specimens or simply living in the open and doing as little thinking as possible—the charms of Florida are unchallenged and they seem likely to continue indefinitely.

No; as I see it the bottom has not dropped out of Florida—far from it. She is merely changing from projected development to actual development, from betting to building, from frenzied gambling in lots without regard to values to a sane and sober long-time investment basis. Exit the binder-boy! Enter the bargain-hunting investor and the home builder!

## SUBDIVIDED WE FALL

[Continued from page 62]

big boy, an' let de U. S. mint keep makin' money. Sumpin tells me dat Ah's steamin' an' de pressure's 'bout 200 pounds. Ramble, gamble dice an' say de word. Wham! Seven ag'in! Ah—"Mistuh Smelt's voice broke slightly as he eyed the tangled mass of green backs. "Ah shoots it all!"

Flushed with rage, the stranger stripped a five hundred dollar bill, a century note and two twenties from his thinning roll. "Shoot, you black baboon, those dice can't keep on hitting sixty-one forever!"

"No tellin'," said Mistuh Smelt. "No tellin'. Does dey—" and here he spat upon them fondly and touched them to his skull for luck—"does dey seven fo' me dis time, white man, grief kin kiss you!"

Sweat glistened on the brow of Mistuh Smelt. He knew those dice. But—but here was \$1240 that demanded only a seven to be his to hold, keep, have, possess, defend forever. Yet dice—well, dice were sometimes funny. So with a twirling rattle, he flailed his curving arm around his head, cast hypnotic and beseeching eyes toward heaven and—hot poppah! Up jumped the devil!

SWINGING open the door of the stove, Mistuh Smelt tossed the dice into the flames, raked in the mountainous pile of currency and began stuffing his pockets. With his Golconda safely stored away, an air of nonchalance took possession of his countenance and he glanced at his vanquished opponent. "Frien'," said he, "haul out de cast iron bracelets. Le's ambulate up to de courthouse an' have it ovah wid. They ain' no trouble whut troubles me now. Ah wires \$1200 bucks t' Florida which p'tecks fo' three months some land Ah owns, asks Lootenant Hardig t' come up heah and git me out, an' by dat time Ah's rich!"

Stepping to the table, the stranger pulled out a sheet of paper. "Smelt," he said, "one of the reasons I'm cleaning up over \$100,000 a year is that I know when I'm licked. My name is Norman Burrell, Vice-President of the Central West Coast Development Syndicate. You and your partner Yamley, with a collar of horseshoes around your necks, picked up 150 acres in Hendry County that we needed to complete a 2000 acre tract, and did it forty-eight hours before our agents went to see the man you bought from.

"I KNOW what a jam you've been in, meeting your monthly payments. I had it fixed with your vendor to avoid accepting payment last month but your friend Yamley fooled us. Mr. Hardig is down in Sarasota with malaria and we figured if we could keep you from making this payment, we could take over that tract immediately without being held up. So I came up here to razzle dazzle you into a peck of trouble and keep you from having a chance to scrape up the money. I even tried to slip you a pair of shaved dice to take away your eighty dollars and keep you from hiring a lawyer. But you had last slip—and you trimmed me.

"I'm talking business. That tract has cost you and your partner \$5000 to date. I'm prepared to offer you a certified check of \$20,000 for your equity. Accept it, and we'll see your lawyer right now. Refuse it, and we'll hem those 150 acres in so tight that you wouldn't be able to cut a roadway to the county pike. Twenty thousand cold cash for a \$5000 investment in less than four months—take it—or leave it!"

Mistuh Smelt rubbed his brow with a palsied hand. "Ah—Ah takes it," he whispered.

And as the pair passed out of the door in search of a lawyer, Mistuh Smelt paused to point up at the sign above. "See dat las' line 'We Sell the World'? Dis afternoon Ah calls me in a painter and has it changed t' read, 'We OWNS the World!' Hot dam!"

Yes -  
Men too!



"There is keener enjoyment in the invigorating qualities of a facial treatment when Boncilla is used."



"... Boncilla has always been a favorite of mine and my barber tells me that many of his patrons have likewise discovered its merits..."

## W. T. Benda—world famous artist and illustrator—originator of

the Oriental, exotic type of beauty that smiles at you from magazine covers everywhere, profits not at all from the publicity of this advertisement because his customers are the publishers of magazines.

How convincing then when he says—"there is keener enjoyment in the invigorating qualities of a facial treatment when Boncilla is used."

Perhaps he has expressed better than we ever have, why so many dominant leaders in business and professional life use Boncilla.

There is keen enjoyment in its tonic, invigorating effect and luxurious comfort and fastidious satisfaction in the immaculate cleanness and well groomed appearance imparted by the Boncilla facial, and there is profit, too, because to look better and feel better is a most valuable

asset in business and social life.

Just say "Boncilla facial" to your barber and give your face a treat.

There is nothing else like it—there is nothing else equals it as a complete scientific complexion treatment and, because they are more particular about complexions than men are, millions of women enjoy the Boncilla facial treatment in beauty shops or self-applied at home with equally satisfactory results.

Since it is equally desirable for men and women, why not take home our new package, "The Little Beauty Shop" for HER and BOTH of you try the Boncilla facial.

The charming little set (only \$1.00 at all toilette goods counters) will please you. If your dealer hasn't this new set yet, send us \$1.00 and we will mail it postpaid.

BONCILLA LABORATORIES, Inc., INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

New York

Chicago

Los Angeles

In Canada: Canadian Boncilla Laboratories, Ltd., 590 King St., W. Toronto (2)

## SUBDIVIDED WE FALL [Continued from page 42]

By drawing upon his own slim resources, Mistuh Smelt was able to post a check on the seventh.

"Yor check," wrote Catmeat, "come on the afternoon of the roth last month. I went to give it to the bird what sold us and he run out of his offis when he saw me coming in. I told Mr. Joe and Mr. Joe he said that the buzzard was trying to avoid receiving payment because maybe somebody had offered him moar money. And if he didnt have our do on time, he could call our deel off, keep our do and sell to other birds. So me and Mr. Joe went to his house that nite and we made him take it. So I warn you, Lloyd, git your next check hear on time because weer shore going to get ritich if we keep on paying."

LAYING down the letter, Mistuh Smelt glanced at the calendar. "Hm," he muttered, "no wondah dat Catmeat done telegraphed me t'ree days runnin' las' time 'bout dat check. Mebbe Ah bettah ramble 'round an' shake down de syndicate membahs."

Late that night Mistuh Smelt reached home, his hopes registering ten below zero. Dr. Thomas' patients had been discouragingly healthy of late and collections depressingly slow. He had tendered a ten dollar bill and a note for the balance. To Horace Hancock Breckenridge, evil days had befallen. He was up for driving while under the influence; and it looked like a two hundred dollar fine and thirty days of making little ones out of big ones; from Horace, then, naught save doleful grief. Revner Peebles, D. D.—"Well, Mistuh Smelt, mebbe perhaps; but mah house roof is leakin' suttin' awful an' dis month Ah gotta meet mah insurance premium." And One-Eyed Luke in whose establishment one courted either the gods of chance or lipped the forbidden cup, well, One-Eyed Luke had suffered a "federal rap" and a federal rap meant confiscated equipment, a padlock and three squares a day at government expense for at least twelve months.

IN MISTAH Smelt's breast, no less than that of any other mortal, hope sprang eternal. He had four more days before the first rolled around with inexorable necessity for \$400 cash money, no notes. The next morning he appeared with lagging step from a bed of restless tossing. Clangety clang! The door swung open

and slammed violently behind a gentleman whose very appearance boded no good. He was a bulky gentleman, blue-jowled and black-derbied. His shoes were approximately size 14. And square-toed.

Square-toed. Mistuh Smelt eyed them cautiously and snapped to deferential attention. "Yas-suhl!" he blurted.

"Are you the bird who's been gyping people on a land deal so crooked that it makes a pretzel look like a straight edge rule?"

Nemesis reached into his pocket and withdrew the results of Mistuh Smelt's advertising genius combined with printer's ink. "Are you the bird who wrote this?"

"Yas, suh. But—"

"Don't be butting me, big boy, or I'll smack you so flat that they'll be scraping you up with a hoe. Now you shut your trap and come along with me."

"Wid you?" chattered Mistuh Smelt. "Mistah, Ah doan' crave t' go nowheres, specially wid you."

The stranger fixed Mistuh Smelt with an ominous eye.

MY NAME is G. Joseph Gimmish and I am the Southern representative of the National Advertising Vigilance Committee. This folder of yours was brought to our attention. I have investigated the matter thoroughly. All the facts are in my possession. You and I are going peaceably to a duly elected officer of the law. There I will swear out against you a warrant charging first, deceptive statement; second, misrepresentation; and third, using the government mails to defraud. If you are able to provide a bail of say, \$5000, you should be free tomorrow and have a chance to skip town or stand trial."

Mistuh Smelt collapsed into his chair and buried his head in his arms. As he did, the ghost of a smile lighted the face of Nemesis, if only for a fleeting instant. "Come on," was the inexorable command, "Get your dogs tracking. I haven't got all day."

Mistuh Smelt rose slowly and fished from his various pockets, the sum of eighty dollars in one, two, and five dollar bills. These he eyed disconsolately. "Ah reckon," he said, "Ah needs a lawyer."

The stranger stepped forward.

"I guess you do, boy"—kindly. "But you can't hire a lawyer to accept this complicated federal case for what you've got there.

I hate to handle matters like this and send men behind the bars. My heart's in the right place. And to prove it, I'll give you a chance to get the fee for a real lawyer."

Displaying a pair of bone dice, the stranger continued, "I suppose, like all black boys, you rattle the clickers."

"Sometimes," admitted Mistuh Smelt, who, after noting the color, and shape of the dotted cubes, casually inserted his left hand into his vest pocket.

"All right. Let's make this an honest game. You take that dice and I'll take this one. Peewee for first roll. Six high, ace low."

MISTAH Smelt accepted the proffered dice and caressed it with a knowing thumb. One rub told him that it had been shaved to face two when rolled. Deducing that these were a passing pair, that Nemesis would blithely roll a five with his dice and then sweep into a series of winning passes, Mistuh Smelt decided to give himself a gambling chance.

Guilelessly bland, he withdrew his left hand. In it, invisible, was a dice, which, so far as the eye could detect, was exactly the same as that handed him. But in actions—!

Nemesis rolled his dice. A five appeared. With careless abandon, Mistuh Smelt tossed out his freckled cube. A six!

"Six!" exclaimed Nemesis, aghast. "I thought—I mean, that's strange."

"Sho' is," said Mistuh Smelt, raking in both dice and indulging in a bit of prestidigitation. "Mah dice. Shoots de eighty bucks. White man, shower down!"

NEMESIS peeled four twenties from a plethora of roll, the while Mistuh Smelt engaged in a Druidic incantation. "Dice," he crooned, "be right fo' poppah. Did Mistuh Smelt evah need de smilin' seven, he needs it now!"

Down swept the cupped palm. Crack! went thumb and second finger. Wham! said the dice—a seven.

"Shoots it," chanted Mistuh Smelt, scooping up the ivories. "Weepin' angels, weep fo' little Lloyd. Clickers, do yo' Civil War stuff an'—out in sixty-one! Hot dam! Seven she am! Shoots \$320," grunted Mistuh Smelt recapturing the dice and massaging them vigorously between his palms.

"Dis time Ah hits de bull's eye an' Ah sho' do split it wide. Dribble down yo' jack, thah,



## SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 60]

## TEMPLES

Al Bahr, San Diego, has been overrunning with happenings; the trip to the Shrine Club in Imperial Valley, the Valentine Ball, Pilgrimage to Oceanside, the opening of the fun zone at Mission beach, the May party at Powam Lodge and the Spring Ceremonial marking the more important events.

When Imperial Potentate Burger visited Damascus, Rochester, he was presented with a magnificent Daghestan rug. A banquet and theater party were among the entertainment features.

Almas, Washington, is inviting its membership to dig up their mitts and join the baseball team which is scheduled to make the grotto, in the annual game, look like a wienerwurst, after an encounter with a good, active bull pup.

The annual picnic of Syria, Pittsburgh, an event eagerly awaited by the entire family, is scheduled for July 16th.

Jerusalem, New Orleans, used its new paraphernalia on a class of twenty at its recent Ceremonial.

El Zaribah, Phenix, put on an amateur entertainment where even the chief of police of the city was pressed into service. A Charleston contest aroused much enthusiasm.

Ali Ghan, Cumberland, the baby Temple, had more than 250 couples in attendance on their first official invitation dance.

Rajah, Reading, made life pleasant for eighty-seven Novices and one billy goat, brought by Lulu Temple, Philadelphia, to their recent Ceremonial. Several thousand dollars were collected for the hospital unit at Philadelphia.

Alcazar, Montgomery, has just closed its tenth annual Revue, the usual success attending the production.

Maskat, Wichita Falls, held a fiddlers' contest and French harp scrimmage at a smoker recently. Every Noble who shook a wicked bow or tooted a mean juice harp brought along his ammunition.

Medinah, Chicago, Nobles took over the Sells-Floto circus for one evening, agreeing in advance to turn back to the owners anything that was left. It is whispered that Potentate Mills and Imperial Second Ceremonial Master Houston are entitled to honorable mention.

Pyramid, Bridgeport, decorated the rooms at their big hotel with apple blossoms and southern smilax and functioned at a ball, attended by more than 1500. Three orchestras were on the job, while the Band rendered an almost continuous concert in the lobby.

Ali Ghan, Cumberland, tried out its recently acquired information at the Directors' Meeting by scorching the soles of a score or more candidates. The Orchestra and moving pictures were part of the entertainment provided.

Moslem, Detroit, played host to the Imperial Potentate, the Caravan and Boulevard clubs looking after his noontime entertainment, while the Divan looked after him at a formal dinner in the evening. He was made an honorary member of both clubs and of Moslem Temple.

## SHRINE CLUBS

El Jebel, Denver, has prepared a wonderful season's program for the Rocky Mountain Country Club, where everyone who enjoys golf may indulge it at its best.

Isiam, San Francisco, noon day club gets the best of everything that strays into their bailiwick, the latest entertainment being furnished by Scandals show girls. Among other interesting features were forty bathing beauties attired for the surf, and the Filipino string orchestra furnished the musical menu.

Yonkers, New York, Shrine Club put on a splendid program preceding the dance which they arranged for Ladies' Night. Kiely's Original Dance Orchestra lived up to its repote.

A large number of guests enjoyed the masquerade of Huntington Park, California, Shrine Club. Prizes were awarded for the most humorous costume.

San Pedro, California, Shriners entertained at a hard times party, and dire financial distress was indicated by the result. A lively program and a Charleston contest preceded the serious work of the evening, which was taken over when Pigtail's orchestra sounded the tocsin.

Prince Lei Leni, of Honolulu, said to be the only South Sea Islander who is a member of the Shrine, headed a performance at the Al Chymia, Memphis, Lunch Club.

A frolic was put on by the Waycross, Ga., district Shrine Club, at which "happy" music, written for the occasion, was featured.

Waycross, Georgia, has authorized plans for a \$10,000 Shrine Club at that place.

Nile, Seattle, has just started a luncheon club.

The Enderlin, North Dakota, Shrine Club put on a farce initiation for the ladies and

finished a large evening with a dance and feastful trimmings.

Beside The Tattler, that pert, newsy organ of Tripoli, Milwaukee, the Golf Club of that Shrine now issues a monthly called "The Wind Mill."

Forty members of the Alhambra Shrine Club, California, were guests of the Glendale Shrine Club at the recent party of the latter organization. As a mark of acknowledgment of the visit, Nobles W. F. Goble and H. S. Farrell of Alhambra were made honorary members of the Glendale organization.

Opening the club rooms of Ismailia, Buffalo, was made quite a social occasion with a reception and ball.

A real old-fashioned chicken dinner was the drawing card of the latest meeting of the Al Oula Shrine Club, Columbus, Georgia.

Work has commenced on the Golf and Shrine Club of Al Amin, Little Rock, and the course is expected to be ready for play within four months. Estimated expenditure \$100,000.

Santa Monica Bay Shrine Club, California, has instituted the order of "No Bull," the conferring of the work having been the feature of a recent gathering.

Santa Monica Bay Shrine Club gave its annual ball at the Venice ballroom. Noble O. B. Marble was chairman.

Orange Belt Shrine Club held a dinner dance in Redlands, Noble Z. T. Bell in the saddle. This replaces the usual ladies' night event.

Potentate Dave Smith, Al Malaikah, Los Angeles, attended the dinner dance of the Long Beach Shrine Club which was under direction of Noble George W. House.

About 200 couples attended the ball of the Sandpoint Shrine Club, which was by way of being rather an elaborate affair. Music was by Clark's orchestra of Spokane, with Dorothy Robinson, violin soloist.

The El Dorado Shrine Club entertained Sahara Temple when the recent Ceremonial was put on. Prior to the entertainment an automobile trip was made all over the territory in a gaily decorated motor car, inviting all the Arkansas Nobles in tributary territory to be present on the occasion.

The Burbank Shrine Club, Burbank, California, presented a three-act musical comedy—"Girl from Honolulu" for its members and friends.

The first ladies' evening of the Van Nuys Shrine Club was held at Hollywood, California. Addresses, banquet, vocal and instrumental music made up a very pleasant evening.

Greenville, Tennessee, has organized a Shrine Club, with Noble E. A. Booth as the first president. Noble Booth is also the president of the Knoxville Shrine Club, being probably the only Shriner in the world to hold down two Shrine club presidencies at the same time.



(Past Potentate Gerald D. Bliss of Cristobal, C. Z. (See page 60)



(George L. Baker, Past Potentate, El Kader and Mayor of Portland. (See page 60)



(W. B. Farrar, Captain of Patrol, El Karubab, Shreveport. (See page 60)

## AROUND THE CARAVAN CAMPFIRE [Continued from page 44]

my ice drives the electric fan which makes a breeze for me, runs my vacuum cleaner, operates my electric irons (curling and laundry), lights my house till night resembles day.

When Uncle Ezra wanted to communicate with a friend he had to write a letter that was days and days bringing a reply. I can reach across my desk to a telephone which connects in less than half an hour with any one of the six hundred thousand Nobles of the Mystic Shrine.

As for the scenery in Uncle Ezra's day when skirts dragged the ground and big puffed sleeves made balloons of girls, there was reason to wonder at love at first sight. These days there is nothing wonderful about love at first sight. I liked Uncle Ezra. I wish he had lived long enough to see them!

Allah be thanked that I have lived in the right now rather than in the good old days of Uncle Ezra.

In the "good old days" of the Shrine we made a ceremonial out of a slap stick, a cold fried oyster, a warm dill pickle and a bottle of beer. Ah, them *was* the good ole days! Like fun they were! Let's be honest with ourselves, old timer, and with these youngsters who have picked up the Shrine burden we laid down! Let's admit the truth. A modern ceremonial session makes one of our meetings look like a one ring circus compared with Ringlings. Let's own up to that, as the tallow dip changed to the electric light, as the pony express changed to the long distance telephone and the telegraph, as the town crier metamorphosed into the radio, so has the Shrine of the "good old days" changed into the better one we know.

We were a selfish bunch in those days, seeking only our own enjoyment. We served no useful purpose to our parent Masonry or to the community! Now we can throw chests over our dozen hospitals, and the youngsters we straighten up into fine upstanding citizens.

The Shrine was never so great as at this very minute! Its work will last long after the Black Camel has knelt at your door, and mine.

Alexander Pope was right when he said:

"In spite of pride, in erring reasons spite  
One truth is clear, what ever is, is right."

All glory and honor and praise be to Allah, the Shrine is *not* what it used to be. And, as an afterthought, it really never was!

## THE SUNDAY LADY

[Continued from page 33]

but she fought them off with a volley of "No. No, thank you. I don't want a cab."

In her notebook were the names of three girls, whom she had known at the boarding school in Baltimore or met at house parties afterward. All three were married, but she knew their husbands' names and addresses. She stopped in a drug store and called them, one by one, on the telephone. She asked each of them if they knew an inexpensive boarding house, where she could stay.

"They were all shocked to hear that I wanted one," she thought with a smile as she turned away from the telephone. "And they were mighty sweet about it." She jotted down her engagements with them. "I'm sure they'll be able to help me in my work, by giving me the names of people I ought to see."

The proprietor of the drug store approached her, as she stood looking out through the frosted glass of the window. "Pardon, Miss, but I heard you asking about a place for you to stop at. Did your friend know of such a place?"

"No," Martha replied. "Not one within reach of my purse."

"I think I can help you out," he declared. "There's a Mrs. Koller who runs a boarding house for girls only," [Continued on page 66]

ORDER it in your club—it's truly the sensation of the season — The White Rock of Ginger Ales. Made only of White Rock Water it is a delightful mixture of summer sunshine and sparkling bubbles—satisfying, refreshing and exhilarating.

Serve it in your home, too. It is a compliment to friends, a treat for the family.

Bottled only at The White Rock Spring Waukesha, Wisconsin

# White Rock

## Ginger Ale

new!

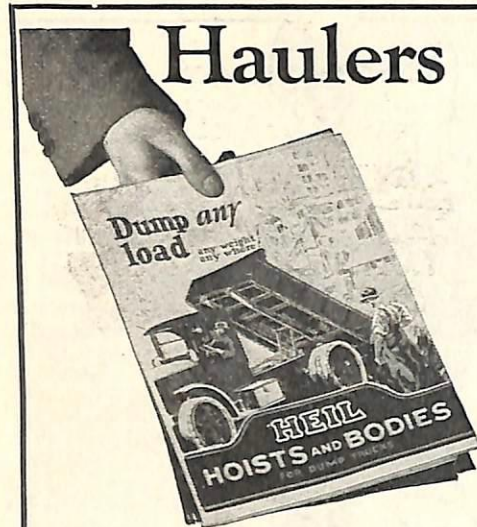
### "When Scuppers Go Under"

by  
James B. Connolly

A gripping yarn about the thrills and adventures of Gloucester fishermen

in  
THE SHRINE MAGAZINE  
for August





**Listen:** Here's what you want—Complete concise information on a dump truck hoist and body that—

**Speeds Up Hauling  
Cuts Down Expense  
Gives Good Service  
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—the moment it goes on the job. Thousands of Haulers have found that for reliable dump truck service, it pays to specify.

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Manufacturers of—Compartment Truck  
Tanks for Gasoline and Fuel Oil; Storage  
Tanks, Hand Hoists, Gravity Dumps.

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THE HEIL COMPANY Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Gentlemen: Please send me your Haulers Bulletin 160, which illustrates just how I can get the best service on my dump truck jobs.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Mark X after your business.

Road Building ☐ Excavating ☐ Coal ☐ Oil ☐  
Truck Dealer ☐

## THE SUNDAY LADY [Continued from page 65]

about three blocks north. She's a fine old lady and I can guarantee her house. She's advertised a vacancy."

THE house was a four-story brown front residence, one of a cross line of houses so alarmingly alike that Martha wondered how she could single out her own from among them. Her room was on the top floor, "Not much larger," she decided, "than my piano box cupboard in Brewster Hall." It contained a narrow bed, a chair, a table to support wash-bowl and pitcher, and a wave mirror on the wall.

"Luxury," she exclaimed, as she looked about her. "At least the bed is not a cot and the chair is not a soap box."

In this way Miss Martha Berry of Mount Berry, Georgia, graduate of the Edgeworth School for Young Ladies, once owner of six thousand acres, came to New York and Mrs. Koller's lodging house.

Her three friends were very kind to Martha. They listened to her story about her work and the Berry Schools with unconcealed amazement.

They did not know whether to admire her wholeheartedly or to mix their admiration with a little pity.

One woman was particularly frank. She said she thought Martha was renouncing too much for too little. And as for the objective of her visit to New York, it was a hopeless errand.

"Surely," replied Martha, "there are some wealthy people here who would gladly give a little to such a worthy cause. If they only realized the condition of those children, they would do something to help."

Her friend shook her head. "No, Martha, they won't. New York is filled with people who are constantly asking for money. Some represent worthy causes and some beg for fakes." Philanthropists have grown wary and weary, too. Right here in New York are hundreds of worthy institutions. Why should New Yorkers be asked to give to Georgia?

AT THE end of a week, Martha had won the generous sympathies of her three friends but as she opened her purse to pay Mrs. Koller the second week's rent in advance, she reflected that sympathy would never put one boy through the Berry Schools.

She sat down upon the edge of the bed in her room and thought it over. She could not approach strangers without letters of introduction. Her friends sympathized with her instead of sympathizing with the mountain children. It seemed a hopeless pilgrimage.

Her eye picked up an item from the crowded columns of an evening paper. "Women's Auxiliary Meets Tonight at Brooklyn Church" she read. She wiped the tears of discouragement from her eyes. Five minutes later she was out in the street, wondering in what direction Brooklyn lay.

At the corner she met a policeman and asked him how she could find her way to the Brooklyn address. Snow was falling, driven into drifts by a cold, furious wind. The policeman explained to her that she would have trouble in reaching her destination because the trolley cars were tied up by the storm.

IT WAS after ten o'clock when she finally staggered into the vestry room of the Brooklyn church. She had ridden on three cars, she had walked miles through the wet snow; she was numb with cold. The warmth of the room made her suddenly faint. She swayed and leaned against the wall.

A door opened and a clergyman entered the room. He asked her kindly if she had lost her way. Martha told him her errand.

"It's too bad," he said. "Our meeting broke up at nine-thirty. Would it be of any service

to you if I gave you a list of our members' names and addresses?"

He gave her the list, printed in a booklet. The next two days she spent in her room, writing letters. The wash-bowl and pitcher on the table were set aside and from morning until night she wrote steadily, trying to condense into a page or two her account of five years' work and her dreams of a lifetime. By the end of the second day, she had sent a letter to every name on the list.

THE first response was five letters, expressing sympathy. Finally, after a week, she had received fifty-one dollars. It was a tremendous encouragement to her for she was now sure that people would listen to her plea.

One of her letters was from a man who wrote on his business stationery and who requested her to call at his office. He said he was interested in what she had written and that he would like to hear the story from her own lips.

The next morning, she threaded her way through the caverns that lead to the city's financial district. His offices were on the tenth floor of a huge building. She sent in her card and then followed the office boy through a maze of desks to the door of the private office.

He greeted her pleasantly. He was unhurried, listening patiently to the story she told him in simple and direct language. He did not interrupt her once. He did not speak until she had finished.

"Miss Berry," he asked, then, "may I ask you a personal question?" When she nodded: "What salary do you receive for your work?" "Salary?" she repeated in surprise. "Why, I don't get any salary."

"How, then, are you paid?"

SHE looked deeply into his shrewd eyes, her own eyes showing how the question hurt her.

"So far," she explained, "I have not been paid. There has not been time for me to get my pay for this work. But if men like you will help me to carry on, I shall be paid some day by the sight of boys and girls standing on a platform, waiting to receive the parchment symbols of their victory over ignorance. I shall be paid in full by the knowledge that young men and women have struggled out of the mountain darkness. I shall find my pay check some day when I visit the homes of men and women who were once my boys and girls and see their children able to read their primers. That, sir, is how I shall be paid."

The financier still looked at her but the shrewdness had fled from his eyes and they were lighted by kindness. Without a word he turned to his desk and began to write in his check book. He folded the check and handed it to her.

"MISS Berry," said he, "you asked me for fifty dollars to see one boy through your school for one year. I am happy to give you this check. Next year you shall have another. But," he added with a smile, "I'm very busy. So you'd better write to me when the time comes to remind me."

Unashamed of her tears, she thanked him. Then she walked from his office in a daze of happiness. She had won another fifty dollars and another friend for her boys. The stinging wind did not bite nor did the icy cold numb her. In her hand was a check.

At the corner of Broadway she sought shelter in a doorway to wait for a street car. She opened her purse and happened to glance at the slip of paper. A cry escaped her lips, drawing the curious attention of a passerby.

"Dear God," she breathed reverently, "Five hundred dollars!!!"

The chimes of Trinity Church sounded the noon hour.

## THE GREAT GOD BROWN

[Continued from page 31]

devil, you sentimental old pig!" he cried.

That night Dion goes to Brown's house in a wild, disheveled state, his face a malignant, tortured mask.

Dion—I've been celebrating the acceptance of my design for the cathedral.

Brown—You certainly helped me a lot on it. Dion answers that with a burst of laughter, and pours himself another drink.

Brown—Go easy. I don't want a corpse on my hands.

Dion—But I do. Brown will still need me to reassure him he's alive . . . I'll make him look in my mirror yet—and drown in it!

He draws a maddening picture of Brown. Maddening and ruthless. Brown is neither sentient creature nor creator. Brown is unloved by life. Drunk and laughing at him Dion has designed even his masterpiece, the cathedral. He has made it a vivid blasphemy from sidewalk to the tip of the spires, but so concealed that no one will ever know. From now on Brown will never design anything. And Margaret! How many times Brown has thought how much better it would have been if she had married him instead. Cybel! Brown has bought her but she has loved him, Dion, more than all the world. All the things that he has lacked Dion has possessed.

Dion—I'm done . . . My last will and testament—I leave Dion Anthony to William Brown . . . for him to become me—then my Margaret will still love me.

And, transformed at the final moment into a frightened boy, he begs Brown for a prayer, and dies.

Billy Brown buries him secretly in his garden, and assuming his mask, becomes in the eyes of Margaret and the world the ambitious, young Dionysus of their early married days.

Brown—in the office; Dion—with Margaret; a desperate and pursued Brown in his own home. Surely a bewildered and driven man, torn asunder trying to play three parts and keep his sanity, or any portion of his new found world. A great many things go to make up this Great God Brown. But, ultimately, of one fact he is sure. One of these parts of himself must die. He decides it shall be Brown. The committee to pass finally on the cathe-

dral plans arrives at the office and is received by Margaret who has come in to see Dion.

As Dion, wilder and more excited than ever, he enters and informs them that Mr. Brown is dead. Then, shaken with silent, diabolic laughter, and taking five steps at a time, he dashes down the stairs and is gone.

Cybel, hearing the news, has torn, with flying hair, to Brown's house where she discovers him kneeling in agony beside a table holding Dion's mask. It is all plain to the woman.

Cybel—Then run, Billy, run. They are hunting someone! They came in full cry to my place, hunting for a murderer, Dion. They must find a victim!

But Brown has no wish to escape. He advances to the window. The police and the crowd are there in the garden.

Brown—Welcome, dumb worshipers! I am your Great God Brown! I have been advised to run from you but it is my almighty whim to dance into escape over your prostrate souls!

Now they have seen him. Shouts and a volley answer his gesture of defiance, and Brown staggers back, mortally wounded. Cybel holds him in her arms.

Cybel— . . . You're tired.

Brown—And when I wake up . . .

Cybel—The sun will be rising again.

Brown—To judge the living and the dead! I don't want justice. I want love.

Cybel—There is only love.

Brown—Thank you, Mother. I am getting sleepy. What's the prayer you taught me—

Cybel—Our Father who art!

Brown—Who art! I know! I have found him! I hear Him speak! Blessed are they that weep, for they shall laugh. Only he that has wept can laugh! The laughter of Heaven sows earth a rain of tears and out of earth's transfigured birth-pains, the laughter of Man returns to bless and play again in innumerable dancing gales of flame upon the knees of God!

And so he dies—the Great God Brown.

An officer of the law, coming in to complete his report, asks Cybel the name of the man lying dead there.

Captain—Well, what's his name?

Cybel—Man.

Captain—How d'yuh spell it?

## WHAT AILS THE THEATER? [Continued from page 28]

and costumes used to cost a couple of thousand; now they come to four or five thousand for a not very elaborate drama, and musical shows run up into six figures. Where five thousand dollars was once a liberal outlay for expenses preliminary to raising the curtain, now the lowest average is ten thousand.

Such gambling is only possible, if there are suckers enough—suckers among the managers of course, but far more among the playgoers—rich suckers and lots of them. The pyramiding of production-costs on Broadway has been made possible by the extraordinary development of American industry and the great increase in New York's population.

Back of the present state of the New York theater lies the gambling manager. And back of the gambling manager lies Imperial America.

Or perhaps I ought to use the past tense. For, though America is still prosperous, and New York is the gold center of the world, I think the bottom is dropping out of the theatrical gamble. No game like this keeps on forever. At the very least, there must come a point in the cycle which industry calls "overproduction." It is hitting Broadway now. Will the cycle roll on towards another up-grade of gambling?

I think not, or, at any rate, part of the theater will be saved from this mad business of "double or quits." After all, there is more than one public for the theater, more than one kind of actor, director and manager. There is a kind of public and a kind of artist that want to see and appear in plays of a finer type than gambling will provide. These people are working back to the sort of theater that Daly used to manage, back still further to the stock companies and repertory theaters of the old world.

Segregation is a cure for epidemics. Segregation will cure our theater. When certain definite playhouses cling to certain definite standards, the public that likes those standards can go in safety to the theater. When those theaters have permanent staffs and permanent companies, and even permanent repertories—reviving old plays and keeping the new and the old alive together, just as any library does—then there will be an end of gambling for both the manager and the playgoer.

Out of the gambling machine of Broadway can come a success like Hampden's "Cyrano." But it is a fifty-to-one shot. We are looking for a theatre where the odds are in favor of such a play and the cards aren't stacked against "The Silver Box."



## \$2000 Reward For This Man's Name

He is the man who kicks about blades not being as good as they used to be, yet when you ask him why he doesn't stop them says "Why bother to stop my blades when new ones are so cheap?"

He has heard a thousand times that a Twinplex Stroppler will improve a new blade 100% and will keep it keener than new for weeks at a time, and yet he keeps right on spending time and money buying new blades—and then kicks about them.

What is a good name for this fellow? Name him and win a big cash prize.

### How to Enter Contest

Costs nothing to try. Take one of your new unused blades to a Twinplex dealer, and let him stop it for you. He will be glad to do this free and will give you an entry blank. After that it's up to you.

If your dealer cannot stop a new blade for you, send us his name and one of your new blades properly protected. We will stop and return it with entry blank, free.

If you prefer to save yourself this bother we will send you a New blade stoppered on Twinplex, an entry blank and a ten shave sample of the wonderful new Twinplex Shaving Cream, all for 10c. Name your razor when writing.

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1666 Locust Street, Saint Louis

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# Twinplex

## Stropplers

FOR SMOOTHER SHAVES



## MR. BURGER GOES VISITING

CONCLUDING his 57,000 miles of visiting Imperial Potentate James C. Burger started with Pyramid Temple of Bridgeport, where he was received by the entire Divan and their ladies. At the banquet he was presented with a Chinese teakwood dinner gong. The gong has an elaborate history and is a beautiful addition to the dinner service.

Following this, Sphinx Temple at Hartford was visited, where a banquet was also served, it being attended by the officers and their wives. A reception and dance came afterward.

Imperial Chief Rabban Clarence M. Dunbar then took the Imperial Potentate in charge to escort him to Providence, where Palestine was to be host. Now, be it known of all men that Noble Dunbar is one of the fire commissioners of Providence and rather enthusiastic over it, too. So what could have been more in keeping than to show a fire and the efficiency of the fire department to the distinguished guest? The fates were kindly disposed and, just as they entered the suburbs of the city, the fire alarm was sounded and as they rounded a corner an automobile was discovered ablaze.

Dunbar was in his glory. He told of the remarkable achievements of the department; how it stood out among the New England fire departments like a felon on a thumb; that there had never been a real disastrous fire within the city limits and announced that his guest would now see for himself just how effective the department was. The aforesaid guest did see. He saw a hook and ladder approaching with gongs sounding and the driver stepping on the gas apparently with both feet. A hose was attached, about fifty feet run out and then Noble Burger asked Noble Dunbar whether the ladder would be run up and the firemen drop on the motor car from above? While the fuss, feathers and flurry were in progress a truck driver jumped from his truck, opened up a Fyrfliter and in two minutes the fire was a thing of the past. It is more fraternal to draw a veil over the terrible panning that Noble Dunbar and the department got from that time on. No one can ever visit Providence without being impressed by the spontaneous character of its hospitality and it was dispensed at its best on this occasion.

From there to Kalurah at Binghamton, where a most pleasant surprise had been prepared for the Imperial Potentate. Congressman John D. Clark, a member of Kalurah, had been an old time law partner of the Imperial Potentate and drove eighty miles just to have the pleasure of introducing his old time associate. The reception was held at the Kalurah Country Club, a comparatively new acquisition of the Temple.

Then, on to Rochester, where Imperial Oriental Guide Esten A. Fletcher directed the entertainment, which took the form of a reception and banquet.

In Buffalo, the Divan gathered and impressed upon the Imperial Potentate their claims to consideration in the award of the hospital to New York state. So forcibly were their advantages presented and so appealing their proposition that the Imperial Potentate became almost as enthusiastic in their behalf as they were themselves.

Toronto and London were visited next, there being enthusiastic receptions at both places, with Ceremonials. The addresses of the Imperial Potentate were impressive and met with tremendous applause.

Michigan was next invaded, Detroit being the first stop and here Past Imperial Potentate Lou B. Winsor joined the party as the representative of Saladin, Grand Rapids. Ceremonials were put on at both Saginaw and Grand Rapids and at the latter place a handsome armchair was presented to the chief.

Past Potentate A. A. D. Rahn, Zuhrah, Minneapolis, now joined the party and at Chicago at his request the private car of President Budd of the Northern Pacific was placed at the disposal of the Imperial Potentate, and was occupied all through the trip on their territory, when it was replaced by a private car of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, the Minnesota, the car of President Byrum. Personal representatives of these roads accompanied the party, Noble J. H. Foster for the Milwaukee and Noble F. T. Holmes attending to their comfort for the Northern Pacific. So solicitous were these gentlemen that a second private car was added to the Milwaukee train at Sioux City to take care of the Nobles who had joined the party at that point.

MINNESOTA was the next state to be honored; Duluth being the point of entry; Winnipeg being visited on the way and an entire evening and up to the wee hours of the morning being devoted to entertainment of the party.

From Duluth, El Zagal, Fargo, was the next in line and at this point the Imperial Potentate was most agreeably impressed by the fact that the head of every branch of Masonry was in the boxes at the reception. Past Potentate Arvold was responsible for the arrangements. Noble Burger was presented with a handsome rug by the membership of this Temple.

At Kem, Grand Forks, the outstanding item was the appropriation by that body of \$1800 for the Convalescent Home movement in connection with the Twin Cities Hospital, this being one dollar for each member. A clay lamp made by the students at the State university was presented to Noble Burger.

At St. Paul, the Band and Patrol and Divan with their wives were at the station early in the morning to greet the Imperial Potentate and Mrs. Burger, who were escorted to the Temple where a breakfast was spread for the entire party. Returning to the hotel a short time was given Noble Burger to attend to his correspondence and he was then taken to a Booster meeting of more than 400 members, whose attention he held closely during the delivery of a splendid and highly optimistic address.

In the evening, a dinner was spread at the St. Paul Hotel and about forty greeted the guests of the evening. A musical skit was put on for his benefit; entertainment by dancing dervishes was given and a silver flower dish presented Mrs. Burger, with the promise on the part of the Imperial Potentate that he would continuously keep the same filled.

In Minneapolis, Noble and Mrs. Burger were the guests of Past Imperial Potentate Charles E. Ovenshire and on Monday the Imperial Potentate attended a booster meeting, made a very acceptable address and was presented with a grandfather's clock.

PAST Potentate Milligan, Yelduz, Aberdeen, next took charge of the guests as escort to his home city, Past Imperial Potentate Ovenshire joining the party, Past Potentate Leonard Steuart, Almas, Washington having been one of its welcome members for a week preceding this visitation.

At Sioux Falls, the next city visited, Noble Burger expressed himself as being especially pleased at the work of El Riad in the second section, which was under the direction of Past Potentate C. D. Symms, and the appealing feature being that each and every stunt put on originated with the director in charge. More rugs were added to the collection at the Burger home, both Yelduz and El Riad expressing their appreciation of his visit by a presentation.

SIoux Falls, Iowa, to visit Abu Bekr, was next in the line of march. Here luncheon was served in the country club, the train having been met by the band and the guests escorted to the hotel under its protection. In the evening, a Ceremonial was in order and the films of the Twin Cities unit were shown. Noble Burger at this Temple presented to Lloyd Hanson, a discharged patient of the Twin Cities hospital, a handsome watch the gift of Medinah, Chicago, and a chain, which was presented by Abu Bekr.

The representatives of El Kahir, Cedar Rapids, and Za-Ga-Zig, Des Moines, were among the visitors of whom there were about a score. Past Potentate Willis G. Haskell of Cedar Rapids took charge of the party at this point and escorted them to El Kahir, where a Ceremonial was put on with all the trimmings that Temple is famous for.

THEN on to Rockford, where Past Potentate Jack Buckbee saw to it that the honors were plentiful and the reception most pleasing, following which Terre Haute was visited and the corner stone of the new Mosque of Zirah was laid, Past Imperial Potentate Elias J. Jacoby, Murat, Indianapolis, and Imperial First and Second Ceremonial Masters Thomas J. Houston and Earl C. Mills assisting.

Imperial Marshal Clifford Ireland appeared on the scene and escorted the Imperial Potentate to Peoria and from there he visited Kaaba at Davenport, making a bee line home to finish up the report of a year filled with work.



Imperial Potentate Burger and Mrs. Burger coming from Emanuel Church during their visit to Portland. On the left is shown Rev. O. W. Taylor, Potentate of Al Kader, and Mrs. Taylor.

## A LOOK-IN ON SPORTS [Continued from page 43]

to be included among the product of the present generation of pitchers, said generation dating back from the end of the World War.

Andy Coakley, the former Cincinnati pitcher and now one of the greatest developers of college pitchers in the intercollegiate game, tells me that the trouble today is that the youngsters in the big leagues and elsewhere throughout baseball don't know how to pitch and are not willing to learn.

They have been led astray, he says, by the split ball and freak deliveries from which great results in a minimum of time and without too great exertion are expected.

And so, with crack slabmen missing, the solons of the big leagues are turning their attention to expeditious whereby those who are pitching will be helped.

RECENTLY I ran into a friend from the west.

"I saw Jim Thorpe the other day, sitting under a tree, fishing," he said.

So this means that the noted Indian has kept his word, has doffed the spangles of sport and will spend the remainder of his years out of the limelight, dreaming of days that were.

Thirty-eight years old is Thorpe and he is through. Such is the way of sport. In most walks of life a man approaching forty is just beginning to get into his stride.

And Jim Thorpe was a champion. He was probably the greatest all-around athlete this country has ever produced.

One who follows sports closely and derives from them an interest that is, among other elements, sentimental, loves to think back and recall great moments in his career as a critic.

One of those moments came in the fall of 1911 when the Carlisle Indian football team played Harvard at the Stadium on Soldiers Field in Cambridge.

Among the redskin crew was a husky buck with the chest and shoulders of a Hercules, the legs of an athletic hero out of Pindar and the grace of movement of a classical dancer.

No one, except Glenn Warner, the Carlisle coach and others who were familiar with affairs at the Pennsylvania Indian School, knew anything about Thorpe, but after he had kicked four goals against Capt. Bob Fisher's crimson eleven, two of them from the forty-yard line, after he had eluded tacklers in the open field and knocked them over like nine

pins when bucking the line, everyone knew a lot about him.

The late Walter Camp selected him as an All-America backfield player for three successive years.

There never was a track and field star like him. When he went to Stockholm in 1912 as member of the United States Olympic Team he won about everything that one man could well win.

Then at the very height of his fame it was discovered that he had received about a hundred dollars for playing in a baseball game two years previously. He lost his amateur standing, had to give back all the trophies he had won, and apologies were sent by the Amateur Athletic Union to all countries whose athletes Thorpe had met and defeated.

From then on came a decline. Thorpe signed to play with the Giants but while he did well in the field his batting prowess never developed up to the standard demanded of a major league outfielder. So eventually he was dropped.

NOT long ago at a prominent eastern university I saw a man watching a baseball game between the team of his alma mater and a time-honored rival. He was a man of sturdy figure but his hair was white and his fighting face was drawn and filled with lines. No one knew him; he sat alone and as he watched the lusty young athletes on the diamond below there was a far away expression in his eyes as though he were looking clean through this ball game down the vista of years to the time thirty years ago when upon this very field he was a by-word throughout the intercollegiate world as a lead-off batter and shortstop.

But his day went long ago, departed on that June afternoon when he received his diploma and went out into the world. He is now a mere shadow of history. But no more so than the blazing star of only four, eight or ten years ago.

Yet they talk of college athletics giving boys a false sense of values! If haply they do, in some cases, the awakening is not long delayed—three years in the sunlight that glorifies the varsity celebrity and then—oblivion.

If there is any moral in this it applies to the star himself and relates to the responsibility thrown upon him so to conduct himself in the world that after days will not place him in the class of those whose greatest moments in life came when they were boys.

## TWO WEEKS OFF! [Continued from page 37]

wreck. His friends all tell him that change is what he needs. He tells himself the same thing. He also tells his wife. He is going to Get Away From It All. But where? How? What shall he do with his golden month of ease? He considers a variety of places and finally hits upon a glorious inspiration. He calls up Brown, Smith and Robinson, friends of his on the floor, and finds that they can arrange their month off to coincide with his.

See, now, Jones, Brown, Smith, and Robinson, a few weeks later when their time of well-earned leisure has arrived. They are speeding along a state highway, feverishly hustling from one golf course to another. Every day they play a different course. Every night they play the same bridge. At luncheon there is always time to call up the office on the long distance and find out how the market is today. At the end of the month they part, with the unanimous and fervently expressed conviction that they benefited by a complete and conclusive break in the routine of existence.

One of the most elevating conceptions of how to make the most of one's annual leisure is embodied in a recent telephone advertisement.

A sportily attired man of affairs is shown at the front of a lean-to shack in the woods. Before him ripples a fishy looking stream. At his feet a waiting canoe bobbles at its moorings. In one hand he brandishes a fly-rod, in the other he holds a telephone instrument. The purport of all this is the caption, "Why leave your work behind when you can so easily take it with you on your vacation!" Surely this contains the germ of an invaluable and revolutionary idea. By the logic of reverse action one is brought face to face with the question, "Why take your work on a vacation when you might so easily bring your vacation to your work?" Or thus. A portable motion picture machine can transpose the rippling stream, the leaping fish, and the changeful forest to your presence. Balmy breezes, by the electric fan. Sounds of the wilds, by the phonograph. Flash of the swift current, by the washroom tap. All the delights and benefits of a complete outing by merely pressing a button. Simple. Sage. Reliable. Inexpensive.

The synthetic fortnight in the open may yet be the vacation of the future.

## SHRINE OUTINGS

### To Bermuda and West Indies

TOURS to these near-by islands of tropical beauty, history and romance are becoming more popular year by year. Ideal outings may be arranged for a week or a month or more, and Nobles will find a hearty welcome awaiting them.

Beautiful Bermuda,—"Nature's Fairyland," is only 48 hours from New York by luxurious liner which makes weekly sailings during the late fall, winter and spring. Winter cruises to the West Indies offer unusual opportunities to enjoy a delightful vacation on a splendid cruising steamer, with shore excursions at various ports.

Complete information furnished and arrangements made for travel by individuals or parties, with or without escort, to Europe, etc. Also Royal Mail de luxe cruises to Norway, Mediterranean, and Around Africa.

"The Comfort Route"

# ROYAL MAIL

## THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET CO.

Shrine Tours Dept.

New York, Boston, Cleveland, Chicago, Detroit, St. Louis, Minneapolis, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Atlanta, Vancouver, Montreal, Toronto, Halifax.





Drawing by  
Edward A. Wilson

## FOR INVESTORS

By Jonathan C. Royle

More ready cash is jingling today in American pockets and bulging American bank accounts than ever before in history. This money is earnestly seeking investment; for the time when Americans take either wages or profits and "blow it all in" is gone forever. The demand has become intensified with the completion of the fiscal year June 30th, and activity in investment securities will continue at a high rate for weeks to come.

An idea of the volume of cash which is available can be gained from the fact that interest and dividends alone from investment securities in the first five months of the year involved distribution of \$451,550,000. The dividend payments for June, when fully compiled, will bring the total for the six months well above \$542,500,000, according to present indications. Some of the money has already gone into investment securities but a huge sum will be placed immediately.

Industrial and miscellaneous securities provided the larger part of the interest and dividend payments for the first five months of the year with a total of \$261,290,000. Steam railroad stocks and bonds paid \$142,660,000 and street railways \$47,600,000.

### Maturing Obligations Heavy

The reinvestment buying does not depend on interest, dividends and recent profits alone, although the fiscal year from July 1, 1925 to June 30, 1926 was the most generally prosperous period ever known in American industry, commerce and trade. Since January 1st, bonds and other investment securities have matured to the enormous total of \$1,054,821,660.

This sum was divided into \$715,606,500 for industrials, \$212,783,060 for railroads and \$126,432,100 for public utilities. As in the case of interest and dividends, part of this flood money has already poured back into investment channels but the maturities in the last two months have aggregated \$108,907,760.

The individual investor is not the only factor to be considered in the movement of the securities markets. The period of prosperity which business has enjoyed during 1925 and for the first half of 1926 has enabled many corporations to add materially to their cash reserves and surplus accounts, while, at the same time, maintaining regular dividend rates. No small portion of these cash sums will be turned into the form of readily negotiable securities which pay an adequate rate of interest, in the next two months.

### Big Offerings Prepared

The present and prospective demand will not take bond houses and investment bankers by surprise. The impetus of reinvestment funds is felt regularly twice a year, but this year its force is likely to exceed all records. The dollars seeking a safe place to light will not have to use an electric torch to find it. Financiers and distributors have prepared for the rush. Also, they have done so in such a way as to assure safety as well as opportunity to their customers.

A large portion of the money available will go into high class bonds since this type of

security provides maximum safety with steadiness of return. The long term issues seem likely to be most sought after. The reason for this is obvious. A bond, by its nature, promises the repayment of its face value on a definite date. The closer that date, the less opportunity exists for profit from an increase in market value as well as from interest. Whereas obligations which do not mature for years may become sufficiently advantageous investments to command a very considerable premium in the market. As the bondages, that premium must decline until it is worth no more than its maturity face value.

Investment experts declare that the general trend of prices for high grade bonds is upward. But they add that the reinvestment demand which at any other time would be a thoroughly bullish influence, has been fairly well discounted.

### Rail Bonds Strengthened

Foreign bonds seem likely to be fairly popular since the debt settlements ratified in the first half of 1926 have clarified the European situation. The foreign securities floated here in the last year reached \$974,000,000 while \$140,000,000 worth of foreign bonds matured and were retired. Some foreign issues, however, have not moved into American strong boxes rapidly for buyers are putting added emphasis on the safety factor.

For that very reason, the substantial high class railroad bonds are receiving as much attention as a political fence before election. With loadings of revenue freight averaging nearly 1,000,000 cars a week throughout nearly all the first half year, net earnings of the carriers increased between two and a half percent, placing their bonds in a remarkably strong position.

### Higher Yield Sought

Preferred stocks of industrial and public utility corporations seem destined to be in active demand by those who seek a somewhat higher rate of interest than the usual bond assures. Many of the preferred issues are selling on a six to six and a half percent basis which is higher than the run of bonds of comparable stability.

The dividends on preferred stock are derived from earnings of the company concerned and business has been so prosperous that even conservative purchasers feel that the higher rate of interest on preferred shares rated as "good business man's risks" makes up for the difference in protection as compared with bonds. A "good business man's risk" is only another way of saying that the creditor has the debtor's right eye locked in the safe.

### Fixed Dividend Rates

In some respects a preferred stock closely resembles a bond. In the case of each, the return to the investor is definitely limited to a certain percentage of the par value. If the company's assets should have to be liquidated and turned into cash, bondholders and preferred share holders have claims ahead of common stock holders but the bondholders

would have a claim prior to the rights of the owners of the preferred shares.

Unlike bonds, preferred stocks have no definite maturity date and the issuing company never is obligated to repay the preferred stockholders except by a sinking fund created out of earnings over a period of time, when such a sinking fund is provided, as is frequently the case. But like most bonds, nearly all preferred stocks may be redeemed by the payment of their par value plus a specified premium.

If failure of earnings causes a lapse in dividend distribution, the preferred stockholder has no such recourse as would be available to a bondholder whose interest had defaulted. But the reports of the industrial corporations have been so favorable that the risk has been decidedly reduced.

### Merger Profits

The merging of industrial and public utility companies has necessitated the issue of a large volume of new securities. But conservative investment bankers are fully aware that not every proposed consolidation necessarily spells a marked increase in the margin of profit. Some concerns do not merge any more advantageously than oil and water.

The object of mergers, ostensibly, is to reduce production, sales and distribution costs. There is no question that, where conditions permit, one consolidated company may be administered by fewer executives than two or more separate corporate entities. Supplies and raw materials may be purchased more advantageously in large lots than in small quantities. Sales forces may be cut down and the advantages of mass production obtained. But bankers recognize that in certain cases companies may be more advantageously operated separately and that a large capitalization and combination of assets do not always bring correspondingly large net incomes.

### Margins of Safety

The sound investment houses, therefore, are scanning the terms and advantages of proposed mergers closely before consenting to distribute the capital issues to their own customers. They are investigating the valuations placed on the units to be joined to see that the margin of safety for the returns to investors is not endangered. This is entirely outside the question of whether the proposed mergers violate the anti-trust laws. That is a matter which is under constant investigation by the government authorities. Developments in the early part of the year were such as to make deliberate attempts to evade the law extremely unlikely to succeed either with the government or the investors.

The head of one of the outstanding investment houses of the west recently "shopping around" in Wall street for attractive issues which he might offer to his customers for their reinvestment funds, outlined the general attitude when he was asked to participate in a piece of financing which he thought presented some untoward features.

"Come on in," said the sponsor of the issue. "The water's fine."

"Well," answered the banker, "I can swim and I believe most of my customers are quite at home in investment waters. But neither I nor they care much about skating on thin ice—especially in midsummer."

Stock market fluctuations of the speculative issues seem likely to have less effect than ever on the investment groups. The people who put their money into investment issues are coming to realize that the real factors to be considered are the earning power of the property involved and the safeguards provided. Flurries in the stock market have a tendency to turn funds into the investment markets rather than to take them out.

Even if there should be a falling off in business sufficient to justify a setback in the stock market, there need be no cause for concern on the part of the holder of investment stocks or bonds. It will only mean that there will be more money available for high grade securities.

## QUEER STREET

[Continued from page 34]

"I hope you won't think I mean to be—well, presumptuous . . ."

"My dear Miss Wilding!"

"Only, I do find it awfully interesting."

"Do you? Honest Injun?"

"Cross my heart," she laughed back at him, more at ease, "and vow and hope to die!"

"In that case, I suppose I've got to believe you. And I think you're a brick to tell me so. Compliments like that mean a lot when a fellow isn't too sure of himself."

"You are, though—you couldn't write like that unless you were sure of what you were doing. I mean, so convincingly. I feel as if I couldn't wait for the rest. I do hope you've got lots more for me to copy."

"Some, not so much as I had hoped to have. Last night was a sort of a washout, I hardly know why. But if you mean what you say—and I don't mean I'm questioning your sincerity—I shall be so bucked, the chances are I'll boom along famously for another good spell. But—do you have to go out in this heat?"

He had been a bit sad about that, from his first sight of the girl all dressed for the street, and looking uncommonly charming . . .

"I'm afraid I must," she sighed, but in a twinkle—"or break a promise. Have you forgotten about the walk I needed?"

"I am a—what's the slang for it, this side?—a dim wit. Half a minute while I find my hat. We'll hop a bus and go up to Central Park, shall we?"

"No, please—I mean, yes; but if you don't mind, don't come with me. I'll wait for you over on the corner of Fifth avenue. It'll be much easier to escape without being stopped if we go out separately, you know."

"I hadn't thought of that. But I see the point; and I won't keep you waiting."

He reflected, when the girl had gone, that she wasn't what one would call an average sort. She had a head on her shoulders—had been clever enough to sidestep very neatly the obvious provocation to a man's instinctive gallantry which would have inhered in any hint of what, one couldn't doubt, had been in the back of her mind—that she didn't want those two old busybodies downstairs coupling their names in gossip. Which evidence of tact, being interpreted, simply meant that, whereas Miss Wilding was disposed to be friendly, she wished it understood that their acquaintance must not pass over any more intimate threshold. In that their minds were one.

PALMER had, acting on the girl's hint, invested that morning, at a second-hand office furniture shop in a Fourth avenue basement, in a black japanned document box with somebody else's initials on it and a stout lock and key. In this the manuscript of Queer Street ought to be sufficiently secure against Mrs. Fay's prying.

The noble resolution which had dedicated this gentleman to the service of one mistress only and that his pen, suffered a slight but unmistakable sprain, however, when he espied, while still at some distance from the avenue, that slender and spirited shape of young womanhood, in a summery frock not too smart but still becoming, waiting for him in the comparative coolness of the shadowed corner. Something happened to Palmer's pulses then to remind him that May Wilding was not only an interesting study of independent feminine individuality, a type of the social phenomenon which most conspicuously attested this new age of which he was supposed to be a part, though he didn't much feel as if he were—she was entirely a woman, too, and couldn't help being an incarnate lure to any right man's fancy.

Well! one thing was sure, nothing would ever happen to make her repent encouraging her acquaintance with John Palmer. He hadn't any room in his life for what is known as falling

in love, either. That sort of thing was of the past, and, possibly, for the future, never for the impecunious present. For all that the girl couldn't help what he with all the good will in the world couldn't help, that little stir of foreboding in his bosom when he went to join her.

"This is uncommonly nice of you, if you don't mind my saying so, Miss Wilding." The young man plumed himself a bit on that speech, whose phrasing was in such good harmony with a mildly off-hand manner. "I've been aching, rather, for somebody to gas at about this job of mine; and your being kind enough to say you were so interested makes me hesitate even less than I suppose I ought to, for fear of being an egotistic bore."

"But I don't just see how people who do things all by themselves can help being a little egotistic," she lightly argued.

The bus was halting to pick them up; and the luck was with those two that afternoon—there was, miraculously, plenty of room on the roof, which made it possible to find places immediately above the chauffeur's cab, with an array of empty benches aft to insure against the impertinent attentions of strangers' ears.

"Well?" May Wilding demurely prompted after a bit. "I'm waiting. Why don't you begin?"

"To make a noise like an author? I don't know—I was wondering if it was nice manners, seeing that this is my party. Besides, if you want the truth, I'd just as lief—I'd liefer talk about you."

"But I'm nobody to talk about, just one of thousands of girls in pretty much the same boat. The business colleges turn us out by the gross lot, just useful enough to earn a sort of a living—if we're let. Some of us are luckier than others, most of us," she ruefully laughed, "aren't."

"Isn't that rather a pessimistic view?"

"I don't know—it's an honest one. I try to be honest, specially with myself; it's about the only safe way, if you're a girl. I've had an average sort of a life so far, I guess. Father was a small town contractor out in Bucyrus, Ohio. I got a high school education, just enough to make me think. When father died and left nothing much and it was up to me to find some way to make a living, I was too good for housework. Well: I haven't had to do any yet—but that's only because I've never fallen for anybody hard enough to get married, I expect. Mother had just enough to live on, not well—not enough for two—and there didn't seem to be any future sticking in Bucyrus. One of my girl friends had gone to New York and got a job in the chorus of a musical comedy, and wrote and told me if I'd come on she'd get me in with the same people. The day I landed in New York the show closed. Then my friend got married and went to live in Bridgeport. I quit hanging around the theatrical agencies when I found out it was necessary for a girl to eat now and then and took a typing job in an office. That didn't last, either. Lately I've been doing copying for a firm of public stenographers. And that's all."

"It's a lot," Palmer considered—"it's a novel, if you like."

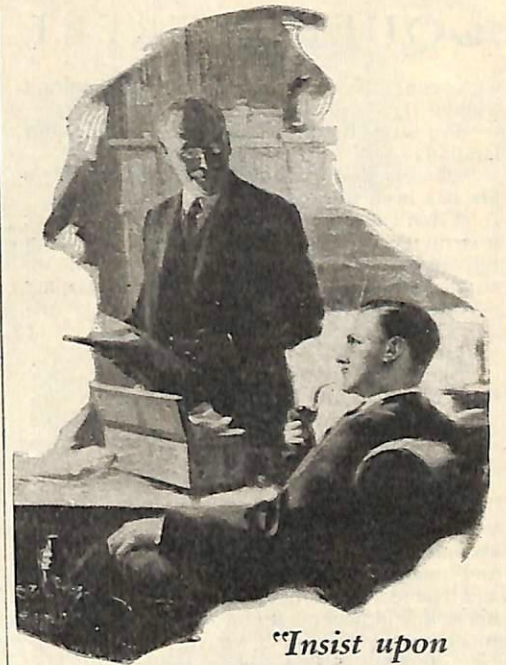
"Don't make fun of me. Why, there are a hundred thousand girls in this town who could tell you the same story."

"And every last one a novel, if one only knew how to write them. Every life is, to my way of thinking."

"Even when it's just like a hundred thousand others?"

"It never is, that's my point. No two human beings ever yet reacted in precisely the same way to the experiences which fall to the common lot. That's what makes writing about them such an exciting job."

"Oh, I give up!" May Wilding laughed. "I don't know how to argue [Continued on page 72]"



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## QUEER STREET

(Continued from page 71)

with you. Not only that, but I shouldn't wonder if you're right."

"I'm sure I am. Take, for example, our landlady—"

"Oh now! don't tell me you think Mrs. Fay's life has been unexciting."

"I don't know what it has been. It's what it is, on its surface, I'm talking about: a woman too old to be attractive, too witless to build up any sort of mental life, too timid and grasping ever to risk anything just for the sake of the adventure—getting her only excitement out of solitary hours with a bottle—"

"She'd been getting a lot of that last night," the girl interrupted with a half-smile of impatience. And Palmer fatuously congratulated himself on his Machiavellian subtlety. "She was worse than I've ever seen her."

"When was that?"

"Pretty late. I had to go out to see about something—and didn't get back till some time around midnight. Mr. Machen was still up and snooping and popped out at me as soon as I opened the front door, like a spider from his web, and held me up for some time—trying to make me talk about you and your novel. He's terribly fussed about something, Mr. Palmer, that's mixed up with you, somehow."

"I know—it's my story. I told you—didn't I?—it was he who gave me the first suggestion. That gives the old bird a sense of proprietary interest in me."

"Well, maybe." But the girl seemed to hold this hypothesis debatable. "I don't know. Anyway, while I was trying to break away without telling him anything, Mrs. Fay heard us talking and came boiling up the basement stairs with her hair standing on end and fire in her eyes—"

"Due to fire-water in her midst, I gather."

"She'd had plenty," May Wilding affirmed—and then some. I was scared stiff at first, and then I was thankful. It was the first time I ever heard her talk to that old plague as if her soul was her own; generally she acts as if he was the Devil with a mortgage on it that he might take a notion to foreclose any minute. But last night she just went for him."

"What about?"

"Stopping me—said she wanted to know what the big idea was, if her lady lodgers (that's what she called me) couldn't ever pass his door without his making some excuse to give them a buzz."

"And what happened?"

"I didn't wait to see, I just cut and ran and left them to fight it out between themselves. What do you suppose there is between those two?"

"Must there be something?"

"Well! they're afraid of each other. I mean, they act precisely like a couple of old black-mailers practising on each other in a dull season just to keep their hands in."

"That's good," Palmer chuckled. "That goes right into Queer Street."

"What I want to know is, how soon is Mrs. Fay coming in?" the girl asked, and made no secret of the amusement which Palmer's surprise occasioned her. "She is coming in, isn't she?"

"How did you guess?"

"I've been reading your copy, Mr. Author. I hope you didn't expect me to overlook the fact that it's all about the house we live in."

"No-o," Palmer deliberated; "I suppose you hardly could, really. And as a matter of fact, it's Mrs. Fay I'm snagged on—as I told you a while ago. She's the woman who bid the house in at the auction sale."

"But what's the snag?"

"Why, it's my ignorance of the lady's antecedents. I don't seem to know anything about her before she turns up with the deed to the property, just as the little boy and his mother are leaving the house for the last time, to sail

for England, and the butler tells them that she's the new owner."

"Does it matter what she was before that time?"

"HEAPS. That's according to my fledgling theories about how to write a proper novel, anyway. My notion is, nobody has a right to walk into a story without having some vital relation to the plot."

"Consequently Mrs. Fay has got to be given something important to do, and I'm blessed if I can think what. If I knew anything about the old girl's life before her first entrance to my stage, I might be able to fit her in more neatly. But I've fished my imagination and fished it without getting as much as a nibble. Water's too shallow, I daresay."

"That's another sort of fishing now, isn't it?" the girl lightly mocked. "But maybe I can help—I know something about Mrs. Fay. She told me without any encouragement, that she used to be a show girl in a music hall—I don't believe it's running any more—called Koster & Bial's. She seemed to think I ought to be impressed, and I pretended to be; though she did make it hard for me, showing me photographs of herself in costume—mostly tights. She did look so queer and self-conscious and old-fashioned."

"She said her people were wealthy and I'd be surprised if I knew what her family's real name was. But she didn't tell me, so I wasn't surprised. Anyway, they died off and part of their money came to her, and she thought she ought to put it into real estate—she never did have much confidence in banks and bonds and such like."

THE shadows that lengthened with that Summer's afternoon were beginning to blend into a subtle lilac half-light when one of those two shabby young people—who, whereas they had for hours held against all comers a bench secluded in the northern fastnesses of Central Park, would none the less indignantly have repudiated the right of all the world to love them for what they appeared to be—gave a small start, asked what time it was, and rather breathlessly said Goodness! she hadn't any idea that it was as late as that, she guessed they had better be going, hadn't they? To which the other demurred to the effect that he took the liberty of assuming she hadn't got a heavy date for dinner and was disinclined to let her go home to the Uneda Biscuit and sardines which she was pretty sure to gnaw alone if not prevented by some self-assumed authority such as his own; and how about tottering over to Madison Avenue and seeing if they couldn't run a potty tea room to earth somewhere?

The tea room had been planned, primarily to serve as a discreet rendezvous; its candle-shine was proportionately considerate to folk of threadbare fortunes, its shadowed spaces, thanks perhaps to the heat of that evening, sparsely frequented, and if its dinner of fixed price was vague and slender, as tea room fare is prone to be by evident convention, it was a grateful escape from meals of everyday—and the waitress was delightfully haughty and remote. And so the young man talked about himself and his work and talked and talked, and if his audience was long-suffering she either didn't know or wouldn't show it; with the up-shot that, when the time came for their prudent parting on a corner out of sight of the old house on Queer Street, it was marked by emotions on both sides of mixed refreshment and reluctance.

And Mr. Palmer went back to his grind on the whole not ill-pleased with himself. The afternoon, he considered, had gone off most successfully; that was to say, without any suspicion of the sentimental finding a way in to flavor this promising young platonic friend-

ship. Such, at all events, was his impression, what he preferred to and quite firmly did believe; and he flouted it in the face of that presentiment which had afflicted him on his way to meet May Wilding, in the general sense of 'I told you I could get away with it and no nonsense, and I did and that's that; so don't be plaguing me again!' and, shucking his coat, fell to his task with a will.

Again that night the girl's typewriter played no muted accompaniment to his performance; but this time Palmer was too busy to miss it. With the early history of Mrs. Fay established, invention gave over its balkiness and sweetly consented to trot in double harness with memory and at a spanking pace; the two of them covered a very fair stretch of territory before, past two in the morning, they began to flag.

A well content writer took his dreams then to bed with him. But that was a mistake, for these persisted in haunting his pillow in such graphic and lively continuity that he couldn't seem to manage to dismiss or make them blend into the mirk of slumber. The more diligently he composed himself for sleep, the wider awake he became; and he was debating the advisability of getting up again, relighting the gas and having another go at his con-founded story when that happened which shunted his train of thought down quite another siding.

May Wilding came home.

The street was so quiet at that hour, Palmer could hear the quick tapping of heels as soon as she turned the corner; but there was nothing special in their accent to engage his interest or lead him to suspect they might be hers until in front of the house they ceased. Then the downstairs door was stealthily opened and closed, and footfalls, so furtive as to be inaudible till they found the topmost treads of the third flight of stairs, passed in haste along his landing and were lost on the one above.

THERE was no room for any doubt as to that identification; ears that would strain to hear, although he forbade them, detected enough of the stir the girl made undressing and going to bed to persuade him against his inclination. And the fact that it was inconceivably any concern of his how May Wilding chose to spend her time after dark only aggravated his sense of personal grievance. Hang it all! why had he let himself get all worked up like this every so often over what he vowed he didn't give a good red damn about, the private life of his upstairs neighbor?

Simply because the girl was agreeable and in tight papers and taking an amiable interest in the copying she was doing for him and—oh, well!—pretty enough in her way . . .

And yet, such is the contrary way minds work in men of an imaginative turn, it seemed as though Palmer had only needed this distraction, vexatious as he held it, to put him to sleep. He slept later into the morning than was his wont, too, and woke up feeling none the better for it—in his own word, rusty. A premonition that this was going to be one of his bad days bore heavily on him; there was an ache in his old wound as carking as the smart of abraded self-esteem. And when May Wilding, almost before he had finished his breakfast, turned up with a tranquil countenance at his door and a request for more copy, the man was put to it not to betray his unreasonable temper.

Out till all hours as she had been and showing never a trace of either weariness or self-consciousness! looking, to the contrary, as fresh as though she had slept all night long, as innocent of any duplicity as—as she was, if it came to that! How could anybody be double-faced who had nothing to conceal that John Palmer could assert any interest in?

"Am I too early for you?" she asked in polite contrition, finding him unready. "I

didn't stop to think about your having worked late, I'm afraid; I was only thinking that here was a clear day ahead, and maybe I could catch up with you."

"You're not so rushed now?"

"Not any more. It's the slack season, I suppose, with so many out of town."

"But won't you come in a minute, while I get this stuff together?" Palmer, leaving the door open, turned back to his work-bench. "I wasn't expecting you so early."

"Well, you see, I really am interested . . ."

The girl hesitated a breath, then impulsively, and yet with a little diffidence added: "I don't know why I shouldn't tell you, I've been laid off by that firm I was doing home work for. So there's nothing in the way of your copying now, I can give you all the time you want."

"I'm sorry—"

"I'm sorry you're sorry!" she laughed.

"I mean, about your losing that other job. I'm afraid, even if I work night and day, I couldn't keep your expert fingers busy. Wish I could!"

"So do I, sort of. Commercial copying's pretty deadly. Yours is so different. Did you do much last night?"

"A pretty fair jag of work." Being able to boast to that effect made the author feel better. "And after I'd gone to bed my brain went on ticking till I thought it never would run down; don't know why, overtired, I guess, and excited. As a general rule, it puts in its best licks when I'm not looking—when I'm either asleep or so interested in something else I forget. Then all at once I wake up to realize some problem that's been baffling me has been solved without any effort on my part at all. Silly, isn't it?"

"It's wonderful, I think."

"But last night the fool thing insisted on my staying awake to watch it act up."

"And did it solve the problem while you did? Please tell me. I'd be so thrilled to know who the murderer was, really."

"That's something I haven't quite made up my mind about," Palmer replied. "But I've got a feeling I'm on the right track at last. In fact, I don't mind admitting I've been rather on the fence about that crime till just now; undecided whether it was murder or not. But now I'm quite settled on that point—I know that poor fellow they found dead in the library downstairs, that morning twenty years ago, never died by his own hand. So now I know I shan't be long—"

HIS glance idly lifted over the girl's head and steadied into a stare as he interrupted himself in annoyance hardly dissembled. "Oh, are you there, Mrs. Fay? I didn't hear you."

"Ain't had time to knock yet," the landlady answered from the threshold, and threw in an effective bit of panting—"only just this minute come up with your mail." She grinned a grin so genial it just missed being ghastly. "I hope I ain't buttin' in on anything important."

"Not a bit." Palmer went to take his letters with the sinking feeling in his bosom which he was too green an author to have outgrown; the feeling which sight of those long self-addressed envelopes never failed to instill, of needing to rally from a solar plexus punch. "And many thanks. Is that all?"

A smile was manufactured to extract some of its sting from that dismissal, but fell short of its purpose; for in the faded blue eyes the temper of a virago flamed up like sheet lightning, then subsiding left them sullen. "That'll be all for this mornin', I guess, Mister Palmer!"—no mistaking the stress on the style the woman gave him. "Only, there ain't no mail for Miss Wilding. G'mornin'!"

Palmer tried, as he resumed his sorting of manuscript, to make a mocking long face for the girl's amusement; but she failed to respond with a smile or think of anything it would be safe to utter before the slap of slipshod feet on the stairs had died away.

"How long do you suppose she'd been there, Mr. Palmer, snooping?" [Continued on page 74]

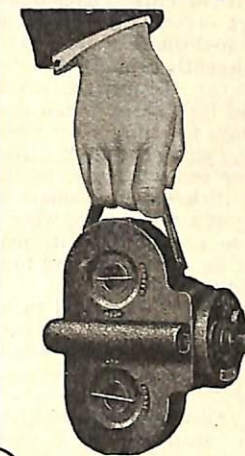
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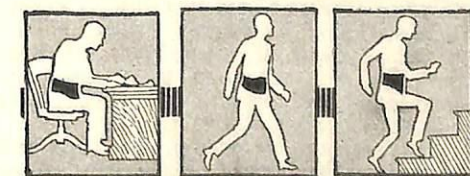
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## QUEER STREET

"Don't know, I'm sure. Didn't hear her come up. Did you?"

"No. And that's funny, too; usually a person can tell it's those worn-out slippers of hers three flights down. She must have heard us talking as she came up and sneaked the rest of the way on purpose to get an earful. How much do you suppose she did hear?"

"Can't say. And if you ask me, it doesn't matter." Palmer turned over the girl's stint of work for that day. "We weren't discussing anything that could possibly cut any figure in Mrs. Fay's young life."

"I know we weren't," May Wilding agreed, but remained a prey to formless suspicions—"but does she know it? That's the question. I didn't like her expression one bit."

"I," Palmer freely confided, "don't passionately fancy any of her expressions. Though that's neither here nor there. I think you're up a blind alley, if you ask me. The poor old fluff was piqued because I let her see too plainly she wasn't wanted, that's all."

"Is it? I'm not so sure."

"Never say die, what? Well; let's see what she could, by laboring her imagination, if any, have read into our talk that threatened her peace of mind. Of course, there's this: She may have got the notion, when she heard me suggest that a murder had been committed in the library, I was attacking the fair name of her property. I suppose that would be apt to give her a turn."

"Perhaps, or maybe . . . Stop laughing at me!"

"Sorry. But you are developing into such a regular sleuth-hound. What new clue are you worrying now, please?"

"I was only wondering . . . You say your story's founded on fact: there was a man found dead in the library; and Mrs. Fay did buy the house at auction, afterwards. Maybe she knows something we don't. Maybe she knows it wasn't a simple case of suicide, after all . . . I'd rather you went on making fun of me than look at me like that!" the girl protested with the nearest approach to a pout that she could manage, who wasn't of a pouting nature. "I suppose you think I'm crazy—"

"I don't—I think you're wonderful."

"You mean, maybe I'm right about Mrs. Fay knowing something?"

"That's as may be. But right or wrong," Palmer gratefully declared, "you're a wonderful collaborator! The old girl's found a place in my story now nobody can pry her out of—and you put her in it!"

ONE week went its way into the history of John Palmer's life ignorant of event to make it notable and wrapped in such a haze of toil that he was hardly conscious of its lapse.

It was a noteworthy week for him notwithstanding; for when the dust began to settle it was to be seen that the manuscript of Queer Street, and not only the body of the story but the bony skeleton of its fine articulation, had grown in those seven days almost as miraculously as the fabled mango of the Hindu fakir. But it was still far from finished when two interrelated influences began to pull against its quick completion. Sheer fatigue of body and mind began to act as a brake on Palmer's pen, for he was—again in his own phrase—working like a fool, neglecting the exercise his body needed to keep it fit and its powers in constant flow, and failing entirely to find any relief from the tension of constant dwelling on one exclusive association of ideas. And in the old house on the street which he had christened Queer the plot, as in his book, was thickening.

Prepossession with his dream world had helped to hold in rein the disposition which he deplored in himself to meddle with his pretty neighbor's business. He was aware, because her typewriter ran no more of nights and he was seldom asleep before she came in, that May

Wilding was making it her habit to go out every evening and stay away till two and three in the morning in pursuit of some affair whose nature, if it had nothing to do with some man whom she was studiously never to mention, all the good will in the world couldn't find a fair name for.

Yet the young woman who came down to get his copy every morning never left an impression of one so incurably frivolous as to dance nightly on the grave of her good reputation—on even, which was more incomprehensible, the very brink of the fate that lies in wait for friendless girls whose landladies, for cause, turn them out into the street and hold their luggage.

It was coming to that with May Wilding. Signs and portents multiplied. The nagging voice of Mrs. Fay was too often to be heard on the top floor landing, the girl's filling in the infrequent breaks with accents of some desperation. For it's part of the strategy of rent collecting, of course, to do one's dunning shrilly in public instead of decently behind a shut door. And the modest charges the girl was making for the work she did for Palmer would never make up in seven days the sum of her weekly room-rent. Even so, Palmer had to do without this and that minor necessity to be in a position to meet them. His little store of dollars was ebbing, daily ebbing at a rate which, when he permitted himself to contemplate it, made him wonder whether he would ever live to see the end of Queer Street.

"If you go on this way," May said to him one morning, "you'll go all to pieces and never be able to finish. Why can't you be sensible and stop this business of slaving eighteen hours a day like a nigger?"

"Can't afford to. Oh!" he said quickly to forestall an obvious retort—"I know you're right, but this thing is going ahead just now almost of its own momentum; I'd be afraid of some sort of smash up if I should try to stop it."

"There'll be a smash up if you don't pretty soon, I can tell you! Don't you use a looking glass when you shave?"

"Of course, but I hardly see—"

"I should think what it shows you would be proof enough you've got to cut out at least this night work."

"I don't know," Palmer drawled. He had confessed to himself, on getting up, that he felt that morning at least a hundred years old; and strangers fare better than friends at the hands of a man in his then frayed state of nerves. The eyes were cynical that looked the girl up and down. "If you ask me, I don't think you're looking quite up to the mark yourself, May Wilding. What price the hours you're keeping?"

"That's different. It doesn't take a clear head to do copying. If I'm tired, too, it doesn't matter. But you've got a brain, and it's no use trying to pretend it can do its best work when it's exhausted."

"Still, flattered as I doubtless should be, I don't quite see . . ."

"I'm doing the best I know how to keep going," the girl flashed. The cheeks were not now that a moment since had been a shade too pale, her eyes sultry with defiance. "And I can take care of myself, thank you, without any assistance."

IT WAS on the tip of the tongue to retort that circumstantial evidence didn't lend much support to her contention. And it was almost a pity that Palmer remembered that he had no right to humiliate this young woman with proof that he was better acquainted with her worries than she would have him. An open quarrel might have cleared the atmosphere. But, right or wrong, he would pursue the argument no further and put it off with a shrug which only added fuel to the girl's resentment.

"Let's say no more about it. Only, do please understand that there isn't any 'must' about

this work of mine. If you're not feeling up to it today, it will be perfectly agreeable to me to let it go until tomorrow."

"You'll have it this afternoon as usual," a suddenly distant and white Miss Wilding replied. "I haven't asked for anybody's pity!"

She whisked out of the room before he could find an answer; and instead of bringing the copy in to Palmer, when she had breezed through it with more than her customary ease, overhead, simply knocked and left him to find it at his door.

On his way out that evening the young man was taken with an impulse to look in on Mrs. Fay in her basement quarters. On that lowermost flight of steps there was no light, and the malodorous hall it delivered him to was hardly less gloomy. The door at its far end, to what had one-time been a shining kitchen, showed a yellow glimmer, however, and as Palmer picked his way toward it he heard a hasty shuffle of slippers and the clink of a tumbler in collision with a bottle. Then Mrs. Fay, swaying a little on her feet but ripe for battle, met him squarely on the threshold.

"I hope you don't mind my looking you up this way, Mrs. Fay; but I wanted a word with you in private, and thought perhaps it would save trouble if we had it before tomorrow . . ."

"Well, young man?" The shrew braced herself and rocked belligerently. "Whash—what's bitin' you 'shevening?"

"Just this: I'm a bit worried about Miss Wilding. I hope you won't let her know I said anything to you, but—"

"Y' don't need to go no farther. I know jush—just what you're goin' to say and I can tell you here and now, it's no ush. A week's rent in advansh every week's rule of the housh. If she don't pay m'up tomorrow, she goes out! thash flat."

"But if I could only induce you to be a little easy on her for a week or two—"

"Shure I will—like fun. If you're so set on havin' her stay under shame roof—"

"Only because Miss Wilding is doing my typing and I would be at a loss to find someone to replace her—"

"Just like that, eh?" The woman gave a greasy innuendo expression in a chuckle. "Well, it's all shame to me if you want to pay her rent."

"I can't do that, I'm afraid, she wouldn't let me. But if you'll let me stand her guarantor—"

"That'll be all right, too. Jush—just leave two weeks' with me on deposit. When Miss Wilding pays up, I'll hand it back."

"But—I'm afraid I couldn't do that—"

"Who ever said you could?" Mrs. Fay bristled with indignation that anybody should so asperse her acute intelligence. "Whoever even thought it? Say: what you wastin' my time for, hay? Not only that, but what goes for her, goes for you, too, and don't you forget it. Pay up or shut up: thash my motto."

AND Palmer retired from that stricken field to nurse the knowledge that he had probably made matters worse instead of bettering them for May Wilding. Which was, he supposed, what always came to meddling.

As it turned out, however, he had set a powerful machinery of secret motives in operation to work out a reprieve for the girl.

A mysteriously steadiest and more clearly articulate Mrs. Fay climbed the stairs some two hours later with a tray for her star lodger's supper. Machen was waiting at his door, and, having admitted the woman, let her take the tray to the desk in his stuffy den. No words passed between them—unless the grunt with which she had been welcomed might be so termed—until Machen had seated himself and whisked away the not too spotless napkin which masked the several dishes. Then ob-

serving that Mrs. Fay, instead of going her way in peace, was standing over him with a portentous eye, he slewed round in his swivel chair with a countenance, for him, not unkindly.

"Well, Queenie? What's on your mind?" "I just thought I ought to tell you, that Wilding piece's two days behind on her rent already. I told her this morning I'd give her till tomorrow, if she didn't pay then, her cue'd be 'Out!'"

"Quite so." Machen smiled in wintry approbation and, turning his attention again to the tray, helped himself to a slice of bread and plastered it with butter. "Did you expect me to intercede for the young woman?"

"How'd I know what you'd take it into your head to do? She's good lookin' and a gad-about—out every night now, and almost all night. And you—well! they do say there's no fool like an old fool. Or a young one, either, if it comes to that. Your young friend Palmer was down to see me, wanted me to go easy on her—said he'd guarantee her rent, only he didn't want her to know nothin' about it."

"I'm not surprised." Machen nodded with the slice of bread poised at his lips. "They seem to be working up to an affair, those two young people. What did you tell young Palmer?"

The tale of the young man's discomfiture was related with relish and received with nods of amused approval.

"Very good, Queenie. I couldn't have handled the situation better myself. What else?"

"Well, I thought as how I ought to tell you, because you'd be wantin' to get rid of them both, maybe. If the girl goes, I wouldn't be surprised if he moved right out after her."

"I hardly think so. But if he should—?" Machen's eyes were slots now of perplexity, trying and failing to read the malice written on the woman's face. He made to bite into his bread, and delayed.

"I asked you a question, Queenie." "I heard you. I was wonderin' if maybe something I heard them two sayin' to each other the other day would change your mind any."

"Why should it? What did they say? something about me?"

"That's for you to know and tell me. I heard that Palmer feller tell the Wilding piece he's made up his mind old man Franklin didn't suicide himself at all—that somebody'd croaked him. What do you know about that?"

The bread dropped from fingers abruptly nerveless and found the carpet in sound accord with tradition—battered side down. Machen started out of his chair as if to seize the woman by the shoulder; but she was swift to back away and hold a safe distance.

"What do you mean, woman?" the old voice shrilled and broke. "What should I know about that?"

"How do I know? I'm telling you what I heard the Palmer feller say to the Wilding piece. How do I know it ain't a hot hunch?"

But a full thirty minutes elapsed before Machen stirred from the crumpled slouch into which he had fallen when the slam of the hallway door covered his final cry to her and the woman's swift retreat.

Then with difficulty pulling himself together he opened a drawer of his desk, found a flask, and measured a fair swig into a glass.

When that had done its work, he stooped, retrieved the slice of bread and butter and, as becomes a thrifty soul, scraped the dust-flecked butter off with a knife and filled his mouth.

At his feet a dark stain had formed on the dingy carpet.

[To be continued]

John Palmer's interest is divided between his novel and the strange mysterious behavior of the young woman upstairs.

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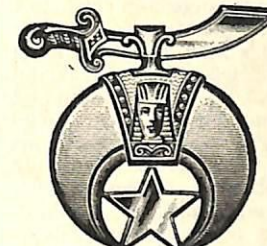
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## Turn to page 88

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# THE SOUL OF THE SHRINE [Continued from page 47]

you come to think of it a lot of nurses and attendants simply take a job as a job. But these women at the Shriners Hospital are interested enough, personally, to desire pictures for themselves, pictures of their little patients and friends. Children can't be in much better hands, do you think? Patsy, by the way, is a most popular child, a merry, bright-eyed, red-haired imp suffering from bow legs which are rapidly getting better. She doesn't look starved or in the least unhappy. I believe she's having the best time of her life right now. And why shouldn't she?

That hospital is the most completely equipped place I've ever seen. The children's rooms are sunny and immense. There are pictures and nursery rhymes on the walls and ceiling. And quiet? Say, have you ever prowled around one of those gloomy orphanages or hospitals where you can hear a pin drop and the children are afraid to speak? Well, in this hospital (No, it's home!), in this home there's simply bedlam. Once you get in with the children you sometimes have a job to make yourself heard. There are some lying helplessly in bed; some sitting around; the greater number are running. It is quite apparent they are all having a marvelous time. If you don't look out you are liable to get knocked down by this youngster tearing down the room with his scooter. And a fat little angel of a girl puts your toes in danger with her wagon. And the chatter and the laughing! And the rosy cheeks and the bright eyes! No, I had no idea that anything like it existed. It isn't a hospital. For these little cripples it must be heaven.

I suppose they suffer with their deformities but you'd never guess it. They wear, some of them, queer iron braces. Those in bed are being stretched with weights. The recent arrivals are confined in rooms with glass walls where they stay during a period of quarantine before being allowed the run of the main rooms. But even these segregated cases, and those children lying helplessly in bed, all wear a smile. I really was profoundly moved. I began to understand why every Shriner is so sincerely enthusiastic about this place. I said I would call it a home but it is even more than that. It is the soul of the Shrine.

Let me tell you one thing I heard which will show you what I mean. Miss Letha Humphrey, the superintendent, happened to mention one day that on the spacious lawn outside there was little or no shade. It was hot in the sun for the children. Now, of course, trees can be planted but many years must pass before they leaves shelter the grass. Noble D. G. Tomasini, one of the Board of Governors, heard of what Miss Humphrey had mentioned. He did what I think is a splendid thing. He dug up from his own garden a southern sweet-gum tree,

twenty or thirty years old, and had it transported to the hospital lawn where it now stands, ready to bud, to leaf forth and render that shade wherein the children might play. The soul of the Shrine! Can you understand it now? This hospital's a personal matter. And the Shrine is the father of these children.

Listen again. Every girl in this home wears a hand-embroidered dress and every boy a shirt made by the Daughters of the Nile. And the Daughters further, once a week, enter the hospital and do every bit of mending. More than that even. This place is not Portland's especial care. It is the care of every Daughter and every Noble in towns scattered over Oregon, Idaho, Washington and Western Montana. In Salem, Oregon, I can personally vouch for the fact that an electric sewing machine was provided by Al Kader Temple for the Daughters so they might sew for their hospital. Nor, let it be said in fairness, is it only Shriners and their relations who work for the little cripples. Many people donate toys and

his feet, mind you. I saw some of the photographs taken when he was admitted. Less than six months later his father came for him and Billy ran to him, upright, on his feet. You can imagine what that youngster will think of the Shrine when he grows up.

THERE was little Norma Barrett, just three, and she was cured of infantile paralysis within four months. There was twelve-year-old Willis Headrick who could only walk with one hand on his knee when he entered the hospital. They sent him away strong, sturdy, walking like other boys. There was Mildred Jenkins, nearly twelve who had to painfully swing herself along on crutches. In less than nine months she had forgotten what crutches were. There was Ronald Bird with a club foot. "We called him the 'Town Crier' he was so lively," Miss Humphrey said. He was cured, and was livelier than ever.

They come from all parts, these little patients whom the Shrine has taken under its wing; Western Montana, Idaho, Oregon, Washington, Canada and remote Alaska. I even saw an Eskimo girl. This hospital makes no charge. Only children of parents utterly unable to pay for treatment are taken in. There is a waiting list of eighty but I was assured that they would be cared for in time. This hospital runs a free clinic for cases that are not bad enough for the ward and for those discharged cases which have to be kept under observation. The whole place is simply alive with the spirit of service. You can't help but catch it as soon as you enter. Before you leave you feel rather ashamed that you can't do something too.

The schooling of the children is not neglected. The city school board donates a teacher on full time and lessons are conducted every day. You must remember that crippled children are usually backward. At their own homes they miss many school days. And they don't play with other children. Other children are carelessly cruel and they don't want cripples to join their games. You can understand that. There is a depth of sadness in it. A cripple is nearly always alone. But here, all together, these little cripples have a glorious time. There is no sense of inferiority in this home where all are afflicted. And they learn their lessons quickly too.

Let me give you some of the facts I learned to help you realize what this tremendous and whole-hearted work means. The hospital was opened in January, 1924. It has treated to date around 350 cases of which ninety percent have been either cured or materially benefited. Incurable cases are not admitted on the very reasonable grounds that treatment can do no good. This institution [Continued on page 77]

# THE SOUL OF THE SHRINE [Continued from page 76]

is under local control of a Board of Governors and under immediate control of Dr. Dillehunt and Miss Humphrey. There is no conflict between those concerned. The whole policy is along the most liberal lines. Expenditures, within reason, are extremely free. If it's for the good of the children, let's have it! seems to be the slogan. There are surgeries magnificently equipped. In fact I am told they are some of the finest equipped on the coast.

THERE is a wonderful gymnasium in charge of a physio-therapist, a woman who gives the children exercises, massages and baths of artificial sunlight. I have not the slightest doubt that were anything else discovered or mentioned that would help the cures, that would be there too. The kitchen is spotlessly clean and fitted with the very latest and most elaborate gear. There is an ice and cold storage plant. There is no shortage of food, no petty economies. The children eat all they want. Oliver Twist would never have to ask for a second helping there. If he did, he'd get it anyway.

In the basement there is a huge room filled with lathes, benches, motors and drills. Here a man is occupied in making braces and other instruments. They are all free. If a child has to go home wearing a brace the brace is given, just as every child is sent away with a free new outfit, shoes, shirt or dress. I would be willing to wager that even some toy would be handed over if it had taken a youngster's special fancy. That's the way the place impressed me anyhow. Nobody's money is any good there. The Shrine is host, father and mother, and, I imagine, to those youngsters, a sort of fairy queen.

The existence of this hospital is largely due to the efforts of George L. Baker and Dr. S. M. Strohecker. Al Kader Temple of Portland was solidly behind the idea. And it's pretty certain the enthusiasm hasn't lagged one iota since. If anything it's still increasing.

George L. Baker, who is Chairman of the Board of Governors here, and who also happens to be Mayor of Portland, talked to me about this hospital before I visited it. I wish you to understand that George Baker is a busy man, but I don't think he is ever too busy to talk about this hospital. It is, to him, as to every other Shriner I have met, a serious thing, a matter for pride, the cleanest, most unselfish and idealistic thing perhaps that he has put his heart into.

"Often," he said to me, "during the pomp and splendor of a convention parade, when the bands were playing and the Nobles marching in their bright trappings, outsiders must have wondered just what was behind it all. They must have wondered if there was any real justification for the Shrine's existence beside getting its members together for a good time. You go out and look at our Hospital. (Yes, they all use that word "Our.") It's the answer. It is the great thing that justifies us." I thought then he was just talking. He wasn't. He was right. I talked with other members of the Board of Governors before making my visit. They spoke like George Baker. I thought they were just talking. They weren't. They were right. This home is run without regard to creed, race or color. And while I am on that angle let me say that I found not the slightest preference shown in any part of this home or its workings for members of the Order. Everyone and everything has to be the best whether they or it have anything to do with the Shrine or not. For instance, the medical staff is picked by five of the leading doctors of this continent. This staff in turn selects the surgeons for the various hospitals solely on the ground of efficiency. Dr. Dillehunt of Portland is not a Shriner. So you see the whole thing is handled along the line I suggested: If it's for the good of the children, let's have it.

And the Noble who took me to the hospital

remarked, quietly, sincerely, "This is the soul of the Shrine." And I am entirely convinced that he was right too.

## SHRINERS' HOSPITALS

At the end of the third year, the St. Louis unit reports a grand total of 640 children discharged in a corrected condition.

The Minneapolis unit, Women's Auxiliary, put on a show called "Jayville Junction," all home talent. The proceeds are for the convalescent home fund.

The Frolic put on by Ismailia, Buffalo, for the benefit of the hospital fund, netted the handsome sum of \$35,000.

Noble F. R. Bigler, 908 Grand avenue, Kansas City, Missouri, has taken upon himself the onerous and worthy task of endeavoring to locate cripples in employment and would be glad to hear from anyone interested in either placing or hiring them.

Past Potentate J. D. McGilvray and other members of the Board of Governors of the San Francisco unit, took the films of that hospital and four of their patients on a trip to Sacramento, where Ben Ali put on an entertainment of which this hospital showing was part.

Dr. O. M. Lanstrum, Board of Trustees, has returned from a visit to Honolulu, where he inspected the mobile unit. Of the patients under treatment, fifteen were Americans, the other 229 being natives of Honolulu or some other eastern country.

Portland unit has been enriched by an endowment of \$9,103.33, representing administration fees ordered paid to Mark A. Mayer and Sam Simon in closing up the estate of Mrs. Jacob Mayer, widow of a Past Grand Master of Oregon.

Aad, Duluth, has just completed a very thorough survey of crippled children of that city and the Northwestern part of Minnesota, with a view to remedying existing conditions so far as opportunity presents. The survey takes in children of all ages up to twenty-one years.

The Women's Auxiliary to the Twin Cities unit is very proud of the fact that in 1925, they disbursed \$10,485 for clothing, teaching, library, birthday parties, toys, shoes, fireworks, stationery and the thousand and one little luxuries that are not comprehended in the appropriation for maintenance.

Boumi, Baltimore, has pledged \$10,000 as its contribution toward furnishing the unit at Philadelphia.

Olympia Daughters of the Nile Club of Olympia, Washington, held a tea and bridge party, the proceeds to be sent to the Spokane Mobile unit. Sixteen tables were in play.

Almas, Washington, has contributed \$1000 toward the furnishing of the Philadelphia unit. Rajah, Reading, sent in \$1700 and Zitta Temple, Daughters of the Nile, Baltimore, sent in twenty-five dollars.

Noble Cliff Carpenter published a most exhaustive and unusually interesting article on the hospitals in the most recent issue of Arabian Tales, official organ of El Zaribah, Phenix.

At the Springfield unit, 209 patients out of 261 admitted have been discharged with benefit or are still undergoing treatment. In the out-patient department 3487 treatments have been distributed among 466 local patients.

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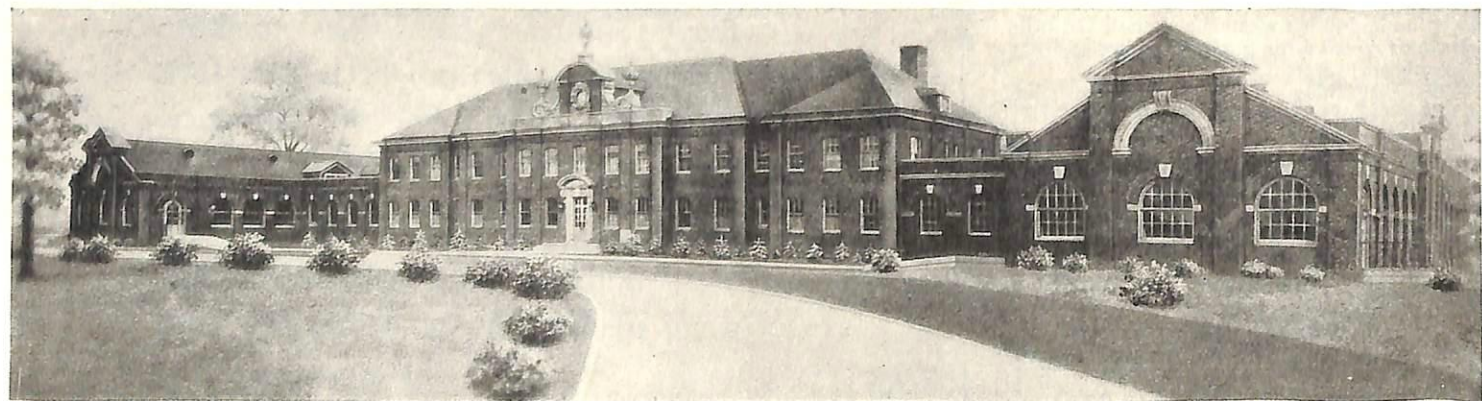
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books. Many women spend half a day or a day telling the children stories, amusing them. It is really the greatest community enterprise I have known.

Dr. Dillehunt, who is surgeon-in-chief, told me that twenty-five city dentists donate their time for the children's sake and there is an elaborate and completely equipped dental parlor for them to work in. Dr. Dillehunt and the two internes operate twice a week. Dillehunt, by the way, is the most enthusiastic surgeon I have met. Doctors don't usually rhapsodize about their work. Dillehunt does. I could easily perceive that his heart was in it. I believe the children adore him as much as they do Miss Humphrey. He is proud of his job and immensely proud of his cases and cures.

There was little Billy Gratton who came from Idaho in August, 1925. He was just about six years old and he had never walked on his feet. But he could both walk and run on his hands. Poor little chap, he'd developed infantile paralysis while still a baby. Never walked on



The Chicago Unit of the Shriners Hospital for Crippled Children is situated in a beautiful and easily accessible suburb, Oak Park.

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# FIFTEEN SERVANTS *[Continued from page 19]*

ridiculous. This isn't an English castle, and it's not an inherited society," he said crossly. "It's an adolescent American city, growing out of a few mining camps. A distinguished city too, because it's always kept its head—till now."

"How abusive you are, Pierce! I'm certainly glad I didn't marry you! Though you've kept your girlish figure."

"If you had—" he began.

"If I had, would I have lived in the old green house on Third street?"

"You bet you would. It's a good house yet. They don't build them like that any more."

"Fortunately," she said sweetly and left him.

Going home to the old green house on Third street later, Sheldon was rather annoyed with himself for taking the thing so seriously. It wasn't, after all, his business how Gratia spent Jackson Kittredge's money. But the vague feeling of antagonism persisted, mixed with a very clear picture of Gratia's confident beauty, of the green evening dress and cloudy gold hair which also were certainly none of his business.

IT WAS one evening in November about a month after the house warming that she called to Pierce as he was walking home and offered him a lift. He was about to refuse when he saw that she was not alone in the car. The children were with her and some other woman. A memory of the governess and a faint curiosity to see the girl again made him change his mind, so he thanked Gratia and got into the limousine.

"You haven't seen my children in ages, have you?" asked Gratia and the clear tones of her voice stirred him against his will as they always did. "This is Jessamine and this is Elizabeth. And I want you to meet Miss Moore who is teaching them this winter."

Pierce bowed to Miss Moore for the second time and the girl in the corner of the deep padded seat answered quietly but made no attempt to enter into the conversation. Pierce sat between her and Gratia. He was conscious of the spirited scent Gratia used, of the softness of her light fur coat and as the old excitement rose in him he turned to the governess deliberately.

"Do you like it here, Miss Moore?"

"Yes—very much."

"Have you seen much of the city?"

"I hardly know," she said, "is there much to see?"

In the dim light of the car he could see her face. There was an Irish look about it. Blue eyes, dark hair probably.

He launched into a description of the city.

"You sound like a railway folder," Gratia remarked lazily. "Do you think you can give my children that much enthusiasm for the place of their birth, Miss Moore?"

She picked up the speaking tube and spoke to the chauffeur.

"Stop at the corner at Orchard and Third, Helmer. The green house on the corner."

"Why don't you say the shabby green house?" asked Sheldon.

"You have an inferiority complex, Pierce. That's what makes you so edgy."

"So that's it, is it? Thanks for the lift, Gratia." He turned from her as the car stopped and held out his hand to Miss Moore, determined to show her every courtesy as a lesson to Gratia.

"I'm so glad to have met you, Miss Moore. I hope I'll see you again."

The incident came back to him several times in the next few days. He found himself thinking of Gratia and the governess, wondering about the girl. Her voice had sounded stilled and repressed and yet her eyes hadn't matched the voice at all. Gratia and the girl jostled each other in his mind. He thought of the governess with pity and of Gratia with resentment.

Ben Hedger gave Kitty a diamond brace-

let for Christmas. It was the cheapest of two evils, said Kitty blithely. The story was that she was determined to have either a Rolls Royce or a diamond bracelet and Ben figured that the bracelet wouldn't depreciate. There were other startling expenditures during those few months.

But Pierce Sheldon, who was threatened just then with a rather startling increase of fortune, did not follow the general lead. Things were breaking very well for him. It seemed as if another enormous fortune was to come out of this second group of mines which had been ignored for so long and Sheldon's company had all the options tied up before people realized exactly what was happening. But there was not the slightest change in the green house on the corner of Orchard and Third. The only thing which he had bought during January outside of his usual limited expenditures was a new pair of skates for himself.

He loved to skate. It rested him and tired him when his mind was heavy with business.

He was trying out the new skates one night when the grace of a girl in front of him caught his eye. She wore a white wool skirt and a soft tan leather jacket with matching hat, and skated easily and expertly but with none of the traces of professionalism. Pierce passed her, turning to look at her again.

"Hello, Miss Moore," he said slowing up beside her, "so you've found one of the pleasant things to do here."

Her smile was altogether different now from the one she had given him in Gratia's house or in the limousine. It was a freed smile, thoroughly glad to see him.

"Isn't it fun?"

"Come," he suggested, "let me take you around and see if we can skate together."

They could, perfectly.

"You're a very good skater," said Pierce, "where did you learn that?"

"Oh, I've skated in lots of places. St. Moritz, Lake Placid, everywhere I could."

He was startled for a minute, then realized that of course she had been in such places with her employers, perhaps even with Gratia.

"Let's try it again," he asked.

It was rather an exhilarating evening. Pierce wondered with a kind of sardonic amusement what Gratia would say to it and enjoyed it more on that account. He found out many things about Miss Moore, including that her name was Cecily.

"Call me Cecily, will you?" she had said, abruptly. "I'm not trying to rush you but I came out for a good time and the very name Miss Moore makes me low in my mind."

"Why?" he asked curiously.

"It's all I get from everyone," she told him obscurely. "I have almost forgotten that my name is Cecily, it's so long since I heard it spoken. I am the governess—Miss Moore—a grade higher than the butler—or am I?"

He was almost angrily sympathetic.

"Do they make you feel that way out there? How rotten!"

"They're very good to me indeed. But it's queer being a governess."

THEY skated until the musicians packed away their instruments and the electric lights grew dim. Then Pierce insisted on taking the governess back to Gratia's house. She talked little on the way, but he had a protective sense of her, and he himself had plenty to say. He talked a good deal about the proper way to live and what he thought about expensive and fantastic establishments.

It was rather a good joke on Gratia, he felt, that they should arrive at the front door and be saying good night when Gratia's own car drove up. Cecily Moore left him immediately and went in the house but he lingered to show Gratia very clearly that he had enjoyed being with her children's governess.

"I want to see her again," he told Gratia,

"she's really a very fine girl, isn't she?" "Very," agreed Gratia and their glances met with challenge and cool answer.

That was the beginning of it. Pierce found himself chuckling a good deal during the next twenty-four hours. He intended to give Gratia's governess a rush. The idea gave him a good deal of pleasure because it seemed to him such a good way to hit back at Gratia's frontal attack on the simplicities of the city. It would be a good lesson for her and the rest of the women who imitated her. Cecily Moore was a nice girl, too, his thoughts reminded him, a pretty girl.

He had to go more slowly than his plans had tempted him to go. In the first place, it wasn't so easy to see Cecily. She did dance. He found that out one night when he met her at the rink and took her afterwards to a hotel supper dance. She danced beautifully and he was conscious of the admiring glances she drew from people who watched. Just as if she weren't as good as anyone else, he told himself fiercely, and hoped that some of Gratia's friends would see them. But Cecily did not cooperate fully in his demonstration. She refused a good many invitations from him, point blank. He wondered if that was Gratia's suggestion and pressed his attentions farther. One day it amused him to send Cecily flowers and having done it once he did it again.

When he saw Cecily he tried to make her feel as he did about things. He felt sure that the embarrassment of her position lingered in her mind and worried her.

"Why do you turn me down so often?" he asked, "and why wouldn't you come to dinner downtown with me last Tuesday?"

She shook her head.

"Why should I?"

"Because I want you to."

"I don't want to—under the circumstances."

"Now that is arrant nonsense," said Pierce, "you're just as good as anybody else and I wouldn't let anyone make me feel otherwise."

"One person does at least," she told him.

He knew that must be Gratia.

"I should think you'd tell that person what you thought of such a point of view," he said.

"Some day perhaps I will."

"You see," Pierce began, "in a city like this—"

It was a rehash of what he had said before. But he felt that he expressed himself especially well and forcibly.

Cecily laughed.

"What's the joke?" he asked.

"Oh, I was just thinking of something."

"Think of this. I tell you what I want you to do. Come to the Assembly dance with me a week from tomorrow."

"That's a private party, isn't it?"

"Oh, the name doesn't mean anything. It's just a dancing club. I can take anyone I want to."

"You mean you want to take me?"

"I certainly do," he insisted. "I want to show some of these people—"

She looked at him curiously.

"You want me to go with you?" she asked again with a little accent on the 'me.' "You're sure you want me?"

He thought that rather pathetic.

"Indeed I do," he told her heartily, "why shouldn't I want to take you?"

"All right," she answered at length, "I'll go."

It made things only more interesting when the Kittredges entertained at dinner on the night of the Assembly dance, intending to take their guests there afterwards. Gratia had not included Pierce in her invitation list but he heard about her party from Kitty Hedger. He was glad that they were going to meet at the dance. If it was possible he wanted to dance first with Cecily and then with Gratia.

He called for Cecily Moore at Gratia's house and found many familiar cars lined up outside. For a moment he had an impulse to crash in on the dinner with Cecily on his arm. She came

down the stairs to meet him and he suggested that.

"Let's break in on this high-rolling stuff."

She shook her head. "No."

He noticed how pretty she looked. It was the first time he had seen her in evening dress and the soft clinging gold thing she wore set off what was really beauty. Her neck and arms were lovelier than he had guessed.

"You're prettier than any of them," he said encouragingly.

Cecily looked at him rather strangely.

"Why not?" she asked, "and what of it?"

"That's the way to talk."

It did create a little furor when they appeared at the dance together. Pierce felt himself doing it all rather well. He filled Cecily's program with the best bachelor dancers at the party and told her that he had done it. And when he took her out on the floor at the very beginning of the dance he at least was conscious of the looks that came their way from every side and was very proud that she was so lovely and that he was proven so wise in his democracy.

HE HAD saved room enough on his own program for a dance with Gratia and was conscious of her the moment she entered the room. His first thought was that she was more beautiful than ever. He didn't mean to think that but it floated up to the top of his mind, the old obsession that he tried in vain to kill with condemnation.

"Give me a dance Gratia?" he asked.

She hesitated.

"I have Miss Moore with me," he went on. "We can trade. I know Jackson will like a dance with her. He appreciates a good dancer."

"I'm sure he would. But we have a dinner party here tonight and I don't know how long I'll be tied up with the people who were at that."

"Miss Moore is a remarkable girl," said Pierce, with challenge in his tone.

"Yes, I know," agreed Gratia, "that's why I employed her. I like her very much."

And she smiled at Cecily Moore who was passing with a very eligible young man. Pierce had rather expected that she would snub the governess and while he suspected condescension in Gratia's glance still he felt that she was carrying off the situation.

"You like her too, don't you, Pierce?" said Gratia, directly.

"More than I have ever liked anyone else." Gratia couldn't miss that implication. He was glad. He wanted to hurt her with it, to show her how thoroughly he was freed from her and her standards.

He didn't see very much of Cecily after that. She was cut in on rather often and he would just get her in his arms when someone else took her away from him. It was easy to see that she was a success and that he had perfectly proved his point. It occurred to him as he watched her that it was the men rather than the women who were taking her up. But that could and would be managed if—he stopped at that thought. That would show them!

The thought stayed with him and as he took Cecily home it became persistent.

"I haven't had any chance to talk to you tonight at all," he said, "let me come in."

"It's not my house," she reminded him.

"Well, then let's go to mine. My aunt will be in bed but she's there, and there are things I want to say to you that can be better said there than anywhere else."

She looked at him and he felt a thrill of wonder go through him. What was he letting himself in for? Was it really what he wanted?

"Will you come?"

"For a few minutes," she said.

In his own dim living room he lifted the coat from her shoulders and placed her in a chair before the coal fire, poking it up. It was a tall, rather grim room with many books in black and calfskin bindings which he had inherited from his father with the old house, and the grate was small and ornate.

"So this is where you live," said Cecily. "This is my home. I haven't changed it since my father died. Not a thing."

"I can see that," said Cecily.

He sat down beside her and the outline of her chin which was firm and round like a child's suddenly destroyed his rhetoric. He tripped over himself and came out with it.

"Cecily, will you marry me?"

She was silent for a moment and then repeated his question.

"Marry you? You want to marry me? Why, Pierce?"

"You're just the sort of person I want," he told her, "I want a real wife, not one of these spenders. With you I would live the kind of life I want to live. We could show the town—"

A gesture stopped him. The girl beside him had risen abruptly.

"Thanks," said Cecily, "but that's impossible under the circumstances."

He tried to take her hands, sure that he knew what was in her mind.

"You mustn't feel like that. You're quite as good as anyone else. If Gratia Kittredge makes you feel otherwise—"

"But she doesn't," cried Cecily, "it's you who make me feel otherwise! You're not asking me to marry you because you want me. You've not been taking me about because you wanted me. It was just to give the city an object lesson in democracy. That's all. You've been thinking of Gratia Kittredge all the time, trying to pay her out because she didn't choose to live your way, thinking of the effect on her. As for me you've never even seen me except as a lay figure for your ideas. All you want to do is to raise up the goose girl out of the dust!"

He looked at her in amazement, only conscious of one thing—that he had never seen this girl before.

"Why do you assume that I like your ideas about living?" she went on furiously. "You've never asked me what I liked or how I wanted to live. How do you know I don't want diamond bracelets or fifteen servants or some of the rest of the things that torture you so? You deserve to have me marry you and make your life miserable. If I were a little madder I'd do it! You're all weighed down with hoarded opinions and hoarded money—that's your trouble. Because you don't want to spend yours, you hate to have anyone else spend any!"

SHE stopped and pulled up her coat to her shoulders. He didn't attempt to help her, still staring at her face as one feeling after another came over it. She ended, as her anger flattened out, with a rather dismal little smile.

"I'm a pretty rotten governess, but I thought at least I could teach you something. I wore the prettiest dress I had tonight and you never even saw it. I stayed up last night trying to make it look decent. But you can't learn. You don't see things. You just go on repeating your little copy-book maxims and hating Gratia Kittredge because you couldn't make her live your way. You want to make your marriage a form of discipline for the town! No wonder you're not married. Who'd marry you?"

She was at the front door before he caught her.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"Back to the Kittredges. Did you think I was going to jump into the lake? I'll find a taxi."

"I'll drive you back," he said slowly.

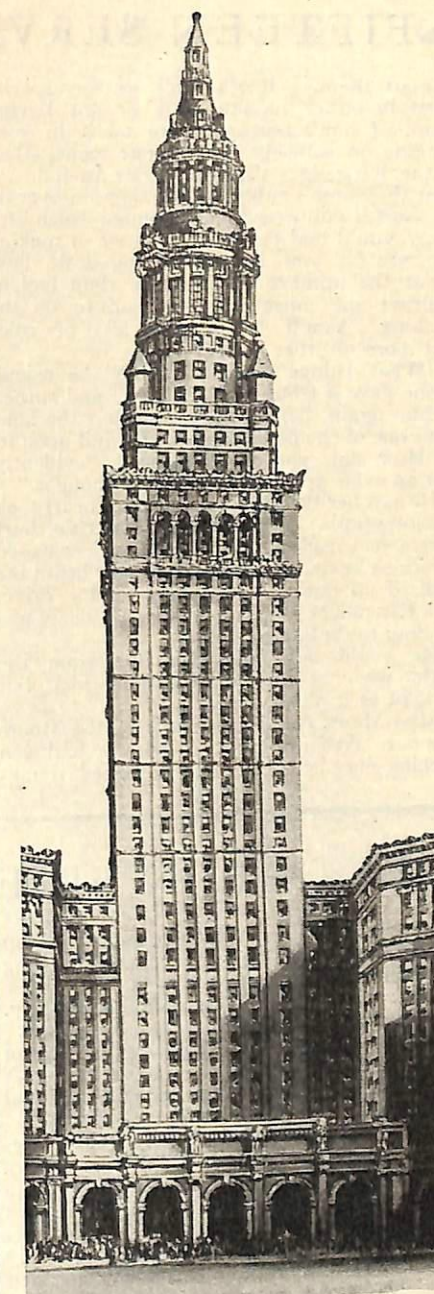
"If you will."

He took her to the door of the Kittredge house before he broke his silence again.

"You mean that I am such a stupid fool that I couldn't see that every woman only wants houses and diamonds and that sort of thing. That's all you want too?"

His voice was bewildered and heavy.

"No," said Cecily, "as usual you missed the point. Maybe I do want things. More likely I don't. I've had my share and I've learned that I can get along *[Continued on page 80]*



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## FIFTEEN SERVANTS *[Continued from page 79]*

without them. But I don't see any special merit in either having them or not having them. I don't see any more merit in your hanging on selfishly to all your money than in the Kittredges throwing theirs around. At least they aren't sulky even if they do over-do it. And if you ever love a woman, which isn't likely, you'll find that the best way of making her care for you isn't in laying down laws about the number of hats she shall buy or whether she must get the cook to do the washing. You'll be thinking less of rules and more of other things."

"What things do you mean?" he asked. She gave a troubled little laugh and turned to him again, her face lifted so that the light from one of the porch lanterns fell full upon it. "How slow you are," she said, "evidently I'm an even worse teacher than I thought."

He saw her then as if suddenly his heart took a photograph. The lovely childish chin, hurt eyes, sweet neglected mouth. The door closed before he knew what it meant and he heard the rush of an automobile coming up the drive. The Kittredges were coming home. There was nothing to do but go.

He could get no satisfaction from the butler when he telephoned next morning, but he kept at it all day long.

Miss Moore could not answer. Miss Moore was out. At four o'clock, Pierce who had seen nothing since he left her but that lifted, tremu-

lous face, drove out to the Kittredge house. He was met by the impassive butler who told him Miss Moore was not there.

"Where is she?" The butler couldn't say. He suggested that Mrs. Kittredge was at home and might know. "Ask her if I may see her."

Gratia met him in a little peacock blue reception room that was arranged as a background for her glorious fairness. But Pierce hardly saw her and her voice was no more than the butler's had been to him. It had lost its power to make him suffer, to even make him angry.

"Gratia," said Pierce, "I've got to get hold of Cecily Moore. Where is she?" "She's gone. She's going to take the five o'clock train East."

"Gone—why?" "I don't know," answered Gratia, "don't you? I rather supposed you did."

HE LOOKED at her blankly.

"I haven't been quite fair to you about Cecily Moore, Pierce. She's Everett Moore's daughter. That's who she is."

"Everett Moore!" he repeated and linked it up with a mental jerk. Of course he had heard of that magnificent financial catastrophe, headlined across the country.

"Yes. After the smash-up a friend of mine

in New York brought her to me. She'd had no training for anything but she wanted to get away quickly and earn her living. I liked her manner and so I took her. But I told her I wouldn't tell people who she was and show her extra courtesies. She's an awfully fine girl. But of course not the sort you thought she was. She was brought up in the most sophisticated way—débütante—Europe, everything from polo to baccarat. The Moore place was one of the show places of Long Island. My house is a box beside it. It's been worrying me to see you so interested. I know how you hate the sort of atmosphere she's been used to. I felt weeks ago I ought to tell you but—"

"What does that matter?" asked Pierce suddenly. "Did you say the five o'clock train? I'll have to hurry, Gratia. I'm going East myself. See you when we get back."

The train was moving when he jumped on and tossed a half packed bag to the porter. He hunted through Pullman after Pullman and found her in the last one, looking out of the window at the disappearing city in a kind of weary reverie. She was very sober and her lip was caught between her teeth as if she steadied it deliberately.

"Cecily dear," he said gently, "here I am." Somehow he guessed her face would light like that. It made him feel strangely humble.

"I know nothing," said Pierce. "But I've come for a thousand lessons. On any subject."

her that Jimmy was in his room and could hear the conversation.

"About dinner, I don't know," she said clearly. "I think Jimmy—"

"The Duck? He's outa luck. You can go with him tomorrow. I guess he ain't feelin' much like orderin' a regular dinner anyhow. I tried to pull that punch; honest. But he walked right into it."

"Did he?" "Yeh. I'll be getting the engine started in my car while you're getting ready. Hurry up."

The Kid breezed out. Kitty returned to her room. Jimmy heard the click of the switches as she extinguished the lights. He heard her slowly turn the key in the lock and try the door several times; walk to his door, stand there a moment—and then continue on, out of the theater.

Jimmy's grey lips quivered. "Now she knows I'm a coward!" His hands contracted convulsively. "Oh, God, why do you let me live!"

Followed by a quietly dressed, short, heavily set man of perhaps fifty, grey-headed, keen-eyed and of determined chin line, the stage door-tender approached Jimmy's room.

"Gentleman to see you, Mr. Fern. Mr. Destan."

The name sounded vaguely familiar, although when his visitor entered the dressing-room Jimmy was certain he had never met the man.

"Max Hardblatt is a friend of mine," Destan offered. He spoke quietly, in pleasantly heavy tones. "I saw the first performance of this act you're playing; seen it six times since."

"You must like it."

"I was out front again this afternoon." Apparently Destan ignored Jimmy's comment. "That hook hurt, didn't it? I winced, and I was ten rows away from it."

His manner was purely matter-of-fact, expressing neither sympathy nor derision. "I knew you were due to get something bitter when the Kid stepped into that left swing. He's a rat."

"Y-you know him?" "I happen to be the fellow Fate picked on to discover Croster. I taught him every good thing he knows about the fight game."

Jimmy stared at the older man in blank astonishment. "You're not Tom Destan—the famous trainer?"

"There's a line on the stationary of my Jersey health resort I like better: Tom Destan, Builder of Men."

A dozen questions whirled around in Jimmy's head. Destan smiled.

"You get your clothes on and let me do the talking. I've got to begin by talking about myself."

"Shut up! I'm not going to tell him I'm sorry, and you're not either, see! I'll hell with him. Why should I apologize to a caterpillar like him! I can take him for everything he's got, from his gold tooth to his girl—and make him like it. And he knows it, too!"

Jimmy stood paralyzed in the second of ominous silence that followed. He knew Kitty had heard every word; and that she knew he had heard. Bleakly, helplessly he realized that the moment had come which he had dreaded for months, the disgrace of which had kept him tossing through sleepless nights. He must not stand there, doing nothing. He must walk to the Kid's room; immediately, before another second passed. He must—

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Presently he heard the Kid leave his room and knock on Kitty's door.

"Listen, Baby, the Office has fixed up an interview with a newspaper this afternoon and you're supposed to come along. I forgot to tell you."

"Why am I wanted?" "To look good in the pictures, of course. Afterwards I'll take you to dinner. What do you say?"

Kitty came into the hall. A glance convinced

"From the moment I realized the double-cross that had been put over, I started looking for revenge; a lad with a strong left hand to beat the Kid. He had to be unknown. I knew the Kid would take no dangerous chances for a year at least. But good light-weights are scarce these days. If they weren't Croster wouldn't be champion. I'd about given up hope when I dropped in to see the first performance of the Kid's act."

Jimmy's hands shook as he laced on a shoe. "I laughed at your comedy as hard as the rest of the audience up to the time you began boxing. Then I stopped, not because you weren't funny, but because I saw something that interested me more. After the show I spoke to Max about you. He told me all he knew of you, which encouraged me to write to an old pal of mine, a sports writer in California. I have his reply to my letter here in my pocket."

"Son," he continued quietly, "the law provides the electric chair for the murderer who destroys a life. But so far it has fixed no penalty for the crime of killing a man's nerve and confidence in himself."

"What do you mean?" Jimmy whispered.

"I KNOW all there is to know about that athletic club bout where a certain gentleman let you take a terrible beating from a chap who outweighed you. I know of the explosion in your uncle's factory two days later, before you had recovered from the shock and injuries of that bout. That was the real beginning of your trouble, wasn't it? That explosion? What you did, and what you did not do at that moment, later made you rather ashamed. Brooding over it you began calling yourself a coward. Finally you believed it. Right?"

Jimmy nodded. Destan smiled slowly.

"Son, you're wrong. What occurred was due not to lack of nerve, but to battered, bruised nerves—and imagination. You see, I know the actor's temperament; how sensitive and imaginative you chaps are. Most of you simply cannot help dramatizing the incidents of everyday life, giving them a value they often do not deserve. The point is that when you cast yourself in the rôle of coward, you made a mistake. You're not finding much satisfaction playing it, are you?"

Jimmy shook his head, swallowing hard.

"Well then, let's prove it's a mistake. Let's forget the Kid and my ideas for revenge, and concentrate on the job of proving to yourself that you're not a coward. You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

"More than anything in God's world," Jimmy prayed with wet eyes.

"I thought you would. Now let's get out of here and plan the first step."

"Wait, sir," said Jimmy. He continued slowly, with unmistakable sincerity. "In front of Kitty, I've got to tell the Kid what I think of him, and then sock him as hard and as often as I can before he knocks me out. Can you help me do that?"

Destan's eyes warmed with a glow of satisfaction. "It's one half done already, son."

During the days that followed Kitty realized that Jimmy was purposely avoiding her. He came into the theater merely in time to dress and get on the stage. Immediately his work was finished he hurried out. Only occasionally, while waiting for the curtain to rise on the act were there opportunities for brief, unsatisfactory chats with him. When a week passed without any reference on his part to his run-in with the champion, Kitty reluctantly concluded that Jimmy either was hopelessly ashamed of himself or else that he did not care a whoop what she thought of him.

But she was the first to notice the subtle change that appeared in his habitually easy, indolent manner. She detected an increasing briskness in his gait and a new note in his voice when talking to stage hands and others with whom, as stage manager of the act, he had dealings.

Ted was slower to [Continued on page 82]

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## BETWEEN FRIENDS *[Continued from page 9]*

unpleasant, do you think you could keep Jimmy from quitting the act and spoiling everything?"

"I can die trying," Kitty promised seriously. "Angels can do no more," Max sighed.

Kitty's bright blue eyes were wide open when the boys began boxing on the stage that afternoon. Soon she detected the unusual roughness in the Kid's work.

Kitty could not feel as Jimmy did the unnecessary sting of the Kid's gloves. They were not heavy blows, but there was no pleasure in taking them. Jimmy's distress mounted rapidly. Because the champ was adhering strictly to the routine of comedy stunts, however, Jimmy had about decided that his roughing was the result of a grouch or the aftermath of an all-night party when a missed cue revealed the Kid's real temper.

Giving the cue for it, Jimmy threw back his left arm for a long swing. The Kid was supposed to avoid the swing and close in for the flurry of gloves which would send Jimmy running around the ring and into the bogus knock-out. Instead of which the Kid unexpectedly charged, straight into Jimmy's fast flying fist. The gallery boys yipped as the champ stood stock still, his nose smarting, and glared.

"That wasn't my fault," Jimmy quickly apologized. "You walked into it."

"I walked into it, did I?" Quickly the Kid feigned, then struck a vicious blow to the pit of Jimmy's stomach.

SICK with the sudden pain, gasping, Jimmy doubled over. Ring habit prompted him to clinch and hang on. Fear whispered a caution to lie down and quit. In a blur he saw Kitty leaning tense against the ropes. He heard the roar of the unsuspecting audience—and his comedian's instinct came to his rescue. Doubling still further over, until his head touched the floor, he slowly turned a somersault and lay on his back, his arms and legs sticking up in the air like an over-grown puppy playing "dead doggie." By the time the laugh died away, his feeling of weakness was gone, the curtain was down and the champion was stalking to his dressing-room.

"Are you all right?" Kitty anxiously inquired.

"Sure," Jimmy mumbled. "He—he didn't hurt me."

"Jimmy, why don't you talk to him; right now. Tell him he mustn't lose his temper like that again."

"Or what?" Jimmy asked ironically.

Remembering her promise to Max, Kitty's eyes narrowed. "Or maybe you'd rather have me tell him."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean," hotly, as her righteous indignation surged, "that if you let him get away with what he did just now he'll know he can work his temper off on you any time he feels like it!"

"No, he can't. I can always quit, you know."

"He'd cry himself sick if you did that. He's so jealous of you now he can't see straight."

"You," Jimmy moistened his lips, "you seem to have learned a lot about him, going out with him and dancing—"

"Listen," Kitty interrupted, "have you ever tried saying no to him?"

"If he wasn't wearing a champion's halo and willing to spend a lot of money—tell me something; if I quit the act would you quit with me?"

"No," said Kitty, trying to hold her tears. Jimmy started slouching toward his dressing-room.

"Please," Kitty pleaded, hanging to his arm, "don't make me ashamed of you, Jimmy. Oh, please! Here's a big beautiful dream coming true. All it needs is for you to tell the Kid or his brother that you cannot and will not be imposed upon. That's all; you've got the right on your side. The Kid knows it. Won't you speak to him, please?"

"Sure," Jimmy promised listlessly. "I'll tell him. The next time he gets rough—"

He stopped when Kitty took her hand from his arm and, darting ahead, ran into her dressing-room.

At the Eighty-first Street Theater there are three dressing-rooms on the stage floor, one at the end and the other two on one side of a short narrow hallway that leads off from the stage entrance foyer. Kitty dressed in the number two room, between Jimmy's room and the star room at the end of the hallway, occu-

pied by the Kid. Though her door was open a curtain hung across the doorway.

UNLOCKING his door, Jimmy stood glancing indecisively between Kitty's curtain and the narrow crack of light which showed the champion's door to be ajar. He could hear Ted arguing guardedly but insistently with his brother. From the rooms above floated a jarring, ear-racking medley of discordant notes; the musicians in the jazz band that closed the show were warming up their fingers and instruments. Suddenly the Kid's voice, angry and contemptuous, carried distinctly along the hallway.

"Shut up! I'm not going to tell him I'm sorry, and you're not either, see! I'll hell with him. Why should I apologize to a caterpillar like him! I can take him for everything he's got, from his gold tooth to his girl—and make him like it. And he knows it, too!"

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## BETWEEN FRIENDS [Continued from page 81]

note the change in Jimmy. Refereeing the sparring matches at every performance slowly he perceived that more and more of the champion's punches were landing on Jimmy's elbows and forearms. Also, Jimmy was reaching the champ with a neat left hand jab far too regularly to be accidental.

"I wonder is the Duck takin' boxin' lessons; and why?" he asked his suspicions. Saying nothing to his brother, Ted set himself to do some inconspicuous sleuthing.

A CHARACTERISTIC trick of the Kid's brought matters out from under cover and set the date for Jimmy's self-imposed test. Quoting box office receipts as proof of the champion's drawing power Max Hardblatt had succeeded in setting two motion picture companies bidding against each other for the Kid's appearance in some two-reelers.

Figuring on the basis of the latest bid received the Kid saw that the legitimate ten percent commission he would have to pay Max for engineering a contract would run into real money. Urged further by his desire to wind up the matter before leaving the city to go on the road Croster took himself, the latest bid, and the situation to a third picture concern and began dickering with it personally. On Tuesday of his next-to-last week in New York the Kid closed a contract.

At the moment, and for some minutes previously Max had been in a conference with Tom Destan and an athletic young gent favorably known as Mickey Garland. Mickey's popularity was not due to his beauty. But one glance was necessary to perceive that Mickey's face had arrived several times at the precise spot where an accident was taking place. Scarred and battered though it was, a merry twinkle persisted in his eyes and a broad smile was never far from his lips. He had been in Destan's employ for several years as boxing instructor and trainer.

"Max," Tom said, "I can't hold Jimmy back much longer. It wouldn't be fair. He's read and worked and trained faithfully with this one aim in mind—"

"I know, Tom," Max frowned, "but I can't give my consent to a massacre. I admit Jimmy has a right—"

"You should see his left!" Mickey interrupted. Tenderly he caressed a blue mouse snuggled under one eye. "On the level, Mr. Hardblatt, I've boxed with the best of 'em, feathers, light-weights and a few welters. Now understand, there's stronger lefts than Jimmy's, but in the whole wide world there ain't a busier one!"

"But he doesn't carry a knock-out, eh?"

"I wouldn't want to say that. I never seen a guy work so hard to develop one. He's naturally a defensive fighter."

"Can he stand punishment?"

"Since he got over his habit of expecting to get hurt, he can. At first Mr. Destan told me to treat him tender, but the last week or two Jimmy's been askin' me to lam 'em in as hard as I could."

THE telephone on Max's desk rang. It was the Kid, announcing his movie contract. Robbed of his commission, to say nothing of the value of the time he had put in on the proposition, Max was speechless with rage for a moment. Then he turned on the hot language spigot and blistered the Kid red.

"I'm through!" he finished. "You're too clever to need me to book your act. Do it yourself—and see how far you'll get without Fern and Layton. Because I take them out of the act after your last performance in town next week."

"But, Max, my movie job don't start for four months; not till summer."

"Good!" Max yelled, hanging up. He turned to Tom Destan. "Tell Jimmy he has my per-

mission to do whatever he can to the Kid—and not to worry about any hospital bills that may follow his last performance."

At the other end of the line, as the champion replaced the telephone receiver, Ted entered the room registering excitement and worry.

"Listen, Kid, I just found out that the Duck—"

"T'he'll with that guy!"

"—has been workin' out every day with Mickey Garland and old Tom Destan!"

"Tom Destan!" That was something else again, the Kid reflected. If Tom was hoping to build up Jimmy as a contender for his honors there would be a triple satisfaction in smearing him.

THE theater was packed to the roof for the Kid's metropolitan farewell. To certain groups of Broadwayites had flown the tip to be present. No one knew anything definite, but the thrill hounds of the Great White Play-ground were not overlooking a tip. In the boxes and front rows could be recognized many notables; Duke Monkton, the Chairman of the State Boxing Commission; Honest John Skyler, the veteran referee of many a championship bout; Tom Destan and Max Hardblatt in a box with Will Geegan, in whose newspaper column the Kid had first been dubbed the Camembert Champion; several other sports writers—all waiting expectantly for the unexpected to happen.

Within three minutes after Jimmy showed the doorman a pass signed by the house manager giving Mickey Garland admission to the stage and Jimmy's dressing-room, the entire stage crew knew it and were passing on the news to the orchestra boys and ushers.

Mickey wished Jimmy were not so nervous. While he dressed and made up for the stage his jaw was set rigidly, his hands were cold.

When the curtain finally rose on the act Mickey, in the wings, was not the only one who watched Jimmy like a hawk. Kitty, on the stage, Tom Destan and Max, smiling from the box, waited anxiously to see whether Jimmy's habitual nervousness always present until he had drawn his first big laugh would subside or increase.

Out in the glare of flood-lamp and footlights, combing off his laughs as regular as clock-work, Jimmy felt himself steadying. He realized that he was playing the act faster than usual. But he didn't care. He felt better driving hard to the finish than loafing his way there. His swift pace had thrown them out of their accustomed stride. A feeling of superiority unexpectedly welled up in Jimmy. He was making a show of the champ; he had him rattled; looking bad.

"A really good left hand can beat the Kid," Tom Destan had said it a hundred times. Jimmy had a good left hand. He knew it. Mickey knew it. Tom knew it. In less than ten minutes the champ would know it, too. It wasn't a powerful hand, perhaps, but its speed might disconcert the Kid as badly as now Jimmy's speed of tongue had upset him.

Three rounds with the Camembert Champion. Why should he have to take a licking in nine minutes? Had the Kid ever put away anyone in three rounds? He had not. Then what reason was there—

Jimmy suddenly realized with a start that there was something wrong; a silence that could only mean a stage-wait. Kitty and the Kid were looking at him nervously. He must have missed a cue. He had lost all track of the progress of the act in his self-absorption.

"All right, Mister, I'll put on the gloves with you," Kitty threw him his line.

"All right, Mister, I'll put on the gloves with you," Jimmy repeated. Then he broke away entirely from the routine of action and dialogue. "But wait." His heart began pounding heavily. In the droll accents of the hick char-

acter he was playing, his slightly upward slanting eyes screwed in comic consideration, his tip-tilted nose stuck up in a humorous attitude of shrewdness, he wagged a finger at the bewildered Kid, saying:

"I've got to have something else besides just your word that this is going to turn out all right. I've read about fixed fights, and I want to be sure this ain't fixed for me to be carried out on a stretcher."

Under cover of the laugh that followed, Jimmy whispered to Kitty, "Ask me if I doubt his word."

"Do you doubt his word?" Kitty took the direction like the good little trouper she was.

"His word may be all right, but his memory is too short. He's liable to forget any time what was the word he gave."

The audience chuckled at the sure-fire gag. "He looks exactly like a fellow I know who's a practical joker. He thinks he's clever, though most folks call it plain orneriness. I hate to say he's crooked, but before he learned to write, his signature was two X's. And stingy? Listen, the only thing he worried about when he had the measles was that somebody might take 'em from him. You remember, Kid?" he brought it home to the raging champion.

"Now," Jimmy concluded, "I see Mr. Monkton and Mr. Skyler down in the front row. Wouldn't you folks like to see these famous men in action?" A ripple of applause and craning of necks answered.

"Will you please come up on the stage?" Jimmy requested. "I have an idea that with Mr. Monkton as time-keeper and Mr. Skyler refereeing I might get a square deal when I start boxing with this here moving picture champion!"

Even then the audience as a whole did not realize that the stage situation had changed from farce to seething drama. Jimmy had planted himself in their regard too thoroughly as a comedian for them quickly to accept him otherwise. Watching Monkton and Skyler climb to the stage, it was all amusing to them. But the Kid's face was black as he and Ted donned gloves for their customary round of sparring to demonstrate the champion's pet punches, a bit of the act's regular routine which gave Jimmy opportunity to strip off his outer clothes to the ring costume he was under-dressed in, and put on a pair of mitts.

"Boy, he's wild!" Mickey gloated, helping Jimmy when he ran into the wings. "He could eat his way out of the Sub-Treasury vaults right now. Look at him glaring at you over Ted's shoulder. Don't take your eyes off him, Jimmy. Keep the old Indian sign on him. I'll lace your gloves; keep looking at him."

"What are you doing?" Jimmy inquired, glancing at his hands. Mickey was expertly wrapping bandage gauze around knuckle and thumb joints.

"Putting on the old soft bandages; the Kid's got a hard head. Never mind me; keep looking at him."

Mickey laced the gloves snugly around Jimmy's wrists. "Close your hands, buddy; tight. Do they feel all right? Don't relax now till the first round is over. Come on, Jimmy, old boy. Climb in there and knock his head off."

A HUSH fell over the theater, immediately followed by a buzz of astonished comment when Jimmy ran from the wings and jumped into the ring. Stripped down to trunks, trim, trig, prettily proportioned, in the pink of physical perfection he resembled in no wise the gawky, slouching clown whose antics had set off roars of laughter. Only his reddish hair and the grease-paint on his face identified him. No one knew that the reason he kept dancing in his corner was his dread that if he stood still the Kid would see his knees knocking together.

When Monkton clanged the gong, the cham-

pion jumped to the center of the ring with one idea in his head, to annihilate Jimmy quickly and completely. Swinging, he tore after him in one of his characteristic rushes. But midway of the rush, coming from nowhere it seemed, Jimmy's left glove landed flush upon the Kid's classic nose. Back snapped his head. One—two; Jimmy's left again on mouth and chin.

"Get away! Get away!" Mickey's warning carried through the shout that rose from the audience. Jimmy danced away safely. Again the Kid charged, only to run into that lightning, stinging left hand.

Those two blocked rushes convinced the Kid, as well as many experts in the audience, that Jimmy was no novice. Sobered a bit, remembering several thousand eyes on him, the Kid concentrated on devising a way to get inside Jimmy's elusive, ever busy guard.

Boxing the champion at long range Jimmy correctly read the flicker of angry annoyance in the Kid's eye every time he jabbed his head back.

"I can hold him off all night," Jimmy told himself, side-stepping a lunging attempt to trick him into a clinch. A moment later, though, the champion made him miss.

"Look out!" Mickey shouted. Too late. The Kid was inside, beating a tattoo on Jimmy's midriff. Clenching, Jimmy reached for the right hand pounding him. Up it came to jolt stiffly against his chin.

"Hang on!" Mickey begged.

ONCE again before the round was over the Kid succeeded in forcing his way to the deadly in-fighting he excelled in.

"Ouch!" Tom Destan whispered as a vicious hook sank in Jimmy's mid-section. "The boy can't stand many of those."

A moment later the bell ended the round. "Did he hurt you?" Kitty asked, energetically waving a little fan in Jimmy's face, a bit that always brought a laugh.

"Hurt me? When?" Jimmy wanted to know. "Save your wind," Mickey ordered, squeezing the juice of an orange in Jimmy's mouth. "And for the love of tripe, stay away from him. Keep looping that left to his face and he'll never take you in three rounds, nor thirteen."

"I know it," Jimmy said, breathing easily. "But I can take him."

Mickey's eyes bulged. "Now don't be getting fool ideas, Jimmy."

No one in the theater that night will ever forget that second round. From the bell the two boys flew at each other like bob-cats. Suddenly in a furious mix-up the Kid reached Jimmy's chin. Down he went. He didn't fall down. He sat down; hard. And then the thing happened that sent Tom Destan out of the box and back on the stage, the curious thing he had witnessed once before in a preliminary bout in the West. The doctors have a name for the nerve clusters which, shocked and numbed, partially derange a man's brain. As Mickey afterward said, Jimmy went coo-coo.

Sitting on the floor Jimmy felt all over him the prickly, tingling sensation that follows knocking the "crazy-bone" in an elbow. He smiled in silly fashion. The audience howled. There was a tremendous buzzing in his head so he stretched out, crooked one elbow on the floor and rested his head on his hand. He saw a darn pretty girl leaning over some ropes looking at him.

"Hello," he smiled agreeably, waving a hand at her. Again the audience howled with laughter.

Someone was counting slowly, loudly. "Five—six—seven—" It was a grey-headed man, stooping over him, pumping his arm up and down. Where had he seen the man before?

"Get up! Get up!" Who was telling him to get up? Jimmy stood on his feet to see.

Somebody came rushing toward him—fellow about his size, who aimed a swing at his jaw, a swing that struck too high to do any damage. Didn't even hurt him; just rocked him a little. So he grabbed the fellow with

both arms and hung on to steady himself. But the fellow kept wriggling, shoving and walking him backward.

"D'ye want to dance?" Jimmy inquired.

The grey-headed man began slapping his shoulder and saying, "Break. Come on—break!" very sharply.

"Oh, all right," Jimmy said.

STANDING away, the Kid measured Jimmy and pulled back his right. But the blow whizzed harmlessly past Jimmy's head as he suddenly turned his back to the Kid and faced the audience.

"I just thought of a funny story," he grinned.

"Is this part of the act?" Skyler asked the Kid.

"There ain't no more act," the Kid replied. "Turn around and get it, you yellow pup!" he told Jimmy.

"Yellow!" Something clicked in Jimmy's befuddled head. "Who's yellow?" He couldn't account for it, but of a sudden he was angry; very angry. He knew a fellow once—long time ago—he'd been called yellow once—near ruined his life—

"Who's yellow?"

"You!" The Kid swung right and left.

Jimmy tottered. Why this fellow was trying to hurt him! Nobody could call him yellow—

Out forked the left; flush to the point of the Kid's chin, rocking him on his heels. His guard lowered. Again, instinctively, Jimmy struck, and crossed his right with all his weight behind it. The Kid dropped.

For a breathless second there was silence. Then the audience jumped to their feet, roaring, as Skyler began counting.

Jimmy thought, "Gee, what a riot the act is tonight," and he bowed and smiled to the yelling mob out front.

"Four—five—six—" The Kid rose to one knee. "Seven—eight—"

He stood up, rushed to Jimmy to clinch and give his head a chance to clear. Jimmy saw him coming. A straight left, another right cross—the Kid was down again.

Then pandemonium raged in the theater. In the pit, balcony and gallery men and women were on their feet, standing in the aisles, screaming. They were witnessing the thing the primeval thrill of which carries men across oceans and the breadth of continents to experience—a champion being toppled from his throne; a champion in the dust, taking the count from an unknown; an actor, a bowing, grimacing clown with a red smile painted on his face!

Rapidly the fog lifted from Jimmy's brain; reality replaced vagueness. In a comprehensive glance he saw the audience yelling as Skyler tolled the seconds over the Kid. Ted, chalky white; the puzzled amazement on Destan's face; Kitty staring as though she had never seen him before. By the Lord, she never had!

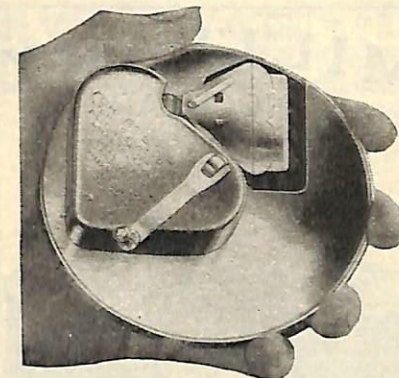
"Eight—nine—" The Kid struggled dizzily to his feet. As Jimmy sprang confidently toward him, Croster launched a swing he hoped might carry him into a clinch. In the uproar no one in the audience heard the gong ring the end of the round. Jimmy heard it, dropped his hands, turned away—then blackness descended; a million birds singing shrilly over fields of nodding daisies. The champion's desperate last lunge had landed a split-second after the gong. A foul, of course, but Jimmy was past caring.

QUICKLY the curtain was rung down. Mickey carried Jimmy into the wings. Ted ran to his brother, reeling drunkenly about the ring, and faced him toward the house as the curtain rose again.

"Fern! Fern!" the demand came from every section of the theater.

In the wings Destan roughly massaged Jimmy's unconscious head, rubbing, twisting neck muscles and chords. Kitty, on her knees, sobbing, held some ammonia salts under his nostrils.

[Continued on page 84]



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## BETWEEN FRIENDS

[Continued from page 83]

"Ask him to take a deep breath—for your sake," Tom requested.

"Jimmy, dear," no acting on Kitty's part; she meant every word, "just one long breath, please? This is Kitty, asking you to take a big, deep breath, please—"

Jimmy's lids trembled. From a vast distance he heard the words; "—a deep breath for little Kitty who loves you so much!"

He inhaled deeply, gasped, and opened his eyes. "I heard you, honey. Don't worry, I'm all right." He glanced weakly about him. "He got me, didn't he."

"He struck you after the bell," Destan explained.

"Fern! Fern!" called the audience as the curtain rose again.

"They want you, Jimmy," Kitty choked.

"Can you stand up?"

"Want me? For what?" Jimmy asked, letting Tom and Mickey raise him.

"Because you're the bravest, the grandest man in the world," Kitty cried.

"How do you feel?" Tom Destan quietly asked.

"Feel?" Jimmy's voice was wofully shaky. His head felt as though a steel riveting contest was being held inside it. His knee joints felt like rubber. Every bone in his body ached.

His smile and his blissful answer were for Kitty. "Honest to goodness, honey, I never felt better in my life!" With everybody back-stage looking, he kissed her.

Taking her with him he walked out on the stage to receive an ovation that started Kitty trembling as she clung to him, an ovation that dimmed Destan's old eyes and sent Max fumbling for a handkerchief. Jimmy's raised hand finally secured silence.

"Ladies and gentlemen—" his tongue seemed to have grown fur—"there's no possible way of thanking you for—for all this. I wasn't supposed to get knocked out until the third round. The Kid and I—we got our signals crossed somehow, but to show you there's no hard feelings"—he walked to the champion—"shake hands with me, Kid?"

Croster breathed in tremendous relief. Jimmy had not told the audience that the knock-out was a foul.

"You're there, Jimmy, old kid," he acknowledged, extending his hand. That was the picture the curtain descended upon.

MAX immediately took charge of the situation, telling Kitty and Jimmy to dress as quickly as possible while he telephoned a restaurant to hold a table for five where Jimmy's moral victory could properly be celebrated and the roseate professional future of Fern and Layton might be planned in the light of the gorgeous publicity the night's work had earned. Waiting for the others, Tom Destan and Mickey strolled into the stage door alley for a smoke.

"Mickey," Tom pronounced slowly, making sure they were alone, "you are a despicable, degraded crook, a disgrace to the high-minded calling of pugilism."

"Am I?" Mickey's tone was anxious.

"Where did you learn your wickedness? After you carried Jimmy off the stage I watched you remove his gloves. And I ask you, in all the time we've been associated, did you ever see me soak gauze in plaster-of-Paris before wrapping it around a fighter's fist to harden there?"

"No, sir. But Jimmy worked so hard to develop a punch—it meant so much to him—and when I went into your office to get the gauze from the cabinet and seen that bottle of plaster next to it—"

"Mickey! You've said enough. Though, as a matter-of-fact, when the purpose is to restore a man's confidence in himself, what's a little plaster-of-Paris between friends?"

"Ask the Kid," Mickey grinned.

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## BACK OF THE EYES [Continued from page 27]

"Good lord!" he cried. "You weren't there all night?" She bit her lip, looked over his shoulder. "I beg your pardon," he added.

There was a pause in which he felt unwontedly awkward. Something about the figure of the girl in the doorway gave an impression of unutterable fatigue that communicated itself to him. "You need air," he said abruptly. "Come out to the cliff."

She hesitated only a moment, then walked by his side to the edge of the bluff, and presently toward the masses of rock beyond. They had not spoken; she stood on the flat, black face of a boulder, a little above him, and both looked at the gold and rose of the afterglow, and it was reflected on her face and changed the blue of her dress to mauve and gray, and made her seem even more a part of the indecipherable evasiveness of sea and sky than she had the first time he saw her.

"Why is it wrong to love what is beautiful?" she asked when the sky was fading.

Again she had said something child-like enough, and unexpected; but he was not amused. "But it isn't. It couldn't be."

"A mistake, then," she said. "It makes one—suffer."

"The beautiful?"

"Ah—no! To love it. It only means that you have to—give it up."

She stepped off the rock and walked toward her house. They did not speak again until they were at the door; then he said, "Miss Watts, I can see that you are very unhappy about something. Can't I help?"

She was very still. "Thank you," she said. "There is no help."

The next day he sketched in the outline of the fallen hull, but he could not paint. Again he sought out the old man on the wharf.

"Look here," he said, "just what does that man Watts do to that girl of his?"

The old man looked up at him sidewise and went on with his whittling. "That's his business," said he.

"The devil it is! The girl's afraid of him."

The whittler sniffed and spat, and returned his pipe to his mouth. "She ain't shown him so."

"Why do you say that? How do you know?"

"I ain't sayin' nuthin'."

"You said she wasn't afraid of him."

"I said she ain't shown him so—yet." He began to chuckle, and stopped abruptly. "I don't know nuthin'."

"I ain't mixin' up with Ben Watts. There's enough mixed up with him already. Treva's his business. That's what."

FOR the first time in his hitherto unruffled life, Charter felt an impulse to kick a man; he went away frowning, and a few days thereafter carried his painting things to a point on the bluff from which he could see the mass of rocks where he and the girl had stood. Treva, the old man had called her.

It fell out as he had hoped; toward the middle of the afternoon he knew she was standing back of him.

"I wish I could paint the sound of the sea as it breaks on them," he said after a time.

"Or I wish you would let me paint you standing there."

"It is beautiful as it is," she said.

"It needs a figure. Besides, I'm more used to painting—people. I should like to paint you—please?"

In the end he overcame the reluctance that she did not put into words; but he painted her not as a distant figure standing upon the rocks, but rather as the perfected human creature, woman, the last made, come out of the chaos of sky and earth and sea set dimly behind her; he painted her, moreover, with her eyes looking past him as though it were the future she was searching into.

"We can talk, you know," he said to her, laughing, on the first afternoon.

She smiled. "I talk so little," she said. "But why?"

She made a little gesture with her hands. "I do not know the people here."

He pondered that for a moment, thought of Ben Watts. "There is an old chap down on the wharf who knows you," he said.

"Tom. Tom Kenny." A subtle change went over her face; it almost seemed to blur, as though a fog had passed across it. "He—he was on—my father's ship," she said and her hands stirred again.

"Have you ever sailed with your father?" he asked; and miraculously the fog passed for a moment.

"I was with him for three years," she said. "I went with him as soon as I left the convent."

He was surprised. "The convent—?"

She nodded. "It was near Montreal. My mother was French. It was very sweet there."

Something about her was explained, but he wanted more. Yet that day he could not ask her. Nor could he make progress with his portrait.

HE HAD, of course, been studying every least change of her face. He had lost none of his mastery of color, none of his adroitness with the brush; he painted swiftly as she talked—and they talked of many things, the girl becoming more and more of a surprise. She had read, and touched at many ports. . . . Her face glowed at the memories. Odd, with that fear of her father. . . . But although he knew, with every critical sense alert and invigorated by the knowledge that he was getting a beauty into this picture that he had gotten into no other, there was still something which escaped him. It was not that, for the first time, he wanted to paint a woman's soul: he wanted to see a woman's soul. . . . And it was withheld from his vision, from his understanding.

One morning as he passed through the village on his way to the bluff he saw a lone fishing boat tied to the wharf. Aloft on the cliff Treva's house brooded like a deserted thing. He knocked, but no one opened the door.

She must be, he thought, awaiting him out on the rocks. Once there, he called; then set up his easel and got to work on the background of pines and sky. Her painted face was before him; unsatisfied though he was with it, still it gave an impetus to his work. It was an hour or more before he was aware of a presence behind him, and turned.

A great hulking animal of a man, Ben Watts—for at once Charter knew it was he. He stood with his legs apart, his fists on his hips; he was staring at the picture, his large teeth gleaming in his bearded face. Charter stood up.

"Like it?" he asked, filling his pipe.

The man's eyes turned upon Charter with a look that was appraisement and arrogance and that held a taunting amusement as well.

"So! That's it!" he said, and grinned more broadly.

"Look here—" began Charter, on sudden anger; but Ben Watts turned and walked off toward his house. Charter, with narrowed eyes, watched him. At his door Ben Watts turned and looked back, and began to laugh. The sound was prodigious, unmirthful, gargantuan.

There was no more painting for Charter, nor any ease of thought until Watts' boat had again left the harbor. Then he found her awaiting him on the spot where she posed; there was no word between them as to the interval. But for a day or two he need not have painted at all, for the progress he made in his picture. Her face was before him, but her soul, or whatever there was behind that cold mask of features, was totally hidden.

One day he said, "You're tired. Let's walk."

On another he laid [Continued on page 86]

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## BACK OF THE EYES [Continued from page 85]

down his palette and lighted his pipe and stretched himself on the ground, not far from her side, and talked.

On another, in desperation before her aloofness, he said, "Tell me about your life on the ship." Her eyes opened full on him. "With your father," he added.

As once before, her face softened and glowed, as though light passed across it. Before she spoke she seemed to be looking off into a far place that she loved; then she said,

"THEY were long days, sweet days. My father taught me so much. He knew so much. Some men who follow the sea concern themselves only with things of the ship and voyaging; others—like him—use their long hours to live, and learn and think. It was good to be with him. I have that—no one can ever take that away from me. He loved me, too. He had been so lonely. After my mother died he had only his thoughts and his books—so many books!—until I was out of the convent. Oh, they were very sweet days, those days with my father."

"You were never afraid then?"  
Her eyes opened wide. "How could I be? He knew the sea as you know your brushes. It never conquered him. And he held to its code."

He thought of Ben Watts and marveled. The question came from him abruptly; he could not, indeed, restrain it. "Then why are you afraid of him now?"

She looked at him directly. "What do you mean?" she asked in a stilled tone.

He got up, walked a pace or two. "I'm not blind!" he cried. "I saw your look, the day his boat was coming in. You threw your flowers over the cliff, as though you knew you could not have them when he came. You slept in the open shipyard, one night he was ashore. I have seen you these past days. In God's name, why are you so afraid of him now?"

As he spoke the color had left her face, even her lips. "You are talking of Ben Watts," she said.

"Certainly!"  
She stood up. They faced each other like strange antagonists.

"Ben Watts is not my father," she said. "I am—his wife."

They stood so for a moment. Something pounded within him, and stopped. He went and stood at the edge of the cliff; when he turned again she was standing as before, frozen, looking off at an unseen horror. He went stumblingly down the path to the village, forgetting his picture, his painting things, everything but that woman facing an agony he could imagine but not understand—not endure.

LATER, after hours of walking that in the end wore out his emotions to the point where he could think, he had to ask himself why he could not endure. He had been thinking of the girl all along as a fisherman's daughter, rather more educated than most fishermen's daughters, perhaps, but distinctly of the people; and he was very far from thinking of himself as of the people. What could such a girl be to him, what had she done to him? He was not one idly to take up a cause; habitually he left enthusiasm to others. Why had he been so shaken when he learned that she was not the daughter of that brute but his wife? She must have chosen the man; did not that alone mark her as being entirely incapable of his own mental processes? Moreover, having chosen him she was supinely submitting to his brutality, or at most eluding it in ways a frightened rabbit might take. He thought of the women he had painted, of the crowds in the galleries before his pictures, of his friends, of his well-conditioned life. . . . He was a fool, no less.

Yet that evening he went to the wharf and

sought out Tom Kenny. "Why did you tell me that girl was Watts' daughter?" he asked, and scorned himself for his revealing directness.

"Never told you no such thing," the old man said. "Her pa was a man, he was. This one's the son o' Satan, same's I said he was."

Charter seated himself on the doorstep, filled and lighted a pipe, and waited.

"I sailed more'n twenty year, with Cap'n McLeod, and five months with Ben Watts. That five months give me enough o' the sea. I ain't set foot on a ship since then. I had full and plenty." Charter said nothing; he had discovered that Kenny was not to be crowded. Presently the old man went on. "The Cap'n—McLeod—he was one o' the old sort. There was never a man on his ship didn't trust him, nor one that wouldn't jump when he looked at 'em. Not that he ever raised his voice, y'understand. Didn't have to. He knew the sea from A to Izzard, knew his ship from mizzen to keel. He could a taken her into any port without a pilot. And that wasn't all he knew. He had a passel o' books aboard as would fill a hog's head—read 'em too and had his girl read 'em."

"Treva, you mean?"

THOUGH it was dark, he knew the old man nodded. "His missus, now—she wa'n't the sort for readin', much. But she was as pretty as a rose. He lost her, when the baby come. We was in Montreal at the time, and the Cap'n all but fundered. Seemed like he couldn't get his bearings at all, and when the doctor advised his leaving the baby ashore with some nuns or something, he didn't seem to notice much when they took her. We were gone for two years on that voyage, and put into Portland when we got home, and went into drydock. He went off to see his girl, and after that he wasn't so lost-like. Still and all, he never was what you might call his old self till she was big enough to sail with him."

"Where did Watts come in?" Charter asked.

Tom Kenny spat. "Second mate, time Treva shipped with us. We had bad luck, that voyage. There was snow, and a gale. The Nantucket lightship had slipped her moorings. We struck toward morning, and the Cap'n sent us all off in the boats, but he stayed aboard hisself. He'd a gone down any day before he'd leave his ship. I was in the boat with the girl. She never made a sound, but she never took her eyes from the place where she thought her pa was. The gale died down after daybreak, and we went back and got the ship off. But the boat the first mate was in never showed up again, so Watts, he was first mate after that. Eh, but the men did hate him. But the Cap'n—he never saw harm in nobody."

"Yet he must have been different, then. Treva married him."

"Was married to him. That's what."

"Same thing, isn't it?"

The old man slapped his knee. "No, 'tain't! It's one thing when a woman chooses a feller, free-like. This here marriage was like leavin' a burning ship for a coral reef. Wa'n't northin' else to be done. Anyways, that's what the Cap'n thought. He done the best he knew how for her, him a-dyin' in mid-ocean and all, with that crew aboard."

"You said his crew liked him."

AYE. His own crew. But that time there'd been that flu sickness aboard. One after another went over the side. 'Twas so everywhere, on land and sea. Every skipper had to take what he could get, and be thankful. We had been sailing between 'Frisco and Manila, out o' the way o' the subs an' making good money. We was headed for home, about two days out, when the Cap'n got took. Treva, she'd had it, and come out as white and weak as a bit o' mist. You see how it was

—there was the Cap'n dying, an' the girl knowing nothing but him and them nuns, and without any kin ashore, and Watts telling the Cap'n he would look after her same as if he was her pa. She wasn't one to say 'no' when the Cap'n spoke. He married them."

Charter did not speak. Presently the old man got up. "What I saw on that ship, after that, cured me o' the sea. He'll be cursed, yet."

For days Charter tramped the shore or the woods, sat with his pipe going out, walked again; but he did not go to the cliff, nor look toward it, until at last his torturing thoughts resolved themselves into calmness. He even smiled—wryly, to be sure—at having been so shaken, told himself that he was behaving like an adolescent, assured himself that he had no intention whatever of meddling between Ben Watts and his wife, and that his picture must be finished. So, at last, he went up the cliff-path again and knocked at her door. She opened it so promptly that he knew she had seen him coming.

"I brought the picture in," she said simply, not a look nor a tone remindful of their last moment together.

SHE stood aside, and he went into the house. It was stark empty of everything save the bare necessities, with no least attempt at ornament or comfort. From his long studying of her he knew she had warmth; this place was as though she had never touched it. He hid his surprise, and asked her to pose for him again. Before her simplicity he was dumb for a time, painting slowly, almost awkwardly; but with each hour she sat for him he became more aware of her, until his awareness became an ache. At last he burst out, suddenly,

"Why don't you leave him?"  
He startled her so little that he knew their thoughts must have been on the same plane, running shoulder to shoulder.

"It's not because I haven't thought of it," she said. "There have been times . . . Even before we left the ship, he threw my books, my father's books, all away. We came here, and the women wanted to be kind. He said—things to them. So they didn't come any more. I planted some flowers there. He laughed and walked on them. Some I brought in from the fields he burnt. Their leaves wrinkled up in the fire."

Desperately, swiftly, he painted, mentally gripping the thing that he knew lest the thing he imagined overwhelm him.

"He thinks he is strong and mighty," her voice went on. "He thinks he is great in his strength. I have seen him knock a man down. And laugh. When the man cried out. I . . . I do not cry out. I never will."

His hand was shaking, but his brush strokes were true.

"Once—once he—brought someone home with him. There, to that house. Two weeks I—cooked for them. When they left, they—she—turned in the door and laughed at me—"

"God—!" Charter cried, jumping up, overturning his stool.

But she sat quite still, her hands in her lap, her eyes looking off as he had been painting them. "I smiled back," she said, with no emphasis whatever.

HIS picture was finished, but day after day he lingered. He could not leave. They talked of many things; there were long silences between them.

"The boats'll be coming in," said Tom Kenny. "Glass been a-dropping all day."

Treva thought the same thing; Charter found her on the point of rocks, eyes searching the sea. The wind blew her hair and her garments. He waited as long as he could.

"Treva," he said, "Treva—"

She did not look at him.  
"Treva, this cannot go on. The thing over and over, your dread and fear—"

"I am not afraid," she said quietly. "It's not fear, not that. I do save myself what I can—the way a ship runs before a storm."

"But it's senseless, it's needless—"

"My father married us."

"He did not know! He would never hold you to this!"

She shook her head. "I was with him, once, when he thought he had lost his ship. He sent us all off, but he stayed aboard."

"Fine enough! A tradition. But this thing—"

She went farther out on the rocks. The sea writhed and beat, as though the tide were hastening to escape the oncoming storm. It seethed about the rocks, pulled at them, sent up white fangs of rage or desire, and dropped back again, hissing and coiling for another leap. The wind, too, paused for a moment, then came in a gust which sent her a step or two back. She staggered a little, swayed. His arms were about her.

"Treva, Treva," he said, when he could, "come with me! I love you so—come away with me, Treva."

They had left the rocks, were standing at the place where he had painted her. He felt her shiver, felt her press more closely against him.

"I wanted you to say that," she whispered. "I wanted you to say that!"

"Now! Before the boats come in—!"

She strained away from him, looked into his face. "I wanted to hear you say it. I wanted it so."

"Come now!"

SHE stood apart from him. All emotion had left her voice and her face. "That is what Ben Watts wanted," she said. Charter's face darkened. "He said, that last time, after he saw your picture, 'So that's it! There's always some way to win out! I've fought many a battle with the sea, and it's never conquered me yet. I've won every time, except once when a ship broke under me. I've fought many a battle with you, and you've thought you won. But you'll see! You'll break yourself—and it's all the same to me, so long as you're beaten.'"

"You'll not break yourself! I'll take you away from him—"

"But you could never take me away from myself. Don't you see, it's my life, it's my ship! I can't go, I can't! I do—love you."

In the end he had to leave her on that.

HE NEVER remembered how he spent that night. He never knew how many hours it held. With every sense he was with the woman who had sent him away, with every aching sense he was apart from her. Each moment he had had with her stood out as a separate encounter, yet every moment merged into revelation of the one woman's soul. He loved her; his love was flame, desire, agony, but his spirit bowed and burned before the splendor of hers, so that he felt himself prostrate and helpless and seared.

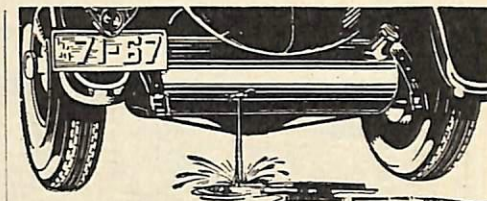
He thought of Ben Watts. He thought of that bullying beast treading the path to the cliff, reaching that house in the night. He thought of his laughter. He remembered the corner in the shipyard. "I do save myself what I can . . ."

Before morning he felt that he had plumbed the suffering of the world. But he knew what the joy of the world might be. Never again would the thing behind the eyes elude him.

In the dawn there came a knocking at the door of the house where he stayed, someone calling for him. It was Tom Kenny; bowed with his chuckling, slapping his leg.

"I told you!" he cried. "I knew he'd be cursed! They're in, and his boat's come home without him. A damn sight too good for the sea, he was, but it got him . . ."

Charter looked toward the rising sun. In a moment he was striding toward the house on the bluff . . .



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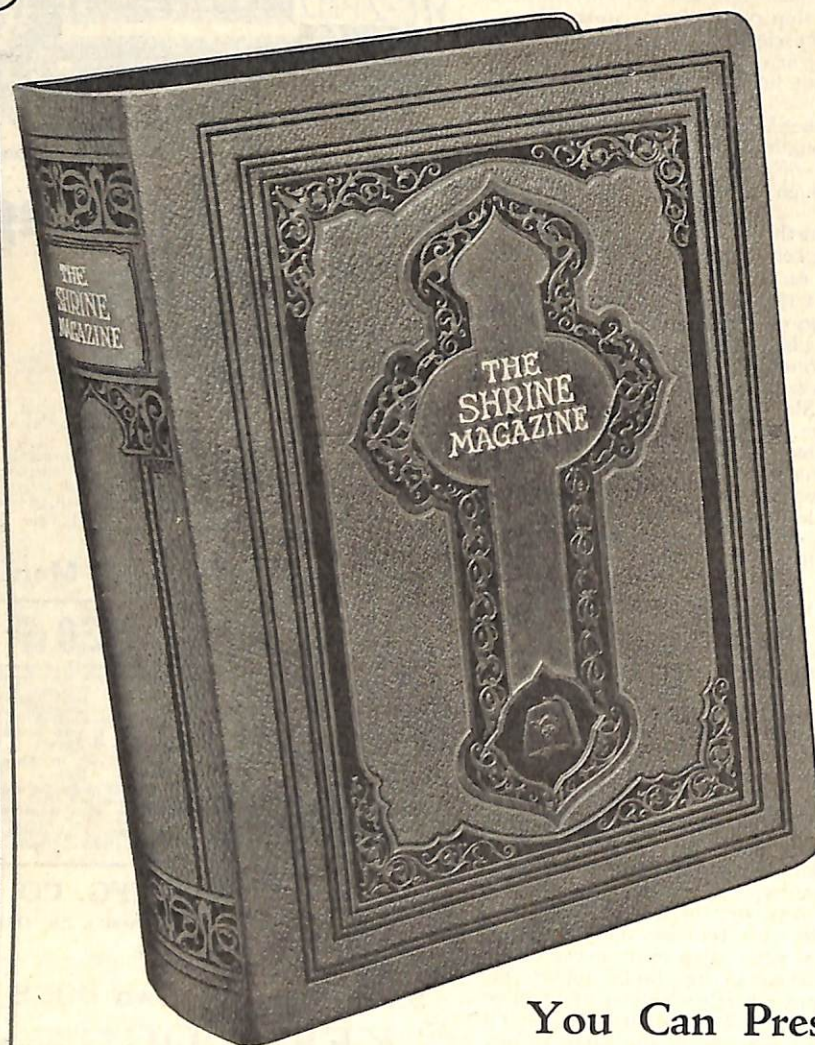
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